

STATE LIBRARY OF PENNSYLVANIA



3 0144 00446136 4





SELECT POEMS OF ROBERT BLAIR.

	Page
Life of the Author,	307
The Grave,	309



SELECT POEMS OF CHRISTOPHER PITT.

Life of the Author,	337
-------------------------------	-----

VIDA'S ART OF POETRY.

Book I.	343
Book II.	366
Book III.	391



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE.

VOL. XXI.

A
12917



MISCELLANIES.

THE BASSET-TABLE.

AN ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA, SMILINDA, LOVET.

Card. THE basset-table spread, the tallier come,
Why stays Smilinda in the dressing-room?
Rise, pensive nymph! the tallier waits for you.

Smil. Ah, madam! since my Sharper is untrue, }
I joyless make my once ador'd Alpeu. }
I saw him stand behind Ombrelia's chair, }
And whisper with that soft deluding air, [fair. }
And those feign'd sighs which cheat the listening }

Card. Is this the cause of your romantic strains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains:
As you by love, so I by fortune cross'd;
One, one bad deal, three septlevas have lost.

Smil. Is that the grief which you compare with
With ease the smiles of fortune I resign: [mine?
Would all my gold in one bad deal were gone,
Were lovely Sharper mine, and mine alone.

Card. A lover lost is but a common care,
And prudent nymphs against that change prepare:
The knave of clubsthrice lost; oh! who could guess
This fatal stroke, this unforeseen distress?

Smil. See Betty Lovet! very *à-propos*,
She all the cares of love and play does know:
Dear Betty shall the' important point decide;
Betty! who oft the pain of each has tried;

Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,
By cards' ill usage, or by lovers' lost.

Lov. Tell, tell your griefs, attentive will I stay,
Though time is precious, and I want some tea.

Card. Behold this equipage, by Mathers wrought
With fifty guineas (a great pen'worth) bought.
See on the toothpick Mars and Cupid strive,
And both the struggling figures seem alive.
Upon the bottom shines the queen's bright face ;
A myrtle foliage round the thimble-case.

Jove, Jove himself, does on the scissars shine,
The metal and the workmanship divine. [*er's love.*

Smil. This snuff-box—once the pledge of Sharp—
When rival beauties for the present strove ;
At Corticelli's he the raffle won ;
Then first his passion was in public shown :
Hazardia blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.

This snuff-box—on the hinge see brilliant's shine,
This snuff-box will I stake the prize is mine.

Card. Alas ! far lesser losses than I bear
Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear.
And, oh ! what makes the disappointment hard,
'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal card.
In complaisance I took the queen he gave,
Though my own secret wish was for the knave :
The knave won sonica, which I had chose,
And the next pull, my septleva I lose.

Smil. But, ah ! what aggravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought that stabs me to the heart ;
This curs'd Ombrelia, this undoing fair,
By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear ;
She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms she wears.

An awkward thing when first she came to town,
 Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown :
 She was my friend ; I taught her first to spread
 Upon her sallow cheeks enlivening red ;
 I introduc'd her to the park and plays,
 And by my interest Cozens made her stays.
 Ungrateful wretch ! with mimic airs grown pert,
 She dares to steal my favourite lover's heart.

Card. Wretch that I was, how often have I swore
 When Winnall tallied, I would punt no more !
 I know the bite, yet to my ruin run,
 And see the folly which I cannot shun. [ceiv'd?

Smil. How many maids have Sharper's vows de-
 How many curs'd the moment they believ'd ?
 Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove ;
 Ah ! what is warning to a maid in love ? [form'd,

Card. But of what marble must that breast be
 To gaze on basset and remain unwarm'd ?
 When kings, queens, knaves, are set in decent rank,
 Expos'd in glorious heaps, the tempting bank,
 Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train,
 The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain ;
 In bright confusion open rouleaus lie,
 They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye :
 Fir'd by the sight, all reason I disdain,
 My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
 Look upon basset, you who reason boast,
 And see if reason must not there be lost. [compose,

Smil. What more than marble must that heart
 Can hearken coldly to my Sharper's vows ?
 Then when he trembles ! when his blushes rise !
 When awful love seems melting in his eyes !
 With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves :
 He loves—I whisper to myself, He loves !

Such unfeign'd passion in his looks appears,
I lose all memory of my former fears;
My panting heart confesses all his charms,
I yield at once, and sink into his arms.
Think of that moment you who prudence boast;
For such a moment prudence well were lost.

Card. At the Groom-porter's batter'd bullics play,
Some dukes at Marybonne bowl time away;
But who the bowl or rattling dice compares
To basset's heavenly joys and pleasing cares?

Smil. Soft Simplicetta dotes upon a beau;
Prudina likes a man, and laughs at show:
Their several graces in my sharper meet,
Strong as the footman, as the master sweet.

Lov. Cease your contention, which has been too
long;
I grow impatient, and the tea's too strong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The equipage shall grace Smilinda's side;
The snuff-box to Cardelia I decree:—
Now leave complaining, and begin your tea.

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

Un jour, dit un auteur, &c.

ONCE (says an author, where I need not say)
Two travellers found an oyster in their way:
Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong,
While, seal in hand, dame Justice pass'd along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows it before their sight.

The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,
 'There take, (says Justice) take ye each a shell.
 We thrive at Westminster on fools like you :
 'Twas a fat oyster—live in peace—Adieu.'

ANSWER

TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION OF MRS. HOWE.

WHAT is prudery ?
 'Tis a beldam,
 Seen with wit and beauty seldom.
 'Tis a fear that starts at shadows ;
 'Tis (no 'tis n't) like Miss Meadows.
 'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
 Old, and void of all good nature ;
 Lean and fretful ; would seem wise,
 Yet plays the fool before she dies.
 'Tis an ugly envious shrew,
 That rails at dear Lepell and you.

OCCASIONED
 BY SOME VERSES

OF

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

MUSE, 'tis enough, at length thy labour ends,
 And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.
 Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
 Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail ;

This more than pays whole years of thankless pain ;
 Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain.
 Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
 And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

A PROLOGUE

TO A PLAY FOR MR. DENNIS'S BENEFIT, IN 1733,

*When he was old, blind, and in great Distress,
 a little before his Death.*

As when that hero, who in each campaign
 Had brav'd the Goth, and many a Vandal slain,
 Lay fortune struck, a spectacle of woe !
 Wept by each friend, forgiv'n by every foe :
 Was there a generous, a reflecting mind,
 But pitied Belisarius old and blind ?
 Was there a chief but melted at the sight ?
 A common soldier but who clubb'd his mite ?
 Such, such emotions should in Britons rise,
 When press'd by want and weakness Dennis lies ;
 Dennis ! who long had warr'd with modern Huns,
 Their quibbles routed, and defied their puns ;
 A desperate bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce,
 Against the gothic sons of frozen verse !
 How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
 And shook the stage with thunders all his own !
 Stood up to dash each vain pretender's hope,
 Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the Pope !
 If there's a Briton then, true bred and born,
 Who holds dragoons and wooden-shoes in scorn ;
 If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage ;
 If there's a senior who contemns this age ;
 Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
 And be the critic's, Briton's, old man's friend.

MACER.

A CHARACTER.

WHEN simple Macer, now of high renown,
First sought a poet's fortune in the town,
'Twas all the ambition his high soul could feel
To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steele :
Some ends of verse his betters might afford,
And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
Set up with these he ventur'd on the town.
And with a borrow'd play outdid poor Crown.
There he stop'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the most of little ;
Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,
Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.

So some coarse country wench, almost decay'd,
Trudges to town, and first turns chambermaid ;
Awkward and supple each devoir to pay,
She flatters her good lady twice a-day ;
Thought wondrous honest, though of mean degree,
And strangely lik'd for her simplicity :
In a translated suit then tries the town,
With borrow'd pins and patches not her own ;
But just endur'd the winter she began,
And in four months a batter'd harridan :
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,
To bawd for others, and go shares with punk.

SONG,

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

Written in the year 1733.

FLUTTERING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid ! o'er my heart ;
I a slave in thy dominions :
Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth !
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia ! tune harmonious numbers ;
Fair Discretion ! string the lyre ;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers ;
Bright Apollo ! lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto ! king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors
Watering soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy smooth Mæander
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela, drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping;
Melody resigns to fate.

ON

A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I KNOW the thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy be silent and attend!)

I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend:

Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumour,
Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly,
An equal mixture of good humour,
And sensible soft melancholy.

'Has she not faults then, (Envy says) sir?'

Yes, she has one, I must aver;
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

THE
WIFE OF BATH.

HER PROLOGUE. + -

FROM CHAUCER.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with reverence an experienc'd wife;
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
And think for once a woman tells you true.
In all these trials I have borne a part:
I was myself the scourge that caus'd the smart;
For since fifteen in triumph have I led
Five captive husbands from the church to bed.

Christ saw a wedding once, the Scripture says,
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days;
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.

But let them read, and solve me if they can,
The words address'd to the Samaritan;
Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd,
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.

'Increase and multiply,' was Heav'ns command,
And that's a text I clearly understand:
This too, 'Let men their sires and mothers leave,
And to their dearer wives for ever cleave.'
More wives than one by Solomon were tried.
Or else the wisest of mankind's belied

I've had myself full many a merry fit,
 And trust in Heav'n I may have many yet;
 For when my transitory spouse, unkind,
 Shall die and leave his woful wife behind,
 I'll take the next good Christian I can find.

}

Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
 Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
 There's danger in assembling fire and tow;
 I grant 'em that; and what it means you know.
 The same apostle, too, has elsewhere own'd
 No precept for virginity he found:
 'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
 Take which we like, the counsel or our will.

I envy not their bliss, if he or she
 Think fit to live in perfect chastity:
 Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;
 I for a few slight spots am not so nice.
 Heav'n calls us different ways; on these bestows
 One proper gift, another grants to those:
 Not every man's oblig'd to sell his store,
 And give up all his substance to the poor;
 Such as arc perfect may, I can't deny;
 But by your leaves, divines! so am not I.

Full many a saint, since first the world began,
 Liv'd an unspotted maid in spite of man:
 Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
 And let us honest wives eat barley-bread.
 For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by Heav'n,
 And use the copious talent it has giv'n:
 Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
 And keep an equal reck'ning every night;
 His proper body is not his, but mine;
 For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine.

Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
Three were just tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich, and fond beside,
And toil'd most piteously to please their bride;
But since their wealth (the best they had) was
mine,

The rest without much loss I could resign:
Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,
Yet had more pleasure far than they had ease.

Presents flow'd in apace: with show'rs of gold
They made their court, like Jupiter of old:
If I but smil'd, a sudden youth they found,
And a new palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.
Ye sovereign wives! give ear and understand:
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command;
For never was it given to mortal man
To lie so boldly as we women can:
Forswear the fact, though seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies.

Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I us'd to say)
Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay?
Treated, caress'd, where'er she's pleas'd to roam—
I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.

Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?
Art thou so amorous? and is she so fair?
If I but see a cousin or a friend,
Lord! how you swell and rage like any fiend!
But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;
Cry wives are false, and every woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil.

If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse;
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;

If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain;
Now gaily mad, now sourly splenetic,
Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick:
If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
By pressing youth attack'd on every side;
If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures,
Or else she dances with becoming grace,
Or shape excuses the defects of face.
There swims no goose so grey but soon or late
She finds some honest gander for her mate.

Horses (thou say'st) and asses men may try,
And ring suspected vessels ere they buy;
But wives, a random choice, untried they take,
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake;
Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away,
And all the woman glares in open day.

You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes must always languish on my face,
Your tongue with constant flatteries feed my ear,
And tag each sentence with 'My life! my dear!'
If by strange chance a modest blush be rais'd,
Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd.
My garments always must be new and gay,
And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.
Then must my nurse be pleas'd, and favourite maid,
And endless treats and endless visits paid
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies:
All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.

On Jenkin, too, you cast a squinting eye:
What! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?
Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair,

But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
I'd scorn your 'prentice should you die to-morrow.

Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?
Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine?
Sir, I'm no fool; nor shall you, by Saint John,
Have goods and body to yourself alone.
One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes—
I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.
If you had wit, you'd say, 'Go where you will,
Dear spouse! I credit not the tales they tell:
Take all the freedoms of a married life;
I know thee for a virtuous faithful wife.'

Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily soever others fare?
Though all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not sufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a just and rational desire,
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.
There's danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modest that are gay.
The cat, if you but singe her tabby skin,
The chimney keeps, and sits content within;
But once grown sleek will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun:
She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad
To show her fur, and to be caterwau'd.

Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires
These three right ancient venerable sires.
I told 'em, Thus you say and thus you do;
I told 'em false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.
I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And first complain'd whene'er the guilt was mine.
I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours, [doors;
When their weak legs scarce dragg'd them out of

And swore the rambles that I took by night
Were all to spy what damsels they bedight:
That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is given us from our birth.
Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace
To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct and this prudent course,
By murm'ring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
I still prevail'd, and would be in the right;
Or curtain-lectures made a restless night.
If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
'What! so familiar with your spouse?' I cried:
I levied first a tax upon his need;
Then let him—twas a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.
With empty hands no tassels you can lure,
But fulsome love for gain we can endure;
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold.
Yet with embraces curses oft I mixt,
Then kiss'd again, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear dispute I was unable,
Ev'n though the Pope himself had sat at table;
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke:
'Billy, my dear? how sheepishly you look:
Approach, my spouse! and let me kiss thy cheek;
'Thou shouldst be always thus, resign'd and meek.
Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach,
Well should you practise who so well can teach.
'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.

Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,
 Who puts a period to domestic strife.
 One of us two must rule, and one obey;
 And since in man right reason bears the sway,
 Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way. }
 The wives of all my family have rul'd
 Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.
 Fye! 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan:
 What! would you have me to yourself alone?
 Why, take me, love! take all and every part!
 Herc's your revenge! you love it at your heart.
 Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,
 You little think what custom I could have.
 But see! I'm all your own—nay, hold—for shame!
 What means my dear?—indeed—you are to blame.'

Thus with my first three lords I pass'd my life,
 A very woman and a very wife.
 What sums from these old spouses I could raise
 Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.
 Though past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
 Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.
 In country dances still I bore the bell,
 And sung as sweet as evening Philomel.
 To clear my quail-pipe, and refresh my soul,
 Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl;
 Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
 And warm the swelling veins to feats of love;
 For 'tis as sure as cold engenders hail,
 A liquorish mouth must have a lecherous tail:
 Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
 As all true gamesters by experience know.

But oh, good gods! whene'er a thought I cast
 On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
 To find in pleasures I have had my part,
 Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.

'This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conquests, all my charms, good night!
The flour consum'd, the best that now I can
Is ev'n to make my market of the bran.
My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two:
But all that score I paid.—As how? you'll say.
Not with my body in a filthy way;
But so I dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd,
And view'd a friend with eyes so very kind,
As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry
With burning rage and frantic jealousy.
His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,
He put on careless airs, and sat and sung.
How sore I gall'd him, only heav'n could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe:
He died when last from pilgrimage I came,
With other gossips, from Jerusalem;
And now lies buried underneath a rood,
Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood:
A tomb, indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd
Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,
Or where enshrin'd the great Darius lay;
But cost on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
So bless the good man's soul! I say no more.

Now for my fifth lov'd lord, the last and best;
(Kind Heav'n afford him everlasting rest!)
Full hearty was his love, and I can shew
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet with a knack my heart he could have won,
While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.

How quaint an appetite in woman reigns !
 Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains :
 Let men avoid us, and on them we leap ;
 A glutted market makes provision cheap.

In pure good-will I took this jovial spark,
 Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
 He boarded with a widow in the town,
 A trusty gossip, one dame Alison ;
 Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
 Better than e'er our parish priest could do.
 To her I told whatever could befall :
 Had but my husband piss'd against a wall,
 Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
 She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
 Had known it all : what most he would conceal,
 To these I made no scruple to reveal.
 Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame
 That e'er he told a secret to his dame.

It so befel, in holy time of Lent,
 That oft a-day I to this gossip went ;
 (My husband, thank my stars, was out of town)
 From house to house we rambled up and down,
 This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Else,
 To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.
 Visits to every church we daily paid,
 And march'd in every holy masquerade ;
 The stations duly and the vigils kept,
 Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
 At sermons, too, I shone in scarlet gay :
 The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array ;
 The cause was this, I wore it every day. }

'Twas when fresh May her early blossoms yields,
 This clerk and I were walking in the fields.
 We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
 I pawn'd my honour, and engag'd my vow,

If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
That he, and only he, should serve my turn.
We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed ;
I still have shifts against a time of need.
The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul.

I vow'd I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,
And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him ;
If e'er I slept I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretel, as learned men have shown : }
All this I said ; but dreams, sirs, I had none : }
I follow'd but my crafty crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.

Thus day by day, and month by month we past ;
It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.
I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must.
Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
To hide the floods of tears I did—not shed.
The good man's coffin to the church was borne ;
Around the neighbours, and my clerk too, mourn :
But as he march'd, good gods ! he show'd a pair
Of legs and feet so clean, so strong, so fair !
Of twenty winter's age he seem'd to be ;
I (to say truth) was twenty more than he ;
But vigorous still, a lively buxom dame,
And had a wondrous gift to quench a flame.
A conjurer once, that deeply could divine,
Assur'd me Mars in Taurus was my sign.
As the stars order'd, such my life has been :
Alas, alas ! that ever love was sin !
Fair Venus gave me fire and sprightly grace,
And Mars assurance and a dauntless face.
By virtue of this powerful constellation,
I follow'd always my own inclination.

But to my tale :—A month scarce pass'd away,
 With dance and song we kept the nuptial day.
 All I possess'd I gave to his command,
 My goods and chattels, money, house, and land ;
 But oft repented, and repent it still ;
 He prov'd a rebel to my sovereign will ;
 Nay, once, by heav'n ! he struck me on the face.
 Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.

Stubborn as any lioness was I,
 And know full well to raise my voice on high ;
 As true a rambler as I was before,
 And would be so in spite of all he swore.
 He against this right sagely would advise,
 And old examples set before my eyes ;
 Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
 Of Græchus' mother, and Duilius' wife ;
 And close the sermon, as beseem'd his wit,
 With some grave sentence out of Holy Writ.
 Oft would he say, ' Who builds his house on sands
 Prieks his blind horse across the fallow lands ;
 Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
 Deserves a fool's eap and long ears at home.'
 All this avail'd not, for whoe'er he be
 That tells my faults, I hate him mortally !
 And so do numbers more, I'll boldly say,
 Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.

My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)
 A certain treatise oft at evening read,
 Where divers authors (whom the devil confound
 For all their lies) were in one volume bound :
 Valerius whole, and of St. Jerome part ;
 Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
 Solomon's Proverbs, Eloïsa's loves,
 And many more than sure the church approves,

More legends were there here of wicked wives
Than good in all the Bible and saints' lives.
Who drew the lion vanquish'd? 'Twas a man:
But could we women write as scholars can,
Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness
Than all the sons of Adam could redress.
Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.
Those play the scholars who can't play the men,
And use that weapon which they have, their pen:
When old, and past the relish of delight,
Then down they sit, and in their dotage write
That not one woman keeps her marriage vow.
(This by the way, but to my purpose now:)

It chanc'd my husband, on a winter's night,
Read in this book aloud with strange delight,
How the first female (as the Scriptures show)
Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe;
How Samson fell; and he whom Dejanire
Wrapp'd in the' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire;
How curs'd Eriphyle her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid;
But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan dame
And husband-bull—Oh, monstrous! fye, for shame!

He had by heart the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft she scolded in a day he knew,
How many pisspots on the sage she threw,
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;
'Rain follows thunder,' that was all he said.

He read how Arius to his friend complain'd
A fatal tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives successively had twin'd
A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.

‘Where grows this plant,’ replied the friend, ‘oh!
where?’

For better fruit did never orchard bear:
Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
And in my garden planted it shall be.’

Then how two wives their lords’ destruction prove,
Through hatred one, and one through too much love;
That for her husband mix’d a poisonous draught,
And this for lust an amorous philtre bought:
The nimble juice soon seiz’d his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead. [slain,

How some with swords their sleeping lords have
And some have hammer’d nails into their brain,
And some have drench’d them with a deadly potion:
All this he read, and read with great devotion.

Long time I heard, and swell’d, and blush’d, and
frown’d;

But when no end of these vile tales I found,
When still he read, and laugh’d, and read again,
And half the night was thus consum’d in vain,
Provok’d to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And with one buffet fell’d him on the floor.

With that my husband in a fury rose,
And down he settled me with hearty blows.
I groan’d, and lay extended on my side;
‘Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth,’ I cried:
‘Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—’
He wept, kind soul! and stoop’d to kiss my face:
I took him such a box as turn’d him blue,
Then sigh’d and cried, ‘Adieu, my dear, adieu!’

But after many a hearty struggle past,
I condescended to be pleas’d at last,
Soon as he said, ‘My mistress and my wife:
Do what you list the term of all your life;’

I took to heart the merits of the cause,
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws ;
Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,
With all the government of house and land,
And empire o'er his tongue and o'er his hand. }
As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.

Now Heav'n on all my husbands gone bestow
Pleasures above, for tortures felt below :
That rest they wish'd for grant them in the grave,
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save !

EARL OF DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

THOUGH Artemisia talks by fits
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits ;
 Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke :
Yet in some things methinks she fails :—
'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
 And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High Dutch bride,
Such nastiness and so much pride
 Are oddly join'd by fate :
On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
 That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
On any part except her face ;
 All white and black beside :
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
 And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white,
A prating thing, a magpie hight,
 Majestically stalk ;
A stately worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

DR. SWIFT.

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
 Are better than the bishop's blessing :
 A wife that makes conserves ; a steed
 That carries double when there's need ;
 October store, and best Virginia,
 Tythe pig, and mortuary guinea ;
 Gazettes sent gratis down and frank'd,
 For which thy patron's weekly thank'd ;
 A large concordance, bound long since ;
 Sermons to Charles the First, when prince ;
 A chronicle of ancient standing ;
 A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in :
 The Polyglot—three parts—my text,
 Howbeit—likewise—now to my next :
 Lo, here the Septuagint—and Paul,
 To sum the whole—the close of all.

He that has these may pass his life,
 Drink with the 'squire, and kiss his wife ;
 On Sundays preach, and eat his fill,
 And fast on Fridays—if he will ;
 Toast church and queen, explain the news,
 Talk with churchwardens about pews,
 Pray heartily for some new gift,
 And shake his head at Doctor S—t.

EPISTLE

TO

DR. ARBUTHNOT.

BEING THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune [the authors of ‘Verses to the Imitator of Horace,’ and of an ‘Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court’] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings (of which, being public, the public is judge) but my person, morals, and family; whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the truth and the sentiment; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most part, spared their names, and they may escape being laughed at if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend, to whom it is inscribed that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out, but by its truth and likeness.

P. ‘SHUT, shut the door, good John!’ fatigued, I
‘Tie up the knocker, say I’m sick, I’m dead.’ [said;

'The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt
All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no sabbath-day to me:
'Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson much be-mus'd in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross?
Is there who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope,

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.
To laugh were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave exceeds all power of face.

I sit with sad civility, I read
 With honest anguish and an aching head,
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel, 'Keep your peace nine years.'

'Nine years!' cries he, who, high in Drury Lane,
 Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
 Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
 Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends:

'The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it,
 I'm all submission; what you'd have it—make it.'

Three things another's modest wishes bound;—
 'My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.'

Pitholeon sends to me: 'You know his grace,
 I want a patron; ask him for a place.'

Pitholeon libell'd me—'But here's a letter
 Informs you sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine;
 He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine.'

Bless me! a packet.—'Tis a stranger sues,
 A virgin tragedy, an orphan Muse.'

If I dislike it, 'Furies, death, and rage!'

If I approve, 'Commend it to the stage.'

'There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
 The players and I are, luckily, no friends. [it,

Fir'd that the house rejects him, 'Sdeath, I'll print
 And shame the fools—your interest, sir, with Lintot.'

Lintot, dull rogue, will think your price too much:

'Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch.'

All my demurs but double his attacks;

At last he whispers, 'Do, and we go snacks.'

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door;

'Sir, let me see your works and you no more.'

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
 (Midas, a sacred person and a king)

His very minister who spied them first
 (Some say his queen) was fore'd to speak or burst.
 And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
 When every coxcomb perks them in my face?

A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dangerous
 I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings; [things;
 Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
 'Tis nothing.—*P.* nothing! if they bite and kick?
 Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
 That secret to each fool, that he's an ass:
 The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
 The queen of 'Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
 No creature smarts so little as a fool.
 Let peals of laughter, Codrus, round thee break,
 Thou unconcern'd eanst hear the mighty crack:
 Pit, box, and gallery, in convulsions hurl'd,
 Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
 Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb through,
 He spins the slight self-pleasing thread anew:
 Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain;
 The creature's at his dirty work again,
 Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,
 Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
 Whom have I hurt? has poet yet or peer
 Lost the arch'd eyebrow or Parnassian sneer?
 And has not Colley still his lord and whore?
 His butchers Henley? his free-masons Moore?
 Docs not one table Bavius still admit?
 Still to one bishop Phillips seem a wit? [fend.
 Still Sappho—*A.* Hold! for God's sake—you'll of.
 No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
 I too could write, and I am twice as tall; [all.
 But foes like these—*P.* One flatterer's worse than

Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills and not the bite.

A fool quite angry is quite innocent :

Alas ! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes :

One from all Grub Street will my fame defend,

And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.

This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,

And others roar aloud, ' Subscribe, subscribe !'

There are who to my person pay their court :—

I cough like Horace ; and, though lean, am short ;

Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,

Such Ovid's nose, and ' Sir ! you have an eye—.'

Go on, obliging creatures ! make me see

All that disgrac'd my betters met in me.

Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,

' Just so immortal Maro held his head ;'

And when I die, be sure you let me know

Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write ? what sin to me unknown

Dip'd me in ink, my parent's, or my own ?

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,

I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came :

I left no calling for this idle trade,

No duty broke, no father disobey'd :

The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife,

To help me through this long disease, my life,

To second, Arbuthnot ! thy art and care,

And teach the being you preserv'd to bear.

But why then publish ? Granville the polite,

And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write :

Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,

And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd, my lays ;

The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield, read,
Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before)
With open arms receiv'd one poet more.

Happy my studies, when by these approv'd !
Happier their author, when by these belov'd !
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks,

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense ?

Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,

'A painted mistress, or a purling stream.'

Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill ;

I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still :

Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret ;

I never answer'd ; I was not in debt.

If want provok'd, or madness made them print,

I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad ;

If wrong I smil'd, if right I kiss'd the rod.

Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,

And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.

Commas and points they set exactly right,

And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite,

Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,

From slashing Bently down to piddling Tibalds :

Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,

Each word-catcher that lives on syllables,

Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,

Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakspeare's name.

Pretty ! in amber to observe the forms

Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms !

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,

But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry: I excuse'd them too;
 Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,
 That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
 This who can gratify? for who can guess?
 The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
 Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown,
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear, [year;
 And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a
 He who still wanting, though he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left;
 And he who now to sense, now nonsense, leaning,
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
 And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
 All these my modest satire bade translate,
 And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and eliae!
 And swear not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such! But were there one whose fires
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires,
 Bless'd with each talent and each art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
 View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
 Alike reserv'd to blame or to commend,
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;

Dreading ev'n fools ; by flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd ;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause ;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh if such a man there be ?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he ?

What though my name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals ?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad ?
I sought no homage from the race that write ;
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight :
Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd so long)
No more than thou, great George ! a birth-day song.
I ne'er with wits, or witlings pass'd my days
To spread about the itch of verse and praise ;
Nor like a puppy daggled through the town
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down ;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cried,
With handkerchief and orange at my side ;
But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill
Sat full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill :
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
His library (where busts of poets dead,
And a true Pindar stood without a head)
Received of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place :
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd every day, and some days eat :

Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise;
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
 And others (harder still) be paid in kind.
 Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh;
 Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:
 But still the great have kindness in reserve;
 He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choicè patron bless each grey-goose
 May every Bavius have his Bufo still! [quill:
 So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
 Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
 Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
 Bless'd be the great! for those they take away,
 And those they left me—for they left me Gay;
 Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
 Of all thy blameless life the sole return
 My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn!

Oh! let me live my own, and die so too!
 (To live and die is all I have to do)
 Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
 And see what friends, and read what books, I please;
 Above a patron, though I condescend
 Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
 I was not born for courts or great affairs;
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs;
 Can sleep without a poem in my head,
 Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
 Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
 Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
 Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?

'I found him close with Swift'—'Indeed? no doubt
(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out.'

'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will;

'No, such a genius never can lie still:'

And then for mine obligingly mistakes

The first lampoon Sir Will, or Bubo makes.

Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,

When every coxcomb knows me by my style?"

Curs'd be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,

That tends to make one worthy man my foe,

Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,

Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!

But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,

Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,

Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,

Who writes a libel, or who copies out;

That fop whose pride affects a patron's name,

Yet absent wounds an author's honest fame;

Who can your merit selfishly approve,

And show the sense of it without the love;

Who has the vanity to call you friend,

Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;

Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say;

And, if he lie not, must at least betray;

Who to the dean and silver bell can swear,

And sees at Canons what was never there;

Who reads but with a lust to misapply,

Makes satire a lampoon, and fiction lie:

A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,

But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus tremble—*A*. What? that thing of silk,

Sporus, that mere white curd of asses' milk?

Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings ;
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys :
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks,
 Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies ;
 His wit all see-saw between that and this,
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
 And he himself one vile antithesis. }
 Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart ;
 Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
 Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have express'd,
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest ;
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
 Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,
 Not proud, nor servile ; be one poet's praise,
 That if he pleas'd he pleas'd by manly ways ;
 That flattery, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a lie in verse or prose the same ;
 That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
 But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song ;
 That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,

The damning critic, half-approving wit,
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit ;
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad ;
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed ;
 The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
 The' imputed trash, and dulness not his own ;
 The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
 The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape ;
 Abuse on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
 A friend in exile, or a father dead ;
 The whisper, that, to greatness still too near,
 Perhaps yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear—
 Welcome for thee, fair virtue ! all the past :
 For thee, fair virtue ! welcome ev'n the last !

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great ?

P. A knave's a knave to me in every state ;
 Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
 Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail ;
 A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
 Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire ;
 If on a pillory, or near a throne,
 He gain his prince's ear or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
 Sappho can tell you how this man was bit :
 This dreaded satirist Dennis will confess
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress :
 So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
 Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhym'd for Moore.
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply ?—
 Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie.
 To please a mistress, one aspers'd his life ;
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife :

Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on his quill,
 And write what'er he pleas'd, except his will;
 Let the two Curlls of town and court abuse
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse:
 Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool;
 That harmless mother thought no wife a whore:
 Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore!
 Unspotted names, and memorable long!
 If there be force in virtue, or in song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
 While yet in Britain honour had applause)
 Each parent sprung—*A.* What fortune, pray?—

P. Their own;

And better got than Bestia's from the throne.
 Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
 Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
 Stranger to civil and religious rage,
 The good man walk'd innoxious through his age:
 No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
 Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
 Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
 No language but the language of the heart.
 By nature honest, by experience wise,
 Healthy by temperance and by exercise;
 His life, though long, to sickness past unknown,
 His death was instant and without a groan.
 O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
 Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.
 O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
 Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
 Me, let the tender office long engage
 To rock the cradle of reposing age,

With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!
On cares like these, if length of days attend,
May Heaven to bless those days preserve my friend!
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a queen.

A. Whether that blessing be denied or giv'n,
Thus far was right;—the rest belongs to Heav'n.

SATIRES, EPISTLES,

AND

ODES OF HORACE

IMITATED.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur.

Hor.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The occasion of publishing these imitations was the clamour raised on some of my Epistles. An answer from Horace was both more full and of more dignity than any I could have made in my own person; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr. Donne, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly, in ever so low or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the princes and ministers under whom they lived. The satires of Dr. Donne I versified at the desire of the Earl of Oxford, while he was lord-treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who had been secretary of state; neither of whom looked upon a satire on vicious courts as any reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves with good reason to encourage,—the mistaking a satirist for a libeller; whereas to a true satirist nothing is so odious as a libeller, for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous, nothing is so hateful as a hypocrite.

Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.

BOOK II. SATIRE I.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P. THERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)
There are to whom my satire seems too bold;

Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
 And something said of Chartres much too rough.
 The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say ;
 Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
 Timorous by nature, of the rich in awe,
 I come to counsel learned in the law :
 You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
 Advice ; and (as you use) without a fee.

F. I'd write no more.

P. Not write ? but then I think,
 And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
 I nod in company, I wake at night ;
 Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
 Why, if the night seem tedious—take a wife :
 Or rather, truly, if your point be rest,
 Lettuce and cowslip wine : *probatum est*.
 But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
 Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.
 Or if you needs must write, write Cæsar's praise ;
 You'll gain at least a knighthood, or the bays.

P. What ? like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough,
 and fierce,
 With arms, and George, and Brunswick, crowd the
 verse ;

Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
 With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder ?
 Or, nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
 Paint angels trembling round his falling horse ?

F. Then all your Muse's softer art display,
 Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay ;
 Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
 And sweetly flow through all the royal line.

P. Alas ! few verses touch their nicer ear ;
 They scarce can bear their laureat twice a year ;

And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays ;
It is to history he trusts for praise.

F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,
Abuse the city's best good men in metre,
And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.
Ev'n those you touch not hate you.

P. What should ail 'em?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam :
The fewer still you name, you wound the more ;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. Each mortal has his pleasure : none deny
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pie :
Ridotta sips and dances till she see
The doubling lustres dance as fast as she :
F— loves the senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like, in all else, as one egg to another.
I love to pour out all myself as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne :
In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within ;
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
Will prove at least the medium must be clear.
In this impartial glass my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends ;
Publish the present age ; but where my text
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next ;
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And every friend the less lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
Verse-man or prose-man, term me which you will,
Papist or Protestant, or both between,
Like good Erasmus, in an honest mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
 To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet ;
 I only wear it in a land of Hector's,
 Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.
 Save but our army ! and let Jove incrust
 Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust !
 Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more :
 But touch me, and no minister so sore.
 Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
 Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
 Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
 And the sad burden of some merry song.

Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage ;
 Hard words or hanging if your judge be Page :
 From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
 P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
 Its proper power to hurt each creature feels ;
 Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels ;
 'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug ;
 And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.
 So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
 They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.

Then, learned sir ! (to cut the matter short)
 Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at court,
 Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
 Attends to gild the evening of my day,
 Or death's black wing already be display'd,
 To wrap me in the universal shade ;
 Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
 Or whiten'd wall provoke the skewer to write ;
 In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
 Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print.

F. Alas, young man, your days can ne'er be long ;
 In flower of age you perish for a song !

Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
Will club their testers now to take your life.

P. What? arm'd for virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men,
Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car,
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star;
Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
Lights of the church or guardians of the laws?
Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
Flatterers and bigots, ev'n in Louis' reign?
Could laureat Dryden pimp and friar engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not strip the gilding off a knave,
Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?
I will, or perish in the generous cause:
Hear this and tremble! you who 'scape the laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world in credit to his grave:
To Virtue only and her friends a friend,
The world beside may murmur or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but soothes my sleep.—

There my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place:
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul:
And he, whose lightning pierc'd the Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines;
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

Envy must own I live among the great,
No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;

To help who want, to forward who excel;
 This all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
 And who unknown defame me, let them be
 Scribblers or peers, alike are mob to me.

This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
 What saith my counsel, learned in the laws?

F. Your plea is good; but still I say, beware!
 Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.
 It stands on record, that in Richard's times
 A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.
 Consult the statute; *quart.* I think it is,
Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.

See libels, satires—here you have it—read.

P. Libels and satires! lawless things indeed!
 But grave epistles, bringing vice to light,
 Such as a king might read, a bishop write,
 Such as Sir Robert would approve—*F.* Indeed!
 The case is alter'd—you may then proceed:
 In such a cause the plaintiff will be hiss'd,
 My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

BOOK II. SATIRE II.

TO MR. BETHEL.

WHAT, and how great, the virtue and the art
 To live on little with a cheerful heart!
 (A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)
 Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine;
 Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride
 Turns you from sound philosophy aside;
 Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
 And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear Bethel's sermon, one not vers'd in schools,
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.

‘Go work, hunt, exercise ! (he thus began)
Then scorn a homely dinner if you can.
Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,
Or fish denied (the river yet unthaw'd ;)
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.’

Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will choose a pheasant still before a hen ;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Though cut in pieces ere my lord can cat,)
Yet for small turbot's such esteem profess ?
Because God made these large, the other less.
Oldfield with more than harpy-throat endued,
Cries, ‘Send me, gods ! a whole hog barbecued !’
O blast it, south-winds ! till a stench exhale
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink ?
When the tir'd glutton labours through a treat,
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat ;
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor :
Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives, still we see ;
Thus much is left of old simplicity !
The robin redbreast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a martin's nest,
Till beccaficos sold so devilish dear
To one that was, or would have been, a peer.
Let me extol a cat on oysters fed ;
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head :

Or ev'n to crack live crawfish recommend ;
 I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.
 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
 About one vice, and fall into the other :
 Between excess and famine lies a mean ;
 Plain, but not sordid, though not splendid, clean.

Avidien or his wife (no matter which,
 For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch)
 Sell their presented partridges and fruits,
 And humbly live on rabbits and on roots :
 One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
 And is at once their vinegar and wine :
 But on some lucky day (as when they found
 A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drown'd)
 At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,
 Is what two souls so generous cannot bear :
 Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,
 But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.

He knows to live who keeps the middle state,
 And neither leans on this side nor on that ;
 Nor stops for one bad cork his butler's pay,
 Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away ;
 Nor lets, like Nævius, every error pass,
 The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

Now hear what blessings temperance can bring :
 (Thus said our friend, and what he said, I sing :)
 First health : the stomach (cram'd from every dish,
 A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,
 Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid, jar,
 And all the man is one intestine war)
 Remembers oft the schoolboy's simple fare,
 The temperate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

How pale each worshipful and reverend guest
 Rise from a clergy or a city feast !

What life in all that ample body say ?
What heavenly particle inspires the clay ?
The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal ev'n in sound divines.

On morning wings how active springs the mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind !
How easy every labour it pursues !
How coming to the poet every Muse !
Not but we may exceed some holy time,
Or tir'd in search of truth or search of rhyme :
Ill-health some just indulgence may engage,
And more the sickness of long life, old age :
For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemperate youth the vessel drains ?

Our fathers prais'd rank ven'son. You suppose,
Perhaps, young men ! our fathers had no nose.
Not so : a buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last ;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.
Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pies, or coxcombs were on earth ?

Unworthy he the voice of fame to hear,
That sweetest music to an honest ear,
(For 'faith, Lord Fanny ! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a song,)
Who has not learn'd fresh sturgeon and ham-pie
Are no rewards for want and infamy !
When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd by thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself ;
To friends, to fortune, to mankind, a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name ;
And buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.

‘ Right, (cries his lordship) for a rogue in need
To have a taste, is insolence indeed :
In me ’tis noble, suits my birth and state,
My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great.’—
Then, like the sun, let bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.
Oh, impudence of wealth ! with all thy store
How dar’st thou let one worthy man be poor ?
Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall ?
Make quays, build bridges, or repair Whitehall ;
Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M**o’s was, but not at five *per cent*.

‘ Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And who stands safest ? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff’d prosperity,
Or, bless’d with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war !’

Thus Bethelspoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought ;
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And, as I love, would imitate the man.
In South-sea days, not happier, when surmis’d
The lord of thousands, than if now excis’d ;
In forest planted by a father’s hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little, I can piddle here
On brocoli and mutton round the year ;
But ancient friends (though poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
’Tis true, no turbot’s dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords :
To Hounslow-heath I point, and Bansted-down, [own :
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my

From yon old walnut-tree a shower shall fall,
 And grapes, long lingering on my only wall;
 And figs from standard and espalier join;
 The devil is in you if you cannot dine : [placc)
 Then cheerful healths, (your mistress shall have
 And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace.

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast;
 Though double-tax'd, how little have I lost!
 My life's amusements have been just the same,
 Before and after standing armies came.
 My lands are sold, my father's house is gone;
 I'll hire another's; is not that my own, [gate
 And yours, my friends? through whose free-opening
 None comes too early, none departs too late:
 For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.

'Pray Heaven it last! (cries Swift) as you go on;
 I wish to God this house had been your own!
 Pity! to build without a son or wife:
 Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life.'
 Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one
 Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
 What's property? dear Swift!—you see it alter
 From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;
 Or in a mortgage prove a lawyer's share,
 Or in a jointure vanish from the heir;
 Or in pure equity (the case not clear)
 The chancery takes your rents for twenty year:
 At best it falls to some ungracious son,
 Who cries, 'My father's damn'd, and all's my own.'
 Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,
 Become the portion of a booby lord;
 And Hemsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
 Slides to a scrivener or a city-knight.

Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

BOOK. II. SATIRE VI.

THE FIRST PART IMITATED IN THE YEAR 1714 BY DR.
SWIFT; THE LATTER PART ADDED AFTERWARDS.

I've often wish'd that I had clear
For life six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this, and more,
I ask not to increase my store ;
But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die ;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.

If I ne'er got or lost a groat
By any trick or any fault ;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools,
As thus : ' Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker !
To grant me this and t'other acre ;
Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure ;
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits,
Preserve, almighty Providence !
Just what you gave me, competence ;

And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose,
Remov'd from all the' ambitious scene,
Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.'

In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent,
Nor cross the channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown ;
' Lewis, the Dean will be of use ;
Send for him up ; take no excuse.'

The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne'er think of these ;
Or, let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

' Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
Let my lord know you're come to town.'
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day,
And find his honour in a pound,
Hem'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green :
How should I thrust myself between ?
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
And, smiling, whispers to the next,
' I thought the Dean had been too proud
To jostle here among a crowd.'
Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit ;
' So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,

But rudely press before a duke.
I own I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant, to show
What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw ;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.

➤ This humbly offers me his case—
That begs my interest for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees are humming in my ears.
'To-morrow my appeal comes on ;
Without your help the cause is gone.'—

'The duke expects my lord and you
About some great affair at two.'—

'Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind
'To get my warrant quickly sign'd :
Consider, 'tis my first request.'—

'Be satisfied, I'll do my best :'
Then presently he falls to tease,
'You may for certain, if you please ;
I doubt not, if his lordship knew—
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you.'—

'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)

Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend ;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that ;

As, 'What's o'clock ?' and, 'How's the wind ?'

'Whose chariot's that we left behind ?'

Or gravely try to read the lines

Writ underneath the country signs ;

Or, ' Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay ?'
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.

Yet some I know with envy swell
Because they see me us'd so well.
' How think you of our friend the Dean ?
I wonder what some people mean ;
My lord and he are grown so great,
Always together *tete à tete*.
What ! they admire him for his jokes—
See but the fortune of some folks !'
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv'd at court ;
I'm stop'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in every street.

' You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great,
Inform us, will the emperor treat ?
Or do the prints and papers lie ?'
' Faith, sir, you know as much as I.'
' Ah ! doctor, how you love to jest !
'Tis now no secret.'—' I protest
'Tis one to me.'—' Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay ?'
And though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my lord-mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly tost,
My choicest hours of life are lost ;

Yet always wishing to retreat :
 O, could I see my country-scat !
 There, leaning near a gentle brook,
 Sleep or peruse some ancient book,
 And there in sweet oblivion drown
 Those cares that haunt the court and town.
 O charming noon ! and nights divine !
 Or when I sup, or when I dine,
 My friends above, my folks below,
 Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
 The beans and bacon set before 'em,
 The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum ;
 Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
 And ev'n the very dogs at ease !
 Here no man prates of idle things,
 How this or that Italian sings,
 A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
 Or what's in either of the houses ;
 But something much more our concern,
 And quite a scandal not to learn ;
 Which is the happier or the wiser,
 A man of merit, or a miser ?
 Whether we ought to choose our friends
 For their own worth or our own ends ?
 What good, or better, we may call.
 And what the very best of all ?

Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
 A tale extremely *à propos* :
 Name a town life, and in a trice
 He had a story of two mice.
 Once on a time (so runs the fable)
 A country mouse right hospitable,
 Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,
 Just as a farmer might a lord.

A frugal mouse upon the whole,
 Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul;
 Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
 On just occasion, *coûte qui coûte*.
 He brought him bacon (nothing lean)
 Pudding that might have pleas'd a dean;
 Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
 But wish'd it Stilton for his sake:
 Yet to his guest though no way sparing,
 He ate himself the rind and paring,
 Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
 But show'd his breeding and his wit;
 He did his best to seem to eat,
 And cry'd, 'I vow you're mighty neat;
 But, lord my friend this savage scene!
 For God's sake come and live with men:
 Consider, micc, like men, must die,
 Both small and great, both you and I;
 Then spend your life in joy and sport,
 (This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court.)'

The vericst hermit in the nation
 May yild God knows to strong temptation.
 Away they came, through thick and thin,
 To a tall house near Lincoln's-inn,
 ('Twas on the night of a debate,
 When all their lordships had sat late.)

Behold the place, where if a poet
 Shin'd in description he might show it;
 Tell how the moonbeam trembling falls,
 And tips with silver all the walls;
 Palladian walls, Venetian doors:
 Grottesco roofs, and Stucco floors:
 But let it (in a word) be said,
 The moon was up, and men a-bed,
 The napkins white, the carpet red:

}
}

The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sat *tete-à-tete*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friends of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
'*Que ça est bon ! Ah goutez ça !*
That jelly's rich, this Malmsey healing,
Pray, dip your whiskers and your tail in,'
Was ever such a happy swain !
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
'I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude
To eat so much—but all's so good—
I have a thousand thanks to give—
My lord alone knows how to live.'
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all :
'A rat, a rat ! clap to the door'—
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the art of Homer's mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice !
(It was by Providence they think,
For your damn'd stucco has no chink)
'An't please your honour,' quoth the peasant,
'This same desert is not so pleasant :
Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread and liberty !'

BOOK I. EPISTLE I.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last !
Why will you break the sabbath of my days ?
Now sick alike of envy and of praise.

Public too long, ah ! let me hide my age :
 See modest Cibber now has left the stage :
 Our generals now, retir'd to their estates,
 Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates ;
 In life's cool evening satiate of applause,
 Nor fond of bleeding ev'n in Brunswick's cause.

A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
 ('Tis reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear,)
 ' Friend Pope ! be prudent, let your Muse take
 And never gallop Pegasus to death ; [breath,
 Lest stiff and stately, void of fire or force,
 You limp, like Blackmore, on a lord-mayor's horse.

Farewell then verse, and love, and every toy,
 The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy ;
 What right, what true, what fit, we justly call,
 Let this be all my care—for this is all ;
 To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste
 What every day will want, and most the last.

But ask not to what doctors I apply ?
 Sworn to no master, of no sect am I :
 As drives the storm, at any door I knock,
 And house with Montaigne now, or now with Locke.
 Sometimes a patriot, active in debate,
 Mix with the world, and battle for the state ;
 Free as young Lyttelton, her cause pursue,
 Still true to virtue, and as warm as true :
 Sometimes with Aristippus or Saint Paul,
 Indulge my candour, and grow all to all ;
 Back to my native moderation slide,
 And win my way by yielding to the tide.

Long as to him who works for debt the day.
 Long as the night to her whose love's away,
 Long as the year's dull circle seems to run
 When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one ;

So slow the' unprofitable moments roll
 That lock up all the functions of my soul,
 That keep me from myself, and still delay
 Life's instant business to a future day ;
 That task which, as we follow or despise,
 The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise ;
 Which done, the poorest can no wants endure ;
 And which not done, the richest must be poor.

Late as it is, I put myself to school,
 And feel some comfort not to be a fool.
 Weak though I am of limb, and short of sight,
 Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite,
 I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
 To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
 Not to go back is somewhat to advance,
 And men must walk, at least, before they dance.

Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move
 With wretched avarice, or as wretched love ?
 Know there are words and spells which can control
 Between the fits, this fever of the soul ;
 Know there are rhymes which, fresh and fresh ap-
 Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride, [plied,
 Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
 Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
 A Switz, a High-Dutch or a Low-Dutch bear ;
 All that we ask is but a patient ear.

'Tis the first virtue vices to abhor,
 And the first wisdom to be fool no more :
 But to the world no bugbear is so great,
 As want of figure and a small estate.
 To either India see the merchant fly,
 Scar'd at the spectre of pale poverty !
 See him with pains of body, pangs of soul,
 Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the pole !

Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
 Nothing to make philosophy thy friend?
 To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
 And ease thy heart of all that it admires?
 Here Wisdom calls, 'Seek virtue first, be bold!
 As gold to silver, virtue is to gold.'
 'There, London's voice, 'Get money, money still!
 And then let Virtue follow, if she will.'
 This, this the saving doctrine preach'd to all,
 From low Saint James's up to high Saint Paul;
 From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
 To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth, abounds;
 'Pray then what wants he?' Fourscore thousand
 A pension, or such harness for a slave [pounds;
 As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
 Barnard! thou art a cit, with all thy worth;
 But Bug and D*1, their honours! and so forth,
 Yet every child another song will sing,
 'Virtue, brave boys! 'tis virtue makes a king.'

True conscious honour is to feel no sin;
 He's arm'd without that's innocent within:
 Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass;
 Compar'd to this a minister's an ass.

And say, to which shall our applause belong,
 This new court-jargon, or the good old song?
 The modern language of corrupted peers,
 Or what was spoke at Cressy and Poitiers?
 Who counsels best? who whispsers, 'Be but great,
 With praise or infamy, leave that to fate;
 Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace;
 If not, by any means get wealth and place.'
 For what? to have a box where eunuchs sing,
 And foremost in the circle eye a king;

Or, he, who bids thee face with steady view
 Proud fortune, and look shallow greatness through, }
 And, while he bids thee, sets the' example too? }
 If such a doctrine, in Saint James's air,
 Should chance to make the well-dress'd rabble stare;
 If honest S*z take scandal at a spark
 That less admires the palace than the park;
 Faith I shall give the answer Reynard gave:
 'I cannot like, dread sir! your royal cave;
 Because I see, by all the tracks about,
 Full many a beast goes in, but none come out.'
 Adieu to virtue, if you're once a slave:
 Send her to court, you send her to her grave.

Well, if a king's a lion, at the least
 The people are a many-headed beast:
 Can they direct what measures to pursue
 Who know themselves so little what to do?
 Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
 Just half the land would buy, and half be sold:
 Their country's wealth our mightier misers drain,
 Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main;
 The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews;
 Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews;
 Some with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn;
 Some with rich widows by their chine and brawn;
 While with the silent growth of ten per cent.
 In dirt and darkness hundreds stink content.

Of all these wsys, if each pursues his own,
 Satire! be kind, and let the wretch alone;
 But show me one, who has it in his pow'r
 To act consistent with himself an hour.
 Sir Job sail'd forth, the evening bright and still,
 'No place on earth (he cried) like Greenwich-hill!'

Up starts a palace ; lo, the' obedient base
 Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
 The silver Thames reflects its marble face. }
 Now let some whimsey, or that devil within }
 Which guides all those who know not what they }
 But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen; [mean }
 ' Away, away ! take all your scaffolds down,
 For snug's the word : my dear ! we'll live in town.'

At amorous Flavio is the stocking thrown ?—
 That very night he longs to lie alone.
 The fool whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
 For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
 Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch, }
 Transform themselves so strangely as the rich ?— }
 Well, but the poor—the poor have the same itch ; }
 They change their weekly barber, weekly news,
 Prefer a new japanner to their shoes,
 Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
 (They know not wither) in a chaise and onc ;
 They hire their sculler, and when once abroad
 Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a lord.

You laugh, half beau, half sloven, if I stand,
 My wig all powder, and all snuff my band ;
 You laugh if coat and brecches strangely vary,
 White gloves, and linen, worthy lady Mary !
 But when no prelate's lawn, with hair-shirt lin'd,
 Is half so incoherent as my mind,
 When (each opinion with the next at strife,
 One ebb and flow of follies all my life,)
 I plant, root up ; I build, and then confound ;
 Turn round to square, and square again to round ;
 You never change one muscle of your face,
 You think this madness but a common case ;

Nor once to chancery nor to Hale apply,
 Yet hang your lip to see a seam awry !
 Careless how ill I with myself agree,
 Kind to my dress, my figure,—not to me.
 Is this my guide, philosopher, and friend ?
 This he who loves me, and who ought to mend ?
 Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
 That man divine whom wisdom calls her own ;
 Great without title, without fortune bless'd ;
 Rich ev'n when plunder'd, honour'd while oppress'd ;
 Lov'd without youth, and follow'd without power,
 At home though exil'd ; free though in the Tower ;
 In short, that reasoning, high, immortal thing,
 Just less than Jove, and much above a king ;
 Nay, half in Heaven—except (what's mighty odd)
 A fit of vapours clouds this demigod.

BOOK I. EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. MURRAY,

(*Afterwards Earl of Mansfield.*)

* Nor to admire, is all the art I know,
 To make men happy, and to keep them so.'
 (Plain truth, dear Murray ! needs no flowers of
 So take it in the very words of Creech.) [speech,
 This vault of air, this congregated ball,
 Self-center'd sun, and stars that rise and fall,
 There are, my friend ! whose philosophic eyes
 Look through, and trust the Ruler with the skies ;
 To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
 And view this dreadful all—without a fear.

Admire we then what earth's low entrails hold,
 Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold ;
 All the mad trade of fools and slaves for gold ? }

Or popularity? or stars and strings?
The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings?
Say with what eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze?

If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
In either case, believe me, we admire:
Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surpris'd at better, or surpris'd at worse.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
The' unbalanc'd mind, and snatch the man away;
For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.

Go then, and if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds and reflected plate;
Procure a taste to double the surprise,
And gaze on Parian charms with learned eyes;
Be struck with bright brocade or Tyrian dye,
Our birth-day nobles' splendid livery.
If not so pleas'd, at council-board rejoice
To see their judgments hang upon thy voice;
From morn to night, at senate, rolls, and hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
For fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
Shall one whom nature, learning, birth, conspir'd
To form not to admire but be admir'd,
Sigh while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth?
Yet time ennobles or degrades each line;
It brighten'd Cragg's, and may darken thine.
And what is fame? the meanest have their day;
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.

Grac'd as thou art with all the power of words,
 So known, so honour'd, at the house of lords :
 Conspicuous scene ! another yet is nigh,
 (More silent far) where kings and poets lie ;
 Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
 Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde !

Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
 Will any mortal let himself alone ?
 See Ward, by batter'd beaux invited over,
 And desperate misery lays hold on Dover.
 The case is easier in the mind's disease ;
 There all men may be cur'd whene'er they please.
 Would ye be bless'd? despise low joys, low gains ;
 Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains ;
 Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains. }

But art thou one whom new opinions sway,
 One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
 Who virtue and a church alike disowns,
 Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?
 Fly then on all the wings of wild desire,
 Admire whate'er the maddest can admire.
 Is wealth thy passion ? hence ! from pole to pole,
 Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll ;
 For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
 Prevent the greedy, and outbid the bold :
 Advance the golden mountain to the skies ;
 On the broad base of fifty thousand rise ;
 Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
 Add fifty more, and bring it to a square :
 For, mark the' advantage ; just so many score
 Will gain a wife with half as many more,
 Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
 And then such friends—as cannot fail to last.

A man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth ;
 Venus shall give him form, and Antis birth.
 (Believe me many a German prince is worse,
 Who proud of pedigree is poor of purse.)
 His wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds ;
 Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds ;
 Or if three ladies like a luckless play,
 Takes the whole house upon the poet's day.
 Now, in such exigencies not to need,
 Upon my word you must be rich indeed :
 A noble superfluity it craves,
 Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves ;
 Something which for your honour they may cheat,
 And which it much becomes you to forget.
 If wealth alone then make and keep us bless'd,
 Still, still be getting ; never, never rest.

But if to power and place your passion lie,
 If in the pomp of life consist the joy ;
 Then hire a slave, (or if you will) a lord,
 To do the honours, and to give the word ;
 Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
 To whom to nod, whom take into your coach,
 Whom honour with your hand ; to make remarks,
 Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks :
 ' This may be troublesome, is near the chair ;
 That makes three members, this can choose a may'r.'
 Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
 Adopt him son, or cousin, at the least,
 Then turn about, and laugh at your own jest. }

Or if your life be one continued treat,
 If to live well means nothing but to eat ;
 Up, up ! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
 Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey :

With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite—
 So Russel did, but could not eat at night;
 Call'd happy dog the beggar at his door,
 And envied thirst and hunger to the poor.

Or shall we every decency confound,
 Through taverns, stews, and bagnios, take our round?
 Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo
 K**l's lewd cargo, or Ty**y's crew,
 From Latian syrens, French Circæan feasts,
 Return'd well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts;
 Or for a titled punk or foreign flame
 Renounce our country, and degrade our name?

If, after all, we must with Wilmot* own
 The cordial drop of life is love alone;
 And Swift cry wisely, '*Vive la bagatelle!*'
 The man that loves and laughs must sure do well.
 Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
 Ev'n take the counsel which I gave you first:
 Or better precepts if you can impart;
 Why do; I'll follow them with all my heart.



BOOK I. EPISTLE VII.

IN THE MANNER OF DR. SWIFT.

'Tis true, my lord; I gave my word
 I would be with you June the third;
 Chang'd it to August, and (in short)
 Have kept it—as you do at court.
 You humour me when I am sick,
 Why not when I am splenetic?

* Earl of Rochester.

In town what objects could I meet ?
The shops shut up in every street,
And funerals blackening all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores :
And what a dust in every place ?
And a thin court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in town !

‘The dog-days are no more the case.’
’Tis true, but winter comes apace :
Then southward let your bard retire,
Hold out some months ’twixt sun and fire ;
And you shall see, the first warm weather,
Me and the butterflies together.

My lord, your favours well I know ;
’Tis with distinction you bestow,
And not to every one that comes,
Just as a Scotsman does his plums,
‘Pray take them, sir—enough’s a feast,
Eat some, and pocket up the rest’—
What, rob your boys ? those pretty rogues ;
‘No, sir, you’ll leave them to the hogs.’
Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye,
Scatter your favours on a fop,
Ingratitude’s the certain crop ;
And ’tis but just, I’ll tell you wherefore :
You give the things you never care for.
A wise man always is or shou’d
Be mighty ready to do good ;
But makes a difference in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.

Now this I’ll say, you’ll find in me
A safe companion, and a free ;

But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your honour's ear :
I hope it is your resolution
To give me back my constitution,
The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
The engaging smile, the gaiety
That laugh'd down many a summer sun,
And kept you up so oft till one ;
And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my strain.

A weasel once made shift to slink
In at a corn-loft through a chink,
But having amply stuff'd his skin,
Could not get out as he got in ;
Which one belonging to the house
('Twas not a man, it was a mouse,)
Observing, cried, ' You 'scape not so ;
Lean as you came, sir, you must go.'

Sir, you may spare your application,
I'm no such beast, nor his relation,
Nor one that temperance advance,
Cram'd to the throat with ortolans ;
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-sea subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but liberty and ease.
'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my modesty, and smil'd.
' Give me, I cried, (enough for me)
My bread and independency !
So bought an annual rent or two,
And liv'd—just as you see I do ;
Near fifty, and without a wife,
I trust that sinking fund, my life.

Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little house with trees a-row,
And, like its master, very low;
There died my father, no man's debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.

To set this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his story.

'Harley, the nation's great support'—
But you may read it I stop short.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The reflections of Horace, and the judgments passed in his epistle to Augustus, seemed so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his prince, whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an absolute empire: but to make the poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a free people, and are more consistent with the welfare of our neighbours.

This epistle will show the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes: one, that Augustus was a patron of poets in general; whereas he not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magistrate; *Admonebat prætores, ne paterentur nomen suum obsolescere.* &c.; the other, that this piece was only a general discourse of poetry; whereas it was an apology for the poets, in order to render Augustus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cause of his contemporaries; first, against the taste of the town, whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age: secondly, against the court and nobility, who encouraged only the writers for the theatre; and, lastly, against the emperor himself, who had conceived them of little use to the government. He shows (by a view of the progress of learning, and the change of taste among the Romans,) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors; that their morals were much improved, and the licence of those ancient poets restrained; that satire and comedy were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the stage were owing to the ill taste of the nobility; that poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the state; and concludes, that it was upon them the emperor himself must depend for his fame with posterity.

We may further learn from this epistle, that Horace made his court to this great prince, by writing with a decent freedom toward him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character.

BOOK II. EPISTLE. I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you, great patron of mankind ! sustain
The balanc'd world, and open all the main ;
Your country, chief in arms, abroad defend,
At home with morals, arts, and laws amend ;
How shall the Muse, from such a monarch, steal
An hour, and not defraud the public weal ?

Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
After a life of generous toils endur'd,
The Gaul subdued, or property secur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd ;
Clos'd their long glories with a sigh, to find
The' unwilling gratitude of base mankind !
All human virtue, to its latest breath,
Finds envy never conquer'd but by death.
The great Alcides, every labour past,
Had still this monster to subdue at last :
Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away !
Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat ;
Those suns of glory please not till they set.

To thee the world its present homage pays,
The harvest early, but mature the praise :
Great friend of liberty ! in kings a name
Above all Greek, above all Roman fame ;
Whose word is truth, as sacred and rever'd
As Heaven's own oracles from altars heard.
Wonder of kings ! like whom, to mortal eyes,
None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.

Just in one instance, be it yet confess'd
Your people, sir, are partial in the rest ;
Foes to all living worth, except your own,
And advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old ;
It is the rust we value, not the gold.
Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote.
One likes no language but the Faery Queen ;
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green ;
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.

Though justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not we be wiser than our sires ?
In every public virtue we excel,
We build, we paint, we sing, we dance, as well ;
And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop.

If time improve our wit as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine ?
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so
Who died, perhaps, an hundred years ago ?
End all dispute ; and fix the year precise
When British bards began to' immortalize ?

' Who lasts a century can have no flaw ;
I hold that wit a classic, good in law.'

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound ?
And shall we deem him ancient, right, and sound,
Or damn to all eternity at once
At ninety-nine a modern and a dunce ?

' We shall not quarrel for a year or two ;
By courtesy of England he may do.'
Then by the rule that made the horse-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,

And melt down ancients like a heap of snow,
 While you, to measure merits, look in Stowe,
 And estimating authors by the year,
 Bestow a garland only on a bier.

Shakspeare (whom you and every playhouse bill
 Style, the divine! the matchless! what you will)
 For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
 And grew immortal in his own despight.
 Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
 The life to come in every poet's creed.
 Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
 His moral pleases, not his pointed wit:
 Forgot his *Epie*, nay *Pindarie* art,
 But still I love the language of his heart.

'Yet surely, surely these were famous men!
 What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?
 In all debates where erities bear a part,
 Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,
 Of Shakspeare's nature, and of Cowley's wit;
 How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher
 How Shadwell hasty, Wyeherly was slow; [writ;
 But for the passions, Southern, sure, and Rowe!
 These, only these, support the crowded stage,
 From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age.'

All this may be; the people's voice is odd;
 It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
 To Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
 And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
 Or say our fathers never broke a rule;
 Why then, I say, the public is a fool.
 But let them own that greater faults than we
 They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.
 Spenser himself affects the obsolete,
 And Sidney's verse halts ill on Roman feet;

Milton's strong pinion now not Heaven can bound,
Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground ;
In quibbles angel and archangel join,
And God the Father turns a school-divine.
Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like slashing Bentley with his desperate hook ;
Or damn all Shakspeare, like the' affected fool
At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.

But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease ;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er)
One simile that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or lengthen'd thought, that gleams through many
Has sanctified whole poems for an age. [a page,
I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censur'd, not as bad, but new ;
While, if our elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but applause.

On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
If I but ask if any weed can grow ?
One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignified,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
(Though but perhaps a muster-roll of names)
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear all shame is lost in George's age !
You'd think no fools disgrac'd the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father's skill,
And having once been wrong will be so still.
He who, to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old bards, or Merlin's prophecy,

Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debase the sons exalts the sires.
Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
By learned critics, of the mighty dead?

In days of ease, when now the weary sword
Was sheath'd, and luxury with Charles restor'd;
In every taste of foreign courts improv'd,
' All by the king's example liv'd and lov'd.'
Then peers grew proud in horsemanship to' excel,
Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell;
The soldier breath'd the gallantries of France,
And every flowery courtier writ romance.
Then marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on animated canvass stole
The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul.
No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
The willing Muses were debauch'd at court;
On each enervate string they taught the note
To pant, or tremble through an eunuch's throat.

But Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
Now whig, now tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for pleasure, now for church and state;
Now for prerogatives, and now for laws;
Effects unhappy! from a noble cause.

Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock;
Instruct his family in every rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To worship like his fathers was his care;
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;

To prove that luxury could never hold,
 And place on good security his gold.
 Now times are chang'd, and one poetie iteli
 Has seiz'd the court and city, poor and rich;
 Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays;
 Our wives read Milton; and our daughters, plays;
 To theatres and to rehearsals throng,
 And all our grace at table is a song.
 I, who so oft renouncee the Muses' lie,
 Not * * 's self e'er tells more fibs than I.
 When sick of Muse, or follies we deplore,
 And promise our best friends to rhyme no more;
 We wake next morning in a raging fit,
 And eall for pen and ink to show our wit.

He serv'd a 'prenticeship who sets up shop;
 Ward tried on puppies and the poor, his drop;
 Ev'n Radcliff's doctors travel first to France,
 Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
 Who builds a bridge, that never drove a pile?
 (Should Ripley venture, all the world should smile)
 But those who cannot write, and those who can,
 All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, sir, reflect; the mischief is not great;
 These madmen never hurt the church or state:
 Sometimes the folly benefits mankind,
 And rarely avarice taints the tuneful mind.
 Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
 He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
 Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he'll never mind,
 And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
 To cheat a friend or ward, he leaves to Peter;
 The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
 Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
 And then—a perfect hermit in his diet.

Of little use the man you may suppose
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me show a poet's of some weight,
And (though no soldier) useful to the state.
What will a child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace?
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a king;
Or virtue or religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd or unbelieving court.
Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse some courtly stains)
No whiter page than Addison remains:
He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart!
Let Ireland tell how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws,
And leave on Swift this grateful verse engrav'd,
'The rights a court attack'd, a poet sav'd.'
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,
Stretch'd to relieve the idiot and the poor;
Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,
And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms;
The boys and girls whom charity maintains
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could devotion touch the country pews
Unless the gods bestow'd a proper Muse?

Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
 Verse prays for peace, or sings down Pope and Turk.
 The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,
 And feels that grace his prayer besought in vain ;
 The blessing thrills through all the labouring throng,
 And Heaven is won by violence of song. .

Our rural ancestors, with little bless'd,
 Patient of labour when the end was rest,
 Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain
 With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful strain :
 The joy their wives, their sons, and servants, share,
 Ease of their toil, and partners of their care :
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
 Smooth'd every brow, and open'd every soul :
 With growing years the pleasing licence grew,
 And taunts alternate innocently flew.
 But times corrupt, and nature ill-inclin'd,
 Produc'd the point that left a sting behind ;
 Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
 Triumphant malice rag'd through private life.
 Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took the' alarm,
 Appeal'd to law, and Justice lent her arm.
 At length by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
 The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound ;
 Most warp'd to flattery's side ; but some, more nice,
 Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice.
 Hence satire rose, that just the medium hit,
 And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.
 We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms ;
 Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms ;
 Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
 Wit grew polite and numbers learn'd to flow.
 Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join
 The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
 The long majestic march, and energy divine :

Though still some traces of our rustic vein
 And splay-foot verse remain'd, and will remain.
 Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
 When the tir'd nation breath'd from civil war.
 Exact Racine and Corneille's noble fire
 Show'd us that France had something to admire.
 Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
 And full in Shakspeare, fair in Otway, shone;
 But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
 And fluent Shakspeare scarce effac'd a line.
 Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
 The last and greatest art—the art to blot.

Some doubt if equal pains or equal fire
 The humbler Muse of comedy require.
 But in known images of life I guess
 The labour greater as the' indulgence less.
 Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed:
 Tell me if Congreve's fools are fools indeed!
 What pert low dialogue has Farquhar writ?
 How Van* wants grace, who never wanted wit?
 The stage how loosely does Asireat† tread,
 Who fairly puts all characters to bed!
 And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
 To make poor Pinky eat with vast applause!
 But fill their purse our poet's work is done,
 Alike to them by pathos or by pun.

O you! whom vanity's light bark conveys
 On fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
 With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
 For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!
 Who pants for glory finds but short repose;
 A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
 Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play
 The silly bard grows fat or fall away.

* Sir John Vanbrugh.

† Mrs. Behn.

There still remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the pit;
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd,
Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clattering their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the farce, the bear, or the black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons farce affords!
Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords:
(Taste! that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes,)
The play stands still; damn action and discourse;
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold, and lawn;
The champion too! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.
With laughter sure Democritus had died,
Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
The people, sure the people are the sight!
Ah, luckless poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant shall heed thee more;
With all its throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit ascends!
Loud as the wolves on Orcas stormy steep
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep;
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat:
Or when from court a birth-day suit bestow'd
Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!
'But has he spoken?'—not a syllable.
'What shook the stage, and made the people stare?'
Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacker'd chair.

Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume to' instruct the times,
To know the poet from the man of rhymes :
'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns ;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity and with terror tear my heart,
And snatch me o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

But not this part of the poetic state
Alone deserves the favour of the great.
Think of those authors, sir, who would rely
More on a reader's sense than gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing ?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring ?
How shall we fill a library with wit,
When Merlin's cave is half unfurnish'd yet ?

My liege ! why writers little claim your thought
I guess, and with their leave, will tell the fault.
We poets are (upon a poet's word)
Of all mankind the creatures most absurd :
The season when to come, and when to go,
To sing, or cease to sing, we never know ;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience just like other men.
Then, too, we hurt ourselves when, to defend
A single verse, we quarrel with a friend ;
Repeat, unask'd ; lament the wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out every line :
But most when straining with too weak a wing
We needs will write epistles to the king ;
And from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place or pension from the crown ;

Or dub'd historians, by express command,
 'To' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
 Be call'd to court to plan some work divine,
 As once for Louis, Boileau, and Racine.

Yet think, great sir ! (so many virtues shown)
 Ah ! think what poet best may make them known ;
 Or choose at least some minister of grace,
 Fit to bestow the laureat's weighty place.

Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair, .
 Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care ;
 And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
 'To fix him graceful on the bounding steed ;
 So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit :
 But kings in wit may want discerning spirit.
 The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
 One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles,
 Which made old Ben and surly Dennis swear
 ' No Lord's anointed, but a Russian bear.'

Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
 The forms august of king, or conquering chief,
 E'er swell'd on marble, as in verse have shin'd
 (In polish'd verse) the manners and the mind.
 O ! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
 Your arms, your actions, your repose, to sing !
 What seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought !
 Your country's peace how oft, how dearly bought !
 How barbarous rage subsided at your word,
 And nations wonder'd while they dropt the sword !
 How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep
 Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep,
 Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
 And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne—
 But verse, alas ! your majesty disdains :
 And I'm not us'd to panegyric strains.

The zeal of fools offends at any time,
 But most of all the zeal of fools in rhyme.
 Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
 That when I aim at praise, they say I bite.
 A vile encomium doubly ridicules;
 There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
 If true, a woeful likeness; and, if lies,
 'Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise.'
 Well may he blush who gives it, or receives;
 And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
 (Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things
 As Eusden, Phillips, Settle, writ of kings,
 Clothe spice, line trunks, or, fluttering in a row,
 Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

BOOK II. EPISTLE II.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur.

HOR.

DEAR col'ncl, Cobham's and your country's friend!
 You love a verse; take such as I can send.

A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
 Bows and begins—'This lad, sir, is of Blois:
 Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curl'd!
 My only son, I'd have him see the world:
 His French is pure; his voice too—you shall hear.
 Sir, he's your slave for twenty pound a year.
 Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
 Your barber, cook, upholsterer; what you please:
 A perfect genius at an opera song—
 To say too much, might do my honour wrong.

Take him with all his virtues, on my word ;
 His whole ambition was to serve a lord.
 But, sir, to you with what would I not part ?
 Though, faith, I fear 'twill break his mother's heart.
 Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
 And then, unwhip'd, he had the grace to cry :
 The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
 (Could you o'erlook but that) it is to steal.'

If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
 Could you complain, my friend, he prov'd so bad ?
 Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
 I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit ;
 Who sent the thief, that stole the cash, away,
 And punish'd him that put it in his way.

Consider then, and judge me in this light ;
 I told you when I went I could not write ;
 You said the same ; and are you discontent
 With laws to which you gave your own assent ?
 Nay, worse, to ask for verse at such a time !
 D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme ?

In Anna's wars a soldier, poor and old,
 Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold :
 Tir'd in a tedious march, one luckless night
 He slept, (poor dog !) and lost it to a doit.
 This put the man in such a desperate mind,
 Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
 He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a castle wall,
 Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.
 'Prodigious well !' his great commander cried,
 Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
 Next pleas'd his excellence a town to batter ;
 (Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter,)
 'Go on, my friend, (he cried) see yonder walls !
 Advance and conquer ! go where glory calls !

More honours, more rewards, attend the brave.⁹
Don't you remember what reply he gave?—
'D'ye think me, noble general! such a sot?
Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat.'

Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son:
Besides, my father taught me from a lad
The better art, to know the good from bad;
(And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove)
But knottier points we knew not half so well,
Depriv'd us soon of our paternal cell;
And certain laws, by sufferers thought unjust,
Denied all posts of profit or of trust;
Hopes after hopes of pious papists fail'd,
While mighty William's thundering arm prevail'd.
For right hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it;
Convict a papist he, and I a poet.
But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive:
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,
If I would scribble rather than repose.

Years following years steal something every day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away;
In one our frolics, one amusements end,
In one a mistress drops, in one a friend.
This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,
What will it leave me if it snatch my rhyme?
If every wheel of that unwearied mill,
That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still?

But, after all, what would you have me do,
When out of twenty I can please not two?

When this heroics only deigns to praise,
 Sharp satire that, and that Pindaric lays ?
 One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg ;
 The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg :
 Hard task to hit the palate of such guests,
 When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests !

But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
 Again to rhyme, can London be the place ?
 Who there his Muse, or self, or soul attends,
 In crowds, and courts, law, business, feasts, and
 My counsel sends to execute a deed : [friends ?
 A poet begs me I will hear him read.
 In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
 At ten, for certain, sir, in Bloomsbury-square—
 Before the lords at twelve my cause comes on—
 There's a rehearsal, sir, exact at one.—
 ' Oh ! but a wit can study in the streets,
 And raise his mind above the mob he meets.'
 Not quite so well, however, as one ought :
 A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought ;
 And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
 God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
 Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
 Two aldermen dispute it with an ass ?
 And peers give way, exalted as they are,
 Ev'n to their own s-r-verence in a car ?

Go, lofty poet ! and in such a crowd
 Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
 Alas ! to grottos and to groves we run,
 To ease and silence every Muse's son :
 Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
 Would drink and dose at Tooting or Earl's-court.
 How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar ? [fore ?
 How match the bards whom none e'er match'd be-

The man who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
 To books and study gives seven years complete,
 See ! strow'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
 He walks an object new beneath the sun !
 The boys flock round him, and the people stare :
 So stiff, so mute ! some statue you would swear }
 Stept from its pedestal to take the air !
 And here, while town, and court, and city, roars,
 With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors,
 Shall I, in London, act this idle part,
 Composing songs for fools to get by heart ?

The Temple late two brother sergeants saw,
 Who deem'd each other oracles of law ;
 With equal talents these congenial souls,
 One lull'd the' Exchequer, and one stun'd the Rolls ;
 Each had a gravity would make you split,
 And shook his head at Murray as a wit.

'Twas, ' Sir, your law'—and ' Sir, your eloquence,'
 ' Your's Cowper's manner'—and ' Your's Talbot's

Thus we dispose of all poetick merit, [sense.
 Your's Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
 Call Tibbald Shakspeare, and he'll swear the Nine,
 Dear Cibber ! never match'd one ode of thine.

Lord ! how we strut through Merlin's cave, to see
 No poets there but Stephen,* you and me.

Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
 Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we
 ' My dear Tibullus ! (if that will not do) [please.
 Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you :

Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains,
 And you shall rise up Otway for your pains.'

Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
 This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race ;

* Stephen Duck.

And much must flatter, if the whim should bite,
 To court applause, by printing what I write :
 But let the fit pass o'er ; I'm wise enough
 To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

In vain bad rhymers all mankind reject,
 They treat themselves with most profound respect ;
 'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue,
 Each, prais'd within, is happy all day long :
 But how severely with themselves proceed
 The men who write such verse as we can read ?
 Their own strict judges, not a word they spare
 That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
 Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
 Nay, though at court (perhaps) it may find grace :
 Such they'll degrade ; and, sometimes in its stead,
 In downright charity revive the dead ;
 Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears,
 Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years ;
 Command old words, that long have slept, to wake,
 Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spake ;
 Or bid the new be English ages hence ;
 (For use will father what's begot by sense)
 Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
 Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue ;
 Prune the luxuriant, the uneouth refine,
 But show no mercy to an empty line ;
 Then polish all with so much life and ease,
 You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please :
 ' But ease in writing flows from art not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.'

If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
 Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool :
 Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
 It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.

There liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)
 A worthy member, no small fool, a lord;
 Who, though the house was up, delighted sate,
 Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate :
 In all but this a man of sober life,
 Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife ;
 Not quite a madman, though a pasty fell,
 And much too wise to walk into a well.
 Him the damn'd doctors and his friends immur'd,
 They bled, they cup'd, they purg'd; in short, they
 Whereat the gentleman began to stare— [cur'd :
 ' My friends! (he cry'd) p-x take you for your care!
 That from a patriot of distinguish'd note
 Have bled and purg'd me to a simple vote.'

Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate;
 Wisdom (curse on it!) will come soon or late.
 There is a time when poets will grow dull :
 I'll ev'n leave verses to the boys at school :
 To rules of poetry no more confin'd,
 I'll learn to smooth and harmonize my mind,
 Teach every thought within its bounds to roll,
 And keep the equal measure of the soul.

Soon as I enter at my country door,
 My mind resumes the thread it dropt before ;
 Thoughts, which at Hyde-park Corner I forgot,
 Meet and rejoin me in the pensive grot :
 There all alone, and compliments apart,
 I ask these sober questions of my heart :

If, when the more you drink the more you crave,
 You tell the doctor ; when the more you have
 The more you want, why not, with equal ease,
 Confess as well your folly as disease?
 The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
 ' Men only feel the smart, but not the vice.'

When golden angels cease to cure the evil,
You give all royal witchcraft to the devil :
When servile chaplains cry, that birth and place
Endue a peer with honour, truth, and grace,
Look in that breast, most dirty dean ! be fair,
Say, can you find out one such lodger there ?
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear these flatterers preach.

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D*** lov'd sixpence more than he.

If there be truth in law, and use can give
A property, that's your's on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord :
All Wordly's hens, nay, partridge, sold to town,
His ven'son too a guinea makes your own :
He bought at thousands what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit :
Now, or long since, what difference will be found ?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln Fen,
Buy every stick of wood that lends them heat,
Buy every pullet they afford to eat.
Yet these are wights who fondly call their own
Half that the devil o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
The laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor a perpetuity should stand :
Estates have wings, and hang in fortune's pow'r,
Loose on the point of every wavering hour,
Ready by force or of your own accord,
By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.

Man? and for ever? wretch! what would'st thou
 Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave. [have?
 All vast possessions, (just the same the case
 Whether you call them villa, park, or chase,)
 Alas, my Bathurst! what will they avail?
 Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale;
 Let rising granaries and temples here,
 There mingled farms and pyramids, appear,
 Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
 Enclose whole downs in walls; 'tis all a joke!
 Inexorable death shall level all,
 And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer, fall.

Gold, silver, ivory, vases sculptur'd high,
 Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye, [are
 There are who have not—and, thank Heav'n! there
 Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

Talk what you will of taste, my friend! you'll find
 Two of a face as soon as of a mind.

Why of two brothers, rich and restless one
 Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;
 The other slights for women, sports and wines,
 All Townshend's turnips, and all Grosvenor's mines:
 Why one, like Bu*, with pay and scorn content,
 Bows and votes on in court and parliament;
 One, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
 Shall fly like Oglethroe from pole to pole;
 Is known alone to that directing Pow'r
 Who forms the genius in the natal hour:
 That God of Nature, who, within us still,
 Inclines our action, not constrains our will:
 Various of temper, as of face or frame,
 Each individual: His great end the same.

Yes, sir, how small soever be my heap,
 A part I will enjoy as well as keep.

My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
A man so poor would live without a place ;
But sure no statute in his favour says,
How free or frugal I shall pass my days ;
I who at some times spend, at others spare,
Divided between carelessness and care,
'Tis one thing, madly to disperse my store ;
Another, not to heed to treasure more ;
Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleas'd, if sordid want be far away.

What is't to me (a passenger, God wot,)
Whether my vessel be first-rate or not ?
The ship itself may make a better figure,
But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger.
I neither strut with every favouring breath,
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth :
In power, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremost, and before the last.

'But why all this of avarice ? I have none.'
I wish you joy, sir, of a tyrant gone :
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad ? the avarice of pow'r ?
Does neither rage inflame nor fear appal ?
Not the black fear of death ? that saddens all !
With terrors round, can reason hold her throne,
Despise the known, nor tremble at the' unknown ?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire ?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind ?
Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end ?
Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend ?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay ?

Or will you think, my friend ! your business done,
When of a hundred thorns you pull out one ?

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will ;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and ate, and drank your fill ;
Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age [fill.
Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the stage :
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

AGAIN ? new tumults in my breast ?
Ah, spare me Venus ! let me, let me rest !
I am not now, alas ! the man
As in the gentle reign of my queen Anne.
Ah ! sound no more thy soft alarms,
Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms.
Mother too fierce of dear desires !
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires :
To number five direct your doves,
There spread round Murray all your blooming loves ;
Noble and young, who strikes the heart
With every sprightly, every decent part ;
Equal the injur'd to defend,
To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend :
He, with a hundred arts refin'd,
Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind :
To him each rival shall submit,
Make but his riches equal to his wit.
Then shall thy form the marble grace,
(Thy Grecian form) and Chloe lend the face :

His house embosom'd in the grove,
Sacred to social life and social love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
Where Thames reflects the visionary scene :
Thither the silver sounding lyres
Shall call the smiling loves and young desires ;
There every Grace and Muse shall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the song ;
There youths and nymphs, in consort gay,
Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
With me, alas ! those joys are o'er ;
For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu ! fond hope of mutual fire,
The still-believing, still renew'd desire :
Adieu ! the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind deceivers of the soul !
But why ? ah ! tell me, ah ! too dear,
Steals down my cheek the' involuntary tear ?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee ?
Thee dress'd in fancy's airy beam,
Absent I follow through the' extended dream ;
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst (ah, cruel !) from my arms,
And swiftly shoot along the mall,
Or softly glide by the canal ;
Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

BOOK IV. ODE IX.

A FRAGMENT.

Lest you should think that verse shall die
Which sounds the silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar song;

Though daring Milton sits sublime,
In Spenser native Muses play;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay—

Sages and chiefs long since had birth
Ere Cæsar was or Newton nam'd;
These rais'd new empires o'er the earth,
And those new heavens and systems fram'd

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride !
They had no poet, and they died.
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled
They had no poet, and are dead.

SATIRES

OF

DR. JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S,

VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et nosmet Lucili scripta legentes
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius? HOR.

SATIRE II.

Yes, thank my stars! as early as I knew
This town, I had the sense to hate it too :
Yet here, as ev'n in hell, there must be still
One giant-vice, so excellently ill,
That all beside one pities, not abhors :
As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.
I grant that poetry's a crying sin ;
It brought, (no doubt) the' excise and army in,
Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows
But that the cure is starving, all allow, [how,
Yet like the papist's is the poet's state,
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate !
Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an actor live :
The thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts and saves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of some carv'd organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above :

Heav'd by the breath the' inspiring bellows blow ;
The' inspiring bellows lie and pant below.

One sings the fair; but songs no longer move ;
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love :
In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,
And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all but gold.

These write to lords, some mean reward to get,
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat :
Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched, indeed ! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others' wit :
'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before ;
His rank digestion makes it wit no more :
Sense pass'd through him no longer is the same ;
For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those confessors and martyrs,
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Eadras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear ;
Wicked as pages, who in early years
Act sins which Prisca's confessor scarce hears.
Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make ;
Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell
In what commandment's large contents they dwell.

One, one man only breeds my just offence,
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impu-
Time, that at last matures a clap to p-x ; [denec ;
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an attorney of an ass.
No young divine, new-beneficed, can be
More pert, more proud, more positive, than he.

What further could I wish the fop to do,
But turn a wit and scribble verses too?
Pierce the soft labyrinth of a lady's ear
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year*?
Or court a wife, spread out his wily parts,
Like nets, or lime-twigs, for rich widows' hearts;
Call himself barrister to every wench,
And woo in language of the Pleas and Bench?
Language which Boreas might to Auster hold,
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.

Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain,
Paltry and proud as drabs in Drury-lane.
'Tis such a bounty as was never known,
If Peter deigns to help you to your own,
What thanks, what praise, if Peter but supplies!
And what a solemn face if he denies!
Grave, as when prisoners shake the head, and swear
'Twas only suretyship that brought 'em there.
His office keeps your parchment fates entire,
He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
For you he walks the streets through rain or dust,
For not in chariots Peter puts his trust:
For you he sweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
And lies to every lord in every thing,
Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
These are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters ev'n to godly *.
Not more of simony beneath black gowns,
Nor more of bastardy in heirs to crowns.
In shillings and in pence at first they deal,
And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
Till, like the sea, they compass all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand:

And when rank widows purchase luscious nights,
 Or when a duke to Jansen punts at White's,
 Or city-heir in mortgage melts away,
 Satan himself feels far less joy than they.
 Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
 Glcan on, and gather up the whole estate ;
 Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
 Indentures, covenants, articles they draw,
 Large as the fields themselves, and larger far
 Than civil codes, with all their glosses are ;
 So vast, our new divines, we must confess,
 Are fathers of the church for writing less.
 But let them write, for you each rogue impairs
 The deeds, and dextrously omits *ses heires* :
 No commentator can more slyly pass
 O'er a learn'd unintelligible place ;
 Or in quotation, shrewd divines leave out
 Those words that would against them clear the
 doubt.

So Luther thought the Pater-noster long,
 When doom'd to say his beads and even-song ;
 But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's pray'r, the power and glory clause.

The lands are bought ; but where are to be found
 Those ancient woods that shaded all the ground ?
 We see no new-built palaces aspire,
 No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.
 Where are those troops of poor, that throng'd of yore
 The good old landlord's hospitable door ?
 Well, I could wish that still, in lordly domes,
 Some beasts were kill'd, though not whole heca-
 tombs ;
 That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
 Carthusian fasts and fulsome bacchanals ;

And all mankind might that just mean observe,
In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve :
These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow,
But, oh ! these works are not in fashion now :
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust without offence ;
Let no court-sycophant pervert my sense,
Nor sly informer watch, these words to draw
Within the reach of treason or the law.

SATIRE IV.

WELL ; if it be my time to quit the stage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age !
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.
I've had my purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
The poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.

With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch to' admire or be admir'd ;
I hop'd for no commission from his grace :
I bought no benefice, I beg'd no place ;
Had no new verses nor new suit to show,
Yet went to court—the devil would have it so.
But as the fool that in reforming days
Would go to mass in jest, (as story says,)
Could not but think to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God ;
So was I punish'd, as if full as proud
As prone to ill and negligent of good,

As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
 As vain, as idle, and as false as they
 Who live at court for going once that way! }
 Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
 A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name;
 Noah had refus'd it lodging in his ark,
 Where all the race of reptiles might embark:
 A verier monster than on Afric's shore
 The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
 Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
 Nay, all that lying travellers can feign.
 The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
 At night would swear him dropt out of the moon:
 One whom the mob, when next we find or make
 A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take,
 And the wise justice, starting from his chair,
 Cry, 'by your priesthood, tell me what you are?'

Such was the wight; the' apparel on his back
 Though coarse was reverend, and though bare was
 black:

The suit, if by the fashion one might guess,
 Was velvet in the youth of good queen Bess,
 But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
 So time that changes all things had ordain'd!
 Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
 First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away.

This thing has travell'd, speaks each language too,
 And knows what's fit for every state to do;
 Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd
 He forms one tongue exotic and refin'd.
 Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew,
 Henley himself I've heard, and Budgell too;
 The doctor's wormword style, the hash of tongues
 A pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs,

The whole artillery of the terms of war,
 And (all those plagues in one) the bawling bar :
 These I could bear ; but not a rogue so civil
 Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil :
 A tongue that can cheat widows, eaneel scores,
 Make Seot speak treason, eozen subtilest whores,
 With royal favourites in flattery vie,
 And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.

He spies me out ? I whisper, gracious God !
 What sin of mine could merit such a rod ?
 That all the shot of dulness now must be
 From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me !
 Permit, he cries, no stranger to your fame
 To erave your sentiment, if *'s your name.
 What speech esteem you most ? 'The king's' said I.
 But the best words ?—' O, sir, the dictionary.'
 You miss my aim ; I mean the most acute,
 And perfect speaker ?—' Onslow, past dispute.'
 But, sir, of writers ?—' Swift for closer style,
 But Hoadly for a period of a mile.'
 Why, yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass ;
 Good common linguists, and so Panurge was ;
 Nay, troth, the 'Apostles(though perhaps too rough)
 Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough :
 Yet these were all poor gentlemen ! I dare
 Affirm 'twas travel made them what they were.

Thus others' talents having nicely shown,
 He came by sure transition to his own ;
 Till I eried out, ' You prove yourself so able,
 Pity you was not druggerman at Babel ;
 For had they found a linguist half so good,
 I make no queson but the Tower had stood.'

' Obliging sir ! for courts you sure were made,
 Why then for ever buried in the shade ?

Spirits like you should see and should be seen;
The king would smile on you—at least the
queen.'

'Ah, gentle sir! you courtiers so cajole us—
But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus* :
And as for courts, forgive me if I say
No lessons now are taught the Spartan way :
Though in his pictures lust be full display'd,
Few are the converts Aretine has made ;
And though the court show vice exceeding clear,
None should, by my advice, learn virtue there.'

At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lute string, and replies;
'Oh, 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things
To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings !'
'Then, happy man who shows the tombs! (said I)
He dwells amidst the royal family :
He every day from king to king can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk,
And get, by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, ease and bread.'—
'Lord, sir, a mere mechanic! strangely low,
And coarse of phrase—your English all are so.
How elegant your Frenchmen!'—'Mine, d'ye
mean !

I have but one; I hope the fellow's clean.'
'O, sir, politely so! nay, let me die,
Your only wearing is your paduasoy.'
'Not, sir, my only; I have better still,
And this you see is but my dishabille.'—
Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke :
But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch most hurts when anger'd to a sore ;

So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse,
You only make the matter worse and worse.

He past it o'er; affects an easy smile
At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
He asks, 'what news?' I tell him of new plays,
New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas.
He hears, and as a still, with simples in it,
Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies. [shows,
Mere household trash! of birthnights, balls, and
More than ten Holinsheds, or Halls, or Stows.
When the queen frown'd or smil'd he knows, and
A subtle minister may make of that: [what
Who sins with whom: who got his pension rug,
Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug:
Whose place is quarter'd out three parts in four,
And whether to a bishop, or a whore:
Who, having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a government:
Who, in the secret, deals in stocks secure,
And cheats the' unknowing widow and the poor:
Who makes a trust of charity a job,
And gets an act of parliament to rob:
Why turnpikes rise, and now no cit nor clown
Can gratis see the country or the town:
Shortly no lad shall chuck or lady vole,
But some excising courtier will have toll:
He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
What squire his lands, what citizen his wife:
At last (which proves him wiser still than all)
What lady's face is not a whited wall.

As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and sore,
I puke, I nauseate—yet he thrusts in more!

'Trims Europe's balanee, tops the statesman's part,
And talks gazettes and postboys o'er by heart.
Like a big wife at a gh. of loathsome meat,
Ready to eat, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.
'Then as a lieens'd spy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great man :
Swears every place entail'd for years to come
In sure succession to the day of doom :
He names the price for every office paid,
And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd :
Nay hints 'tis by connivance of the court
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a port.
Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests
To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,
Than mine, to find a subject stay'd and wise
Already half-turn'd traitor by surprise.
I felt the' infection slide from him to me,
As in the p-x some give it to get free ;
And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
One of our giant statutes ope its jaw.

In that nice moment, as another lie
Stood just a-tilt, the minister came by :
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
When half his nose is in his prince's ear.
I quak'd at heart ; and, still afraid to see
All the court fill'd with stranger things than he,
Ran out as fast as one that pays his bail
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me some god ! Oh quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense,
Where contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down, to pity kings !

There sober thought pursued the' amusing theme,
 Till fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream.
 A vision hermits can to hell transport,
 And forc'd ev'n me to see the damn'd at court.
 Not Dante, dreaming all the' infernal state,
 Behind such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
 Base fear becomes the guilty, not the free,
 Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me :
 Shall I, the terror of this sinful town,
 Care if a liveried lord or smile or frown :
 Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
 Tremble before a noble serving-man ?
 O my fair mistress, Truth ! shall I quit thee
 For huffing, braggard, puffed nobility ?
 Thou who, since yesterday, hast roll'd o'er all
 The busy idle blockheads of the ball,
 Hast thou, oh sun ! beheld an emptier sort
 Than such as swell this bladder of a court ?
 Now p-x on those who show a court in wax !
 It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs ;
 Such painted puppets ! such a varnish'd race
 Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face !
 Such waxen noses, stately staring things—
 No wonder some folks bow, and think them kings.

See ! where the British youth, engag'd no more,
 At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
 Pay their last duty to the court, and come
 All fresh and fragrant to the drawing-room ;
 In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
 As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
 ' That's velvet for a king ! ' the flatterer swears ;
 'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be king Lear's.
 Our court may justly to our stage give rules,
 That helps it both to fools'-coats and to fools.

And why not players strut in courtiers' clothes?
 For these are actors too as well as those.
 Wants reach all states; they beg but better dress'd,
 And all is splendid poverty at best.

Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,
 Like frigates fraught with spice and cochineal,
 Sail in the ladies: how each pirate eyes
 So weak a vessel and so rich a prize!
 Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim;
 He boarding her, she striking sail to him.
 'Dear countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!
 And, 'sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!'
 Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
 For both the beauty and the wit are bought.
 'Twould burst ev'n Heraclitus with spleen
 To see those antics, Fopling and Courtin:
 The presence seems, with things so richly odd,
 The mosque of Mahound, or some queer pagod.
 See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules,
 Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools!
 Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
 Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw:
 But, oh! what terrors must distract the soul
 Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole;
 Or should one pound of powder less bespread
 Those monkey-tails that wag behind their head!
 Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
 They march, to prate their hour before the fair.
 So first to preach a white-glov'd chaplain goes,
 With band of lily, and with cheek of rose,
 Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
 Neatness itself, impertinent in him.
 Let but the ladies smile, and they are bless'd;
 Prodigious! how the things protest, protest.

Peace, fools! or Gonson will for papists seize you,
If once he catch you at your Jesu! Jesu!

Nature made every fop to plague his brother,
Just as one beauty mortifies another.
But here's the captain that will plague them both;
Whose air cries, arm! whose very look's an oath.
The captain's honest, sirs, and that's enough,
Though his soul's bullet, and his body buff:
He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,
Like battering rams, beats open every door;
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hand-dogs in old tapestry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
Has yet a strange ambition to look worse:
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
As men from jails to execution go;
For hung with deadly sins I see the wall,
And lin'd with giants deadlier than 'em all:
Each man an Askapart, of strength to toss,
For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross.
Scar'd at the grisly forms, I sweat, I fly,
And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine:
Charge them with heaven's artillery, bold divine!
From such alone the great rebukes endure,
Whose satire's sacred, and whose rage secure:
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but their's
To deluge sin, and drown a court in tears.
Howe'er, what's now apocrypha, my wit,
In time to come, may pass for holy writ.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES;

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

Written in 1738.

DIALOGUE 1.

Fr. NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in print,
And when it comes, the court see nothing in't :
You grow correct, that once with rapture writ,
And are, besides, too moral for a wit.
Decay of parts, alas ! we all must feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal ?
'Tis all from Horace ; Horace long before ye
Said ' Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory ?
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
' To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter.'

But Horace, sir, was delicate, was nice ;
Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of vice :
Horace would say, Sir Billy serv'd the crown,
Blunt could do business, Higgins knew the town ;
In Sappho touch the failings of the sex,
In reverend bishops note some small neglects,
And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
Who cropt our ears, and sent them to the king.
His sly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at court, and make Augustus smile :

An artful manager, that crept between
 His friend and shame, and was a kind of screen.
 But, 'faith, your very friends will soon be sore;
 Patriots there are who wish you'd jest no more—
 And where's the glory? 'twill be only thought
 The great man never offer'd you a groat.
 Go see Sir Robert—

P. See Sir Robert!—hum—
 And never laugh—for all my life to come?
 Seen him I have; but in his happier hour
 Of social pleasure, ill-exchang'd for pow'r;
 Seen him, uncumber'd with a venal tribe,
 Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
 Would he oblige me? let me only find
 He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
 Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
 The only difference is—I dare laugh out.

Fr. Why, yes: with Scripture still you may be
 free;
 A horse-laugh, if you please, at honesty;
 A joke on Jekyll, or some odd old Whig,
 Who never chang'd his principle or wig:
 A patriot is a fool in every age,
 Whom all lord-chamberlains allow the stage:
 These nothing hurts; they keep their fashion still,
 And wear their strange old virtue as they will.

If any ask you, 'Who's the man so near
 His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear?'
 Why, answer, Lyttelton! and I'll engage
 The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage;
 But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
 You'd quickly find him in lord Fanny's case.
 Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest Fleury,
 But well may put some statesmen in a fury.

Laugh then at any but at fools or foes ;
 These you but anger, and you mend not those.
 Laugh at your friends, and, if your friends are sore,
 So much the better, you may laugh the more.
 To vice and folly to confine the jest
 Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest,
 Did not the sneer of more impartial men
 At sense and virtue balance all again.
 Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
 And charitably comfort knave and fool.

P. Dear sir, forgive the prejudice of youth :
 Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth !
 Come, harmless characters that no one hit ;
 Come, Henley's oratory, Osborn's wit !
 The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
 The flowers of Bubo, and the flow of Young !
 The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
 And all the well-whipt cream of courtly sense ;
 The first was H * * vy's, F * * 's next, and then
 The S * * te's, and then H * * vy's once again.
 O come ! that easy Ciceronian style,
 So Latin yet so English all the while,
 As, though the pride of Middleton and Bland,
 All boys may read, and girls may understand !
 Then might I sing without the last offence,
 And all I sung should be the nation's sense ;
 Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
 Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,
 And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
 All parts perform'd, and all her children bless'd !
 So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
 No gazetteer more innocent than I—
 And let, a God's name ! every fool and knave
 Be grac'd through life, and flatter'd in his grave.

F. Why so? if satire knows its time and place,
 You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace;
 For merit will by turns forsake them all;
 Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
 But let all satire in all changes spare
 Immortal S* *k, and grave De***re.
 Silent and soft, as saints remove to Heav'n,
 All ties dissolv'd, and every sin forgiv'n,
 These may some gentle ministerial wing
 Receive, and place for ever near a king!
 There where no passion, pride, or shame, transport,
 Lull'd with the sweet nepenthe of a court;
 There where no father's, brother's, friend's disgrace
 Once break their rest, or stir them from their place;
 But past the sense of human miseries,
 All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
 No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
 Save when they lose a question, or a job. [glory,

P. Good Heav'n forbid that I should blast their
 Who know how like whig ministers to tory, [vext,
 And when three sovereigns died could scarce be
 Considering what a gracious prince was next.
 Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
 As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings?
 And at a peer or peeress shall I fret
 Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt?
 Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
 But shall the dignity of vice be lost?
 Ye gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke,
 Swear like a lord: or Rich outwhore a duke?
 A favourite's porter with his master vie,
 Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
 Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill?
 Or Japhet pocket, like his grace, a will?

Is it for Bond or Peter (paltry things)
 To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings?
 If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
 And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!
 But shall a printer, weary of his life,
 Learn from their books to hang himself and wife?
 This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
 Vice thus abus'd demands a nation's care:
 This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
 And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin.

Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
 Ten metropolitans in preaching well;
 A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,
 Outdo Landaff in doctrine—yea, in life:
 Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
 Virtue may choose the high or low degree,
 'Tis just alike to virtue and to me;
 Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
 She's still the same, belov'd, contented thing.
 Vice is undone, if she forgets her birth,
 And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth;
 But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore;
 Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more:
 Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,
 Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishop's bless;
 In golden chains the willing world she draws,
 And her's the gospel is, and her's the laws;
 Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
 And sees pale virtue carted in her stead.
 Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car
 Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,
 Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
 His flag inverted trails along the ground!

Our youth all liveried o'er with foreign gold,
 Before her dance : behind her crawl the old !
 See thronging millions to the pagod run,
 And offer country, parent, wife, or son !
 Hear her black trumpet through the land proclaim,
 That not to be corrupted is the shame.
 In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in pow'r,
 'Tis avarice all, ambition is no more !
 See all our nobles begging to be slaves !
 See all our fools aspiring to be knaves !
 The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,
 Are what ten thousand envy and adore :
 All, all look up, with reverential awe,
 At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the law :
 While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry—
 'Nothing is sacred now but villainy.'
 Yet may this versc (if such a verse remain)
 Show there was one who held it in disdain.

DIALOGUE II.

Fr. 'Tis all a libel—Paxton,* sir will say.

P. Not yet, my friend ! to-morrow 'faith it may ; }
 And for that very cause I print to-day.
 How should I fret to mangle every line
 In reverence to the sins of thirty-nine ?
 Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,
 Invention strives to be before in vain ;
 Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
 Some rising genius sins up to my song.

F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash ;
 Ev'n Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash.

* Solicitor to the Treasury.

Spare then the person, and expose the vice.

P. How, sir! not damn the sharper, but the dice?
Come on then, satire! general, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind.
Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all!
Ye tradesmen, vile, in army, court, or hall!
Ye reverend atheists! *F.* Scandal! name them, who,

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starv'd a sister, who forswore a debt,
I never nam'd; the town's inquiring yet.
The poisoning dame—*F.* You mean—*P.* I don't—
F. You do.

P. See, now I keep the secret, and not you!
The bribing statesman—*F.* Hold, too high you go.

P. The brib'd elector—*F.* There you stoop too low.

P. I fain would please you, If I knew with what.
Tell me; which knave is lawful game, which not?
Must great offenders, once escap'd the crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?
Admit your law to spare the knight requires,
As beasts of nature may we hunt the 'squires?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a bishop, may I name a dean?

F. A dean, sir? no: his fortune is not made;
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade.

P. If not the tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud satire! though a realm be spoil'd,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild;
Or, if a court or country's made a job,
Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.

But, sir, I beg you (for the love of vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice:

Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
 The poor and friendless villain, than the great?
 Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
 Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
 Then better sure it charity becomes
 To tax directors, who (thank God!) have plums;
 Still better ministers, or if the thing
 May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a king.

F. Stop! Stop!

P. Must satire then nor rise nor fall?

Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years
 Who now that obsolete example fears? [ago:
 Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears.

F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad;
 You make men desperate, if they once are bad,
 Else might he take to virtue some years hence—

P. As S**k, if he lives, will love the prince.

F. Strange Spleen to S**k!

P. Do I wrong the man?

God knows I praise a courtier where I can.
 When I confess there is who feels for fame,
 And melts to goodness, need I Scarborough name.
 Pleas'd let me own, in Esher's peaceful grove,
 (Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love)
 The scene, the master, opening to my view
 I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew.

Ev'n in a bishop I can spy desert;
 Secker is decent, Rundel has a heart;
 Manners with candour are to Benson giv'n,
 To Berkeley every virtue under heav'n:

But does the court a worthy man remove,
 That instant, I declare, he has my love:

I shun his zenith, court his mild decline ;
 Thus Somers once and Halifax were mine.
 Oft in the clear still mirror of retreat
 I studied Shrewsbury, the wise and great :
 Carleton's calm sense and Stanhope's noble flame
 Compar'd, and knew their generous end the same :
 How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour !
 How shin'd the soul, unconquer'd, in the Tow'r !
 How can I Pulteney, Chesterfield, forget,
 While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit ?
 Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
 And shake alike the senate and the field ?
 Or Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,
 The master of our passions and his own ?
 Names which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
 Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with their
 train ;

And if yet higher the proud list should end,
 Still let me say,—no follower, but a friend.

Yet think not friendship only prompts my lays ;
 I follow Virtue ; where she shines I praise,
 Points she to priest or elder, whig or tory,
 Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.
 I never (to my sorrow I declare)
 Din'd with the Man of Ross or my Lord May'r.
 Some in their choice of friends (nay, look not
 Have still a secret bias to a knave : [grave)
 To find an honest man I beat about,
 And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.

F. Then why so few commended ?

P. Not so fierce ;

Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse.
 But random praise—the task can ne'er be done ;
 Each mother asks it for her booby son ;

Each widow asks it for the best of men,
 For him she weeps, for him she weds again.
 Praise cannot stoop, like satire, to the ground ;
 The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
 Enough for half the greatest of these days
 To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.
 Are they not rich ? what more can they pretend ?
 Dâre they to hope a poet for their friend ?
 What Richelieu wanted, Louis scarce could gain,
 And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in vain.
 No power the Muse's friendship can command :
 No power, when virtue claims it, can withstand.
 To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line ;
 O let my country's friends illumine mine ! [no sin ;
 —What are you thinking ? *F.* Faith the thought's
 I think your friends are out, and would be in.

P. If merely to come in, sir, they go out,
 The way they take is strangely round about.

F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow ?

P. I only call those knaves who are so now.
 Is that too little ? come then, I'll comply—
 Spirit of Arnall ! aid me while I lie :
 Cobham's a coward, Polwarth is a slave,
 And Lyttelton a dark designing knave,
 St. John has ever been a wealthy fool—
 But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,
 Has never made a friend in private life,
 And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife.

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame ?
 Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name ?
 Why rail they then if but a wreath of mine,
 Oh, all-accomplish'd St. John ! deck thy shrine ?

What ! shall each spur-gall'd hackney of the day,
 When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,

Or each new-pension'd sycophant, pretend
 To break my windows if I treat a friend,
 Then wisely plead to me they meant no hurt,
 But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt?
 Sure if I spare the minister, no rules
 Of honour bind me not to maul his tools;
 Sure if they cannot cut, it may be said
 His saws are toothless, and his hatchet's lead.

It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day,
 To see a footman kick'd that took his pay;
 But when he heard the' affront the fellow gave,
 Knew one a man of honour, one a knave,
 The prudent general turn'd it to a jest,
 And beg'd he'd take the pains to kick the rest;
 Which not at present having time to do—

F. Hold, sir! for God's sake; where's the' affront
 to you?

Against your worship when had S**k writ?
 Or P*ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
 Or grant the bard whose distich all commend
 [In power a servant, out of power a friend]
 To W**le guilty of some venial sin,
 What's that to you, who ne'er was out nor in?

The priest whose flattery be-dropp'd the crown
 How hurt he you? he only stain'd the gown.
 And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
 Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?

P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it }
 Whoever borrow'd could not be to blame, [came ; }
 Since the whole house did afterwards the same. }
 Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,
 As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly:
 If one, through nature's bounty or his lord's,
 Has what the frugal dirty soil affords,

From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
 As pure a mess almost as it came in ;
 The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
 Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind ;
 From tail to mouth they feed and they carouse ;
 The last full fairly gives it to the House.

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line,
 Quite turns my stomach—*P.* So does flattery mine ;
 And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
 Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
 But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
 Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read ;
 In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite ;
 But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write ;
 And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
 Because the deed he forg'd was not my own ?
 Must never patriot then declaim at gin
 Unless, good man ! he has been fairly in ;
 No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse
 Without a staring reason on his brows ?
 And each blasphemer quite escape the rod,
 Because the insult's not on man, but God ?

Ask you what provocation I have had ?
 The strong antipathy of good to bad.
 When truth or virtue an affront endures,
 The' affront is mine, my friend, and should be your's.
 Mine, as a foe profess'd to false pretence,
 Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense ;
 Mine, as a friend to every worthy mind ;
 And mine as man, who feels for all mankind.

F. You're strangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no slave ;
 So impudent, I own myself no knave ;
 So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.

}

Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men, not afraid of God, afraid of me;
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.

O sacred weapon! left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
To all but heaven-directed hands denied,
The Muse may give thee, but the gods must guide;
Reverent I touch thee! but with honest zeal,
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall.
Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains,
That counts your beauties only by your stains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
All his grace preaches, all his lordship sings,
All that makes saints of queens, and gods of kings;
All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
Like the last gazette or the last address:

When black ambition stains a public cause,
A monarch's sword when mad vainglory draws,
Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar,
Nor Boileau turn the feather to a star.

Not so when diadem'd with rays divine, [shrine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from virtue's
Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of eternity.
There other trophies deck the truly brave
Than such as Anstis casts into the grave;
Far other stars than * and * * wear,
And may descend from Mordington from Stair;
(Such as on Hough's unsullied mitre shine,
Or beam, good Digby, from a heart like thine)

Let envy howl, while Heav'ns whole chorus sings,
And bark at honour not confer'd by kings;
Let flattery, sickening, see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:
Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,
When truth stands trembling on the edge of law.
Here, last of Britons! let your names be read:
Are none, none living? let me praise the dead;
And for that cause which made your fathers shine,
Fall by the votes of their degenerate line.

F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more Essays on Man.

ON RECEIVING FROM

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY

A STANDISH AND TWO PENS*.

YES, I beheld the' Athenian queen
Descend in all her sober charms;
' And take, (she said, and smil'd serene)
' Take at this hand celestial arms:

' Secure the radiant weapons wield;
This golden lance shall guard desert,
And if a vice dares keep the field,
' This steel shall stab it to the heart.'

* These lines were occasioned by the poet's being threatened with a prosecution in the House of Lords, for writing the two foregoing Dialogues.

Awed, on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the sky,
And dip'd them in the sable well,
The fount of fame or infamy.

‘What well? what weapon? (Flavia cries)
A standish, steel, and golden pen!
It came from Bertrand’s, not the skies;
I gave it you to write again.

‘But, friend! take heed whom you attack;
You’ll bring a house (I mean of peers)
Red, blue, and green, nay, white and black,
L** and all about your ears.

‘You’d write as smooth again on glass,
And run on ivory so glib,
As not to stick at fool or ass,
Nor stop at flattery or fib.

‘Athenian queen! and sober charms!
I tell ye, fool! there’s nothing in’t:
’Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms;—
In Dryden’s Virgil see the print.

‘Come, if you’ll be a quiet soul,
That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
I’ll list you in the harmless roll
Of those that sing of these poor eyes.’

EPITAPHS.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere !

VIRG.

ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET, IN THE CHURCH OF WITHYAM, SUSSEX.

DORSET, the grace of courts, the Muses' pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature, died !
The scourge of pride, though sanctified or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state :
Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay,
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Bless'd satirist ! who touch'd the mean so true,
As show'd vice had his hate and pity too.
Bless'd courtier ! who could king and country please,
Yet sacred keep his friendships and his ease.
Bless'd peer ! his great forefathers' every grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race ?
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets, shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.

ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE TO
KING WILLIAM III.

*Who, having resigned his Place, died in his Retirement at Eastham-
sted, in Berkshire, 1716.*

A PLEASING form, a firm yet cautious mind ;
Sincere, though prudent ; constant, yet resign'd :
Honour unchang'd, a principle profess'd,
Fix'd to one side, but moderate to the rest :

An honest courtier, yet a patriot too,
 Just to his prince, and to his country true :
 Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
 A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth ;
 A generous faith, from superstition free,
 A love to peace, and hate of tyranny :
 Such this man was, who now, from earth remov'd,
 At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,

ONLY SON OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR HARCOURT,

At the Church of Stanton-Harcourt, Oxfordshire, 1720.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near ;
 Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear ;
 Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
 Or gave his father grief but when he died.
 How vain is reason, eloquence how weak !
 If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
 Oh ! let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
 And with a father's sorrows mix his own !

ON JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

JACOBUS CRAGGS,

REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS,

ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,

PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ :

VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR

ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.

OB. FEB. XVI. M.DCC.XX.

STATESMAN, yet friend to truth ! of soul sincere,
 In action faithful, and in honour clear !

Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
 Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
 Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
 Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

INTENDED FOR MR. ROWE,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THY reliques, Rowe ! to this fair urn we trust,
 And sacred place by Dryden's awful dust :
 Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
 To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
 Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest !
 Bless'd in thy genius, in thy love, too, bless'd !
 One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
 What a whole thankless land to his denies.

ON MRS. CORBET,

WHO DIED OF A CANCER IN HER BREAST.

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence,
 Bless'd with plain reason and with sober sense :
 No conquest she but o'er herself desir'd,
 No arts essay'd but not to be admir'd.
 Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
 Convinc'd that virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
 So firm yet soft, so strong yet so refin'd,
 Heav'n, as its purest gold, by tortures tried ;
 The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE
HON. R. DIGBY AND OF HIS SISTER
MARY,

ERECTED BY THEIR FATHER LORD DIGBY,
In the Church of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, 1727.

Go ! fair example of untainted youth,
 Of modest wisdom and pacific truth :
 Compos'd in sufferings, and in joy sedate,
 Good without noise, without pretension great :
 Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
 Who knew no wish but what the world might hear :
 Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
 Lover of peace, and friend of humankind !
 Go live ! for Heaven's eternal year is thine ;
 Go, and exalt thy moral to divine.

And thou, bless'd maid ! attendant on his doom,
 Pensive hath follow'd to the silent tomb,
 Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
 Not parted long, and now to part no more !
 Go then, where only bliss sincere is known !
 Go where to love and to enjoy are one !

Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
 And till we share your joys, forgive our grief :
 These little rites, a stone, a verse, receive ;
 'Tis all a father, all a friend, can give !

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heav'n, and not a master taught,
 Whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought ;
 Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate
 Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,

Lies crown'd with princes' honours, poets' lays,
Due to his merit and brave thirst of praise.

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.



ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1729.

HERE, Withers! rest; thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of humankind.
Oh, born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
O soft humanity, in age belov'd!

For thee the hardy veteran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.

Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit or thy social love!

Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age;
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone:



ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

AT EASTHAMSTED, BERKS, 1730.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, 'Here lies an honest man;
A poet bless'd beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and great;
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learn'd ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace.'

Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
 From Nature's temperate feast rose satisfied,
 Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he died.'

ON MR. GAY,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1732.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild;
 In wit, a man; simplicity, a child:
 With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
 Above temptation in a low estate,
 And uncorrupted ev'n among the great:
 A safe companion, and an easy friend,
 Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
 These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust:
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms—'Here lies Gay!'

INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ISAACUS NEWTONIUS,

QUEM IMMORTALEM

TESTANTUR TEMPUS, NATURA, CÆLUM:

MORTALEM

HOC MARMOR FATETUR.

NATURE and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
 God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light.

ON DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER,

WHO DIED IN EXILE AT PARIS, 1732.

[His only daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see him.]

DIALOGUE.

She. Yes, we have liv'd—One pang, and then we part!

May Heaven, dear father! now have all thy heart.
Yet, ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
Till you are dust like me.

He. Dear shade! I will:
Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless ghost!
O more than fortune, friends, or country lost!
Is there on earth one care, one wish beside?
Yes—'Save my country, Heav'n!'—he said, and died.

ON EDMUND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

WHO DIED IN THE NINETEENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE,
1735.

If modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And every opening virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a sinking state,
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
Or sadly told, how many hopes lie here!
The living virtue now had shone approv'd;
The senate heard him, and his country lov'd.

Yet softer honours and less noisy fame
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham :
In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art,
End in the milder merit of the heart ;
And chiefs or sages long to Britain giv'n.
Pays the last tribute of a saint to Heav'n.

FOR ONE

WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WESTMINSTER
ABBEY.

HEROES and kings ! your distance keep ;
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you :
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

UNDER this marble, or under this sill,
Or under this turf, or ev'n what they will ;
Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not, a pin,
What they said, or may say, of the mortal within ;
But who, living and dying, serene still and free,
Trusts in God that as well as he was he shall be.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

HIS

PROLEGOMENA AND ILLUSTRATIONS

TO

THE DUNCIAD.

WITH THE HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS.

DENNIS, *Remarks on Prince Arthur.*

I CANNOT but think it the most reasonable thing in the world to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad: nor is it an ill-natured thing, in relation even to the very persons upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them a little the sooner of a short profit and a transitory reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very unfit, and to have recourse to something in which they may be more successful.

Character of Mr. P. 1716.

The persons whom Boileau has attacked in his writings have been for the most part authors, and most of those authors poets: and the censures he hath passed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, *Preface to his New Rehearsal.*

It is the common cry of the poetasters of the town, and their fautors, that it is an ill-natured thing to expose the pretenders to wit and poetry.

The judges and magistrates may with full as good reason be reproached with ill-nature for putting the laws in execution against a thief or impostor.—The same will hold in the Republic of Letters, if the critics and judges will let every ignorant pretender to scribbling pass on the world.

THEOBALD, *Letter to MIST, June 22, 1728.*

Attacks may be levelled either against failures in genius, or against the pretensions of writing without one.

CONCANEN, *Ded. to the Author of the Dunciad.*

A Satire upon dulness is a thing that has been used and allowed in all ages.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked Scribbler.

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS

CONCERNING

OUR POET AND HIS WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS *Lectori S.*

BEFORE we present thee with our exercitations on this most delectable poem (drawn from the many volumes of our *adversaria* on modern authors) we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our poet; various, indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the testimo-

nies of such eminent wits as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise, with incredible labour, seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never, at the distance of a few months, appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou mayst not only receive the delectation of variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence, also, thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the person as well as genius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our author: in which if I relate some things of little concern, peradventure, to thee, and some of as little even to him, I intreat thee to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I, ever and anon, become tedious; allow me to take the same pains to find whether any author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arrogant, as another whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

We purposed to begin with his life, parentage, and education; but as to these even his contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith* he was educated at home; another,† that he was bred at

* Giles Jacob's *Lives of the Poets*, Vol. II. in his life.

† Dennis's *Reflections on the Essay on Criticism*, p. 4.

St. Omer's by Jesuits; a third,* not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth,† that he had no university education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home differ as much concerning his tutor: one saith‡ he was kept by his father on purpose: a second,§ that he was an itinerant priest; a third,|| that he was a parson; one¶ callth him a secular clergyman of the Church of Rome; another,** a monk. As little do they agree about his father, whom†† one supposeth, like the father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant; another,‡‡ a husbandman; another,§§ a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely, a demon; for thus Mr. Gildon,¶¶ ‘Certain it is that his original is not from Adam, but the devil, and that he wanteth nothing but horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of his infernal father.’ Finding, therefore, such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the Life of our poet till authors can determine among themselves

* Dunciad Dissected, p. 4.

† Guardian, No. 40.

‡ Jacob's Lives, &c. Vol. II.

§ Dunciad Dissected, p. 4.

|| Farmer P. and his son.

¶ Dunciad Dissected.

** Character of the Times, p. 45.

†† Female Dunciad, p. ult.

‡‡ Dunciad Dissected

§§ Roome, Paraphrase on

the 4th of Genesis, printed 1729.

||| Character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curl, in his Key to the Dunciad, (first edit. said to be printed for A. Dodd) in the tenth page, declared Gildon to be the author of that libel: though in the subsequent editions of his Key he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad, p. 4 and 8) that it was written by Dennis only.

what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works, though not less uncertain the judgments concerning them; beginning with his Essay on Criticism, of which hear first the most ancient of critics,

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

‘ His precepts are false or trivial, or both; his thoughts are crude and abortive; his expressions absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his rhymes trivial and common.—Instead of majesty, we have something that is very mean; instead of gravity, something that is very boyish; and instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but too often obscurity and confusion.’ And in another place: ‘ What rare numbers are here! would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated muse, who had sued out a divorce from some superannuated sinner, upon account of impotence, and who being p-xed by her former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepitude, which makes her hobble so damnably?*

No less peremptory is the censure of our hyper-critical historian,

MR. OLDMIXON.

‘ I dare not say any thing of the Essay on Criticism in verse; but if any more curious reader has discovered in it something new, which is not in Dryden’s Prefaces, Dedications, and his Essay on Dramatic Poetry, not to mention the French

* Reflections critical and satirical on a Rhapsody, called *An Essay on Criticism*, printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.

critics, I should be very glad to have the benefit of the discovery.*

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the modest and simple-minded

MR. LEONARD WELSTED,

who, out of great respect to our poet, not naming him, doth yet glance at his Essay, together with the Duke of Buckingham's, and the criticisms of Dryden and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth:† 'As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c. both in verse and prose, that have been written by the moderns on this groundwork, they do but hackney the same thoughts over again, making them still more trite. Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert insipid heap of commonplace. Horace has, even in his Art of Poetry, thrown out several things which plainly show he thought an Art of Poetry was of no use, even while he was writing one.'

To all which great authorities we can only oppose that of

MR. ADDISON.

‡ 'The Art of Criticism,' saith he, 'which was published some months since, is a masterpiece in its kind. The observations follow one another like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose writer. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to,

* Essay on Criticism in prose, octavo, 1728, by the author of the Critical History of England.

† Preface to his Poems, p. 18, 53.

‡ Spectator, No. 253.

when he sees them explained with that ease and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known, and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty, and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Mons. Boileau has so well enlarged upon in the Preface to his Works; that wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us, who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others; we have little else left us but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's *Art of Poetry*, he will find but few precepts in it which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

‘ Longinus, in his *Reflections*, has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them: I cannot but take notice that our English author has, after the same manner, exemplified several of the precepts in the very precepts themselves.’ He then produces some instances of a particular beauty in the numbers, and concludes with saying, that

‘ There are three poems in our tongue of the same nature, and each a masterpiece in its kind; the Essay on Translated Verse, the Essay on the Art of Poetry, and the Essay on Criticism.’

Of Windsor Forest, positive is the judgment of the affirmative,

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

* ‘ That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently writ in emulation of the Cooper’s Hill of Sir John Denham; the author of it is obscure, is ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous.’

But the author of the Dispensary,

DR. GARTH,

in the Preface to his poem of Claremont,† differs from this opinion: ‘ Those who have seen these two excellent poems of Cooper’s Hill and Windsor Forest, the one written by Sir John Denham, the other by Mr. Pope, will show a great deal of candour if they approve of this.’

Of the Epistle of Eloisa, we are told by the obscure writer of a poem called Sawney, ‘ That because Prior’s Henry and Emma charmed the finest tastes, our author writ his Eloisa in opposition to it, but forgot innocence and virtue: if you take away her tender thoughts, and her fierce desires, all the rest is of no value.’ In which, methinks, his judgment resembleth that of a French tailor on a villa and garden by the Thames: ‘ All this is very fine; but take away the river, and it is good for nothing.’

* Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks on Pope’s Homer,
 † Printed 1728, p. 12.

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

MR. PRIOR

himself, saying, in his *Alma*, *

‘O Abelard! ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth :
But well I weet thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet’s song ;
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev’d,
With kind concern and skill has weav’d
A silken web ; and ne’er shall fade
Its colours : gently has he laid
The mantle o’er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless,’ &c.

Come we now to his translation of the *Iliad*, celebrated by numerous pens ; yet it shall suffice to mention the indefatigable

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, KNT.

who (though otherwise a severe censurer of our author) yet styleth this ‘a laudable Translation.’†
That ready writer,

MR. OLDMIXON,

in his fore-mentioned Essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it : ‡ ‘The spirit of Homer breathes all through this translation :—I am in doubt whether I should most admire the justness to the original, or the force and beauty of the language, or the sounding variety of the numbers ; but when I

* *Alma*, canto 2.

† In his *Essays*, Vol. I. printed for E. Curl.

‡ *Censor*, Vol. II. No. 33.

find all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet says of one of his heroes, that he alone raised and flung with ease a weighty stone that two common men could not lift from the ground; just so one single person has performed, in this translation, what I once despaired to have seen done by the force of several masterly hands.' Indeed the same gentleman appears to have changed his sentiment in his *Essay on the Art of Sinking in Reputation*, (printed in *MIST'S JOURNAL*, March 30, 1728,) where he says thus: 'In order to sink in reputation, let him take it into his head to descend into Homer, (let the world wonder, as it will, how the devil he got there) and pretend to do him into English, so his version denotes his neglect of the manner how.' Strange variation! We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8,

'That this translation of the *Iliad* was not in all respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr. Addison; insomuch that he employed a younger Muse in an undertaking of this kind, which he supervised himself.' Whether Mr. Addison did find it conformable to his taste or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication, in these words:

MR. ADDISON, *FREEHOLDER*, NO. 40.

'When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language with the translations of old Greek and Latin authors.—We have already most of their histo-

rians in our own tongue, and what is more for the honour of our language, it hath been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's Virgil of the most perfect epic performance; and those parts of Homer which have been published already by Mr. Pope give us reason to think, that the Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem.

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake; for this younger Muse was an elder: nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employed by Mr. Addison to translate it after him, since he saith himself that he did it before.* Contrariwise, that Mr. Addison engaged our author in this work appeareth by declaration thereof in the Preface to the Iliad, printed some time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713, where he declares it is his opinion, that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakspeare on the stage; 'Let him (quoth one, whom I take to be

MR. THEOBALD, MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728)

publish such an author as he has least studied, and forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor. In this project let him lend the bookseller his name (for a competent sum of money) to promote the credit of an exorbitant subscription.' Gentle reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the proposal below quoted, and on what follows (some

* Vide Preface to Mr. Tickel's translation of the First Book of the Iliad, 4to.

months after the former assertion) in the same *Journalist* of June 8: 'The bookseller proposed the book by subscription, and raised some thousands of pounds for the same: I believe the gentleman did not share in the profits of this extravagant subscription.'

'After the *Iliad*, he undertook (saith

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728)

the sequel of that work, the *Odyssey*; and having secured the success by a numerous subscription, he employed some underlings to perform what, according to his proposals, should come from his own hands.' To which heavy charge we can, in truth, oppose nothing but the words of

MR. POPE'S PROPOSAL FOR THE ODYSSEY,

(Printed for J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1724.)

'I take this occasion to declare, that the subscription for Shakspeare belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson: and that the benefit of this proposal is not solely for my own use, but for that of two of my friends, who have assisted me in this work.' But these very gentlemen are extolled above our poet himself in another of *MIST'S JOURNALS*, March 30, 1728, saying, 'That he would not advise Mr. Pope to try the experiment again of getting a great part of a book done by assistants, lest those extraneous parts should unhappily ascend to the sublime, and retard the declension of the whole.' Behold! these underlings are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said proposals were printed, the subscription was begun, without de-

claration of such assistance; verily those who set it on foot, or (as the term is) secured it, to wit, the right honourable the Lord Viscount Harcourt, were he living, would testify; and the right honourable the Lord Bathurst, now living, doth testify, the same is a falsehood.

Sorry I am that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728.

‘Mr. Addison raised this author from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility, and transferred his powerful interests with those great men to this rising bard, who frequently levied, by that means, unusual contributions on the public.’ Which surely cannot be, if, as the author of the *Dunciad* Dissected reporteth, ‘Mr. Wycherley had before introduced him into a familiar acquaintance with the greatest peers and brightest wits then living.’

‘No sooner (saith the same Journalist) was his body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend; and, what was still more heinous, made the scandal public.’ Grievous the accusation! unknown the accuser! the person accused no witness in his own cause; the person, in whose regard accused, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman whose friendship, yea, any one gentleman whose subscription, Mr. Addison procured to our author, let him stand forth, that truth may appear!

Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas. In verity, the whole story of the libel is a lie; witness those persons of integrity who, several years before Mr. Addison's decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke, sent privately in our author's own hand, to Mr. Addison himself, and never made public, till after their own Journals and Curl had printed the same. One name alone, which I am here authorized to declare, will sufficiently evince the truth, that of the right honourable the Earl of Burlington.

Next is he taxed with a crime (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality,) to wit, plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES MOORE SMITH, GENT.

‘*Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent; and happening to praise them, a gentleman produced a modern comedy (The Rival Modes) published last year, where were the same verses to a title.

‘These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiaries, that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own lifetime, and out of a public print.’ Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the said Mr. James Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himself, who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, ‘That these

* Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.

verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad.' He desires, nevertheless, that 'since the lines had been read in his comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them.' &c. Surely if we add the testimonies of the Lord Bolingbroke, of the lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of Hugh Bethel, Esq. and others, who knew them as our author's long before the said gentleman composed his play, it is hoped the ingenuous, that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of such honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to Church and State, which could come from no other informer than the said

MR. JAMES MOORE SMYTH.

* 'The Memoirs of a Parish Clerk was a very dull and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence of our religion and constitution, and who has been dead many years.' This seemeth also most untrue, it being known to divers that these Memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person's (Bishop Burnet) death, and many years before the appearance of that history, of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is that Mr. Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who pressed Dr. Arbuthnot, and Mr. Pope, to assist him therein; and that he borrowed those Memoirs of our author, when that history came

* Daily Journal, April 3, 1728.

forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse : but being able to obtain from our author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himself to keep the said Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the 'contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how full he was of a design he declared himself to have of exposing it.' This noble person is the Earl of Peterborough.

Here, in truth, should we crave pardon of all the aforesaid right honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers, but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same ; and that they are introduced, not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted ; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers, to our author ; the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

JOHN DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

sums up his character in these lines :

* And yet so wondrous, so sublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing.

* Verses to Mr. P. on his translation of Homer.

Unless I justly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend :
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
Can all desert in sciences exceed.

So also is he deciphered by the honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

' * Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou choose,
What laurel'd arch for thy triumphant Muse?
Though each great ancient court thce to his shrine
Though every laurel through the dome he thine—
Go to the good and just, an awful train !
Thy soul's delight.'

Recorded in like manner, for his virtuous disposition and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

MR. WALTER HART,

in this apostrophe :

' † O ! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise !
Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays,
Add, that the Sisters every thought refine,
And ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line :
Yet Envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the virtue, and defames the Muse.
A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign'd,
Views with just scorn the malice of mankind.'

The witty and moral satyrist,

DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our poet to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue :

' Why ‡ slumbers Pope, who leads the Muse's train,
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain ?

* Poems prefixed to his Works.

† In his Poems, printed for B. Lintot.

‡ Universal Passion, Sat. I.

MR. MALLET,

in his Epistle on Verbal Criticism :

‘ Whose life, severely scan’d, transcends his lays ;
For wit supreme is but his second praise.’

MR. HAMMOND,

that delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

‘ Now fir’d by Pope and virtue, leave the age,
In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
And trace the author through his moral page,
Whose blameless life still answers to his song.’

MR. THOMSON,

in his elegant and philosophical poem of the Seasons:

‘ Although not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.’

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk of Suffolk,

MR. WILLIAM BROOME :

‘ Thus * nobly rising in fair virtue’s cause,
From thy own life transcribe the’ unerring laws.’

And, to close all, hear the Reverend Dean of St. Patrick’s :

‘ A soul with every virtue fraught,
By patriots, priests, and poets taught :
Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells.
A genius for each business fit,
Whose meanest talent is his wit, &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other side, and showing his character drawn by those with whom he never conversed, and whose coun-

* In his Poems, and at the end of the Odyssey.

tenances he could not know, though turned against him; first, again commencing with the high-voiced and never-enough quoted

MR. JOHN DENNIS;

who, in his *Reflections on the Essay on Criticism*, thus describeth him: ‘A little affected hypocrite, who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falsehood, that whenever he has a mind to calumniate his contemporaries, he brands them with some defect which is just contrary to some good quality for which all their friends and their acquaintance commend them. He seems to have a particular pique to people of quality, and authors of that rank. He must derive his religion from St. Omers.’—But in the *Character of Mr. P. and his writings*, (printed by S. Popping, 1716) he saith, ‘though he is a professor of the worst religion, yet he laughs at it;’—‘but that, nevertheless, he is a virulent Papist; and yet a pillar for the Church of England.’ Of both which opinions

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be; declaring, in *MIST’S JOURNAL* of June 22, 1718, ‘that, if he is not shrewdly abused, he made it his business to cackle to both parties in their own sentiments.’ But as to his pique against people of quality, the same Journalist doth not agree, but saith, (May 8, 1728) ‘He had, by some means or other, the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility.’

However contradictory this may appear, Mr.

Dennis and Gildon, in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, ‘that he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions: he is a beast, and a man; a Whig and a Tory; a writer (at one and the same time) of Guardians and Examiners;* an assertor of liberty, and of the dispensing power of kings; a Jesuitical professor of truth; a base and a foul pretender to candour.’ So that upon the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a hypocrite, or a very honest man; a terrible impostor upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is he is little favoured of certain authors, whose wrath is perilous: for one declares he ought to have a price set on his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beast;† another protests that he does not know what may happen; advises him to insure his person; says he has bitter enemies, and expressly declares it will be well if he escapes with his life.‡ One desires he would cut his own throat, or hang himself.§ But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a Lord of Parliament then under prosecution.|| Mr. Dennis himself hath written to a minister, that he is one of the most dangerous persons in this kingdom;¶ and assureth the public that he is an open and mortal enemy to his country; a monster that will, one day, show as daring

* The names of two weekly papers.

† Theobald, Letter in *Mist's Journal*, June 22d, 1728.

‡ Smedley, Pref. to *Gulliveriana*, p. 14, 16.

§ *Gulliveriana*, p. 332.

|| Anno 1723.

¶ Anno 1729.

a soul as a mad Indian, who runs a-muck to kill the first Christian he meets.* Another gives information of treason discovered in his poem.† Mr. Curl boldly supplies an imperfect verse with kings and princesses;‡ and one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes at length the two most sacred names in this nation as members of the Dunciad!§

This is prodigious! yet it is almost as strange that, in the midst of these invectives, his greatest enemies have (I know not how) borne testimony to some merit in him.

MR. THEOBALD,

in censuring his Shakspeare, declares, ‘ he has so great an esteem for Mr. Pope, and so high an opinion of his genius and excellencies, that, notwithstanding he professes a veneration almost rising to idolatry for the writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very loth even to do him justice at the expense of that other gentleman’s character.’||

MR. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, ‘ that Mr. Pope would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid’s

* Preface to Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12, and in the last page of that treatise.

† Pages 6, 7, of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book entitled, A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses, and Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift’s Miscellanies. Printed for A. Moore, octavo. 1714.

‡ Key to the Dunciad, 3d edition, p. 18.

§ A List of Persons, &c. at the end of the fore-mentioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.

|| Introduction to Shakspeare Restored, in quarto, p. 3.

Epistles by his hand; for it is certain we see the original of Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness in his version than in that of Sir Carr Scrope. And this (he adds) is the more to be wished, because in the English tongue we have scarce any thing truly and naturally written upon Love.* He also, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challenges him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said in his preface to that poet.

MR. OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue; declares 'the purity and perfection of the English language to be found in his Homer; and, saying there are more good verses in Dryden's Virgil than in any other work, except this of our author only.†

THE AUTHOR OF A LETTER TO MR. CIBBER

says,‡ 'Pope was so good a versifier [once] that his predecessor Mr. Dryden, and his contemporary Mr. Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers is equal to any body's; and that he had all the merit that a man can have that way. And

MR. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our author's Homer, crieth out,

'But in his other works what beauties shine,
While sweetest music dwells in every line!
These he admir'd, on these he stamp'd his praise,
And bade them live to brighten future days.'§

* Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Essay, 8vo. 1721. p. 97, 98. † In his prose Essay on Criticism.

‡ Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.

§ Battle of Poets, folio, p. 15.

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell, in that poem,* which is wholly a satire on Mr. Pope, confesseth,

‘ ’Tis true, if finest notes alone could show
(Tun’d justly high, or regularly low)
That we should fame to these mere vocals give;
Pope more than we can offer should receive:
For when some gliding river is his theme,
His lines run smoother than the smoothest stream,’ &c.

MIST’S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728.

Although he says, ‘the smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit;’ yet that same paper hath these words: ‘the author is allowed to be a perfect master of an easy and elegant versification. In all his works we find the most happy turns, and natural similies, wonderfully short and thick sown.’

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, p. 25, it is very full of beautiful images. But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be said on this poem, is bestowed by our laureat,

MR. COLLEY CIBBER,

who ‘grants it to be a better poem of its kind than ever was writ:’ but adds, ‘it was a victory over a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almost cowardice to conquer:—a man might as well triumph for having killed so many silly flies that offended him. Could he have let them alone, by this time, poor souls! they had all been buried in

* Printed under the title of *The Progress of Dulness*, duodecimo 1728.

oblivion.* Here we see our excellent Laureat allows the justice of the satire on every man in it but himself, as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

The said

MR. DENNIS AND MR. GILDON,

in the most furious of all their works, (the fore-cited Character, p. 5) do in concert† confess, ‘that some men of good understanding value him for his rhymes.’ And (p. 17) ‘That he has got, like Mr. Bayes in the Rehearsal, (that is, like Mr. Dryden) a notable knack at rhyming, and writing smooth verse.’

Of his Essay on Man, numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagina-

* Cibber’s Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9. 12.

† Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our mistake in this place : ‘As to my writing in concert with Mr. Gildon, I declare upon the honour and word of a gentleman, that I never wrote so much as one line in concert with any one man whatsoever : and these two letters from Gildon will plainly show that we are not writers in concert with each other.

Sir,

—The height of my ambition is to please men of the best judgment ; and finding that I have entertained my master agreeably, I have the extent of the reward of my labour.

Sir,

I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely satisfied and pleased with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance deserves, &c.

CH. GILDON.

‘Now is it not plain that any one, who sends such compliments to another, has not been used to write in partnership with him to whom he sends them?’ Dennis, Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.

tion that the same was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

‘Auspicious bard! while all admire thy strain,
All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain;
I, whom no bribe to servile flattery drew,
Must pay the tribute to thy merit due;
Thy Muse sublime, significant, and clear,
Alike informs the soul, and charms the ear.’

And

MR. LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote* to the unknown author, on the first publication of the said Essay: ‘I must own, after the reception which the vilest and most immoral ribaldry hath lately met with, I was surprised to see what I had long despaired, a performance deserving the name of a poet. Such, sir, is your work. It is, indeed, above all commendation, and ought to have been published in an age and country more worthy of it. If my testimony be of weight any where, you are sure to have it in the amplest manner,’ &c. &c. &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate enemies; and to the success of them all, they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, *instar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this day of the Dunciad! ‘A most notorious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of

* In a letter under his hand, dated March 12, 1733.

genius and taste, the approbation this Essay [meets with*.—I can safely affirm, that I never attacked any of these writings, unless they had success infinitely beyond their merit.—This, though an empty, has been a popular scribbler. The epidemic madness of the times has given him reputation†.—If, after the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men (Spenser, Lord Bacon, Ben Jonson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have received from this country for these last hundred years, I should shift the scene, and show all that penury changed at once to riot and profuseness, and more squandered away upon one object than would have satisfied the greater part of those extraordinary men; the reader, to whom this one creature should be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of art and nature; would believe that all the great qualities of these persons were centred in him alone.—But if I should venture to assure him that the people of England had made such a choice—the reader would either believe me a malicious enemy and slanderer, or that the reign of the last (Queen Anne's) ministry was designed by fate to encourage fools‡.'

But it happens that this our poet never had any place, pension, or gratuity, in any shape, from the said glorious Queen, or any of her ministers. All he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription for his Homer of 200*l.* from King George I. and 100*l.* from the Prince and Princess.

* Dennis, Preface to his *Reflections on the Essay on Criticism*.
 † Preface to his *Remarks on Homer*.

‡ *Remarks on Homer*, p. 8, 9.

However, lest we imagine our author's success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of this sort, Mr. Dennis* ascribes to him two Farces, whose names he does not tell, but assures us that there is not one jest in them; and an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us it is much more execrable than all his works.† THE DAILY JOURNAL, May 11, 1728, assures us, 'He is below Tom Durfey in the drama; because (as that writer thinks) the Marriage-Hater Matched, and the Boarding-School, are better than the What-d'ye-call it;' which is not Mr. P.'s but Mr. Gay's. Mr. Gildon assures us, in his New Rehearsal, p. 48, 'that he was writing a play of the Lady Jane Gray;' but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are assured by another, 'He wrote a pamphlet called Dr. Andrew Tripe;'‡ which proved to be one Dr. Wagstaff's. Mr. Theobald assures, in MISR of the 27th of April, 'That the treatise of the Profound is very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of it.' The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion; and says, 'the whole, or greatest part, of the merit of this treatise must and can only be ascribed to Gulliver.'§ [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men, knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

We are assured, in MISR of June 8, 'That his

* Remarks on Homer, p. 8.

† Ibid. p. 6.

‡ Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7.

§ Gulliver, p. 336.

own plays and farees would better have adorned the Duneiad than those of Mr. Theobald; for he had neither genius for tragedy nor comedy. Which, whether true or not, it is not easy to judge, in as much as he had attempted neither; unless we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's play abused, was an infallible proof the play was his own; the said Mr. Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself: 'Now let any man judge (saith he) by this concern, who was the true mother of the child.'*

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect, that it little availed our author to have any candour, since, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any modesty, since, when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprised one great work, he was taxed of boldness and madness to a prodigy:† if he took assistants in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the public.‡ The loftiest heroies, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, or even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which had not, at one or other season, been to him ascribed. If it bore no

* Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 19.

† Burnet's Homerides, p. 1. of his Translation of the Iliad.

‡ The London and Mist's Journals, on his undertaking the Odyssey.

author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed: if it resembled any of his styles, then was it evident; if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character! of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their author's advantage, and, from the testimony of his very enemies, would affirm, that his capacity was boundless as well as his imagination: that he was a perfect master of all styles, and all arguments; and that there was in those times no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to choose whether thou wilt incline to the testimonies of authors avowed, or of authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not. P.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

OF THE POEM.

THIS poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulness; so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the form,

and (saith Horace) who adapted the measure, to heroic poesy. But even before this may be rationally presumed, from what the ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer, composed of like nature and matter with this of our poet; for of epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned Archbishop Eustathius, in *Odyssey* X. And accordingly Aristotle, in his *Poetic*, chap. iv. doth further set forth, that as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* gave an example to tragedy, so did this poem to comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem that the hero, or chief personage of it, was no less obscure, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors of our poem. Margites was the name of this personage, whom antiquity recordeth to have been Duncel the first; and surely, from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem, therefore, celebrating him, was properly and absolutely a Dunciad; which, though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear that the first Dunciad was the first epic poem written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*.

Now, forasmuch as our poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost; and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely, that of

epic poem; with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of *Dunciad*.

Wonderful it is that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some *Dunciad*! since, in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and toil than an imitation of the greater epic. But possible it is also that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days when (after Providence had permitted the invention of printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land; whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money, by such as would neither earn the one nor deserve the other. At the same time the licence of the press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either; for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and sculking under the wings of publishers, a set of men who never scrupled to vend either calumny or blasphemy, as long as the town would call for it.

* Now our author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, the only way here was left. In that public-

* Vide Bossu, *Du Poeme Epique*, chap. viii.

spirited view he laid the plan of this poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt, or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative of such authors, namely, dulness and poverty; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an allegory* (as the construction of epic poesy requireth) and feigns that one of these goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works.† He proceedeth to show the qualities they bestow on these authors, and the effects they produce;‡ then the materials, or stock, with which they furnish them;§ and (above all) that self-opinion|| which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of industry, so is the other of plodding) was to be exemplified in some one, great, and remarkable action:¶ and none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, viz. the restitution of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dulness their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the city to the polite world; as the action of the *Æneid* is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer, singing only the

* Bossu, chap. vii.

‡ Ver. 45 to 54.

|| Ver. 80.

† Book I. ver. 32, &c.

§ Ver. 57 to 77.

¶ Bossu, chap. vii. viii.

wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war; in like manner, our author has drawn into this single action the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A person must next be fixed upon to support this action. This phantom, in the poet's mind, must have a name.* He finds it to be —; and he becomes of course the hero of the poem.

The fable being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition; the machinery is a continued chain of allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire of Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into episodes, each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the second Book demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other episodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymasters, of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the third Book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the games relateth to some or other vile class of writers. The first concerneth the plagiarist, to whom he giveth the name of Moore; the second the libellous novelist, whom he styleth Eliza; the third, the flattering dedicatory; the fourth, the bawling critic, or noisy poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty party-writer; and so of the rest; assigning to each some proper name or other, such as he could find.

* Bossu, chap. viii. Vide Aristot. Poetic. cap. ix.

As for the characters, the public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn. The manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages would be exceeding difficult; and certain it is that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber call them 'a parcel of poor wretches, so many silly flies;'^{*} but adds, 'our author's wit is remarkably more bare and barren, whenever it would fall foul on Cibber than upon any other person whatever.'

The descriptions are singular, the comparisons very quaint, the narration various, yet of one colour; the purity and chastity of diction is so preserved, that in the places most suspicious, not the words, but only the images, have been censured; and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by ancient and classical authority, (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up) yea, and commented upon by the most grave doctors and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of epic, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all neoterics, a strict imitation of the ancients; insomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critic. How exact that imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both

^{*} Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 9. 12. 41.

the commentator and poet himself; yea divers, by his exceeding diligence, are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment without diminishing the imagination; which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at forty: for at that season it was that Virgil finished his *Georgics*; and Sir Richard Blackmore, at the like age composing his *Arthurs*, declared the same to be the very acme and pitch of life for epic poesy; though, since, he hath altered it to sixty, the year in which he published his *Alfred*.* True it is that the talents for criticism, namely, smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of youth than of ripen age: but it is far otherwise in poetry; witness the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who, beginning with criticism, became afterwards such poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason, therefore, did our author choose to write his *Essay* on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of *THE DUNCIAD. P.*

* See his *Essays*.

RICARDUS ARISTARCHUS.

OF THE HERO OF THE POEM.

OF the nature of Dunciad in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated: but when he cometh to speak of the person of the hero fitted for such poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates: for, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a hero, only raised up to support the fable. A putrid conceit! as if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who first build their house, and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a war and a wandering before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore set our good brother, and the world a-so, right in this particular, by assuring them that, in the greater epic, the prime intention of the Muse is to exalt heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the children of men; and, consequently, that the poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find truly illustrious. This is the *primum mobile* of this poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion: for this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, an hero, and put upon such action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the Muse ceaseth not here her eagle-flight : for sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these suns of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the goose and serpent kind. For we apply to the Muse, in her various moods, what an ancient master of wisdom affirmeth of the gods in general : ' Si Dii non irascuntur impiis et injustis, nec pios utique justosque diligunt. In rebus enim diversis, aut in utramque partem moveri necesse est, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos odit ; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit ; et malos odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit.' Which, in our vernacular idiom, may be thus interpreted : ' If the gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are they delighted with the good and just ; for contrary objects must either excite contrary affections, or no affections at all. So that he who loveth good men must at the same time hate the bad ; and he who hateth not bad men cannot love the good ; because to love good men proceedeth from an aversion to evil, and to hate evil men from a tenderness to the good.' From this delicacy of the Muse arose the little epic (more lively and choleric than her elder sister, whose bulk and complexion incline her to the phlegmatic,) and for this some notorious vehicle of vice and folly was sought out to make thereof an example ; an early instance of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the father himself of epic poem affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the Greek dramatic poets, his offspring ; who, in the composition of their tetralogy, or set of four pieces, were wont to make

the last a satiric tragedy. Happily one of these ancient Dunciads (as we may well term it) is come down unto us, amongst the tragedies of the poet Euripides; and what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why, in truth, and it is worthy observation, the unequal contest of an old, dull, debauched buffoon, Cyclops, with the heaven-directed favourite of Minerva: who, after having quietly borne all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead. May we not then be excused if, for the future, we consider the epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete tetralogy, in which the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the satiric piece?

Proceed we therefore in our subject. It hath been long, and alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the hero of the greater epic should be an honest man; or, as the French critics express it, *un honnête homme**: but it never admitted of any doubt but that the hero of the little epic should be his very opposite. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may observe how much juster the moral of that poem must needs be, where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool, that is a fit subject for a Dunciad. There must still exist some analogy, if not resemblance of qualities, between the heroes of the two poems; and this, in order to admit what neoterie

* Si un héros poétique doit être un honnête homme, Bossu, Du Poème Epique, liv. v. ch. 5.

critics call the parody, one of the liveliest graces, of the little epic. Thus it being agreed that the constituent qualities of the greater epic hero are wisdom, bravery, and love, from whence springeth heroic virtue ; it followeth that those of the lesser epic hero should be vanity, assurance, and debauchery : from which happy assemblage resulteth heroic dulness, the never-dying subject of this our poem.

This being confessed, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true wisdom to seek its chief support and confidence within itself, and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of will.—And are the advantages of vanity, when arising to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacency ? nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it ? ‘ Let the world (will such an one say) impute to me what folly or weakness they please ; but till wisdom can give me something that will make me more heartily happy, I am contented to be gazed at*.’ This, we see, is vanity, according to the heroic gage or measure : not that low and ignoble species which pretendeth to virtues we have not ; but the laudable ambition of being gazed at for glorying in those vices which every body knows we have. ‘ The world may ask, (says he) why I make my follies public ? Why not ? I have passed my time very pleasantly with them†.’ In short, there is no sort of vanity such a hero would scruple, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high station in this our Dun-

* Ded. to the Life of C. Cibber.

† Life, p. 2. oct. edit.

ciad: namely, 'Whether it would not be vanity in him to take shame to himself for not being a wise man* ?

Bravery, the second attribute of the true hero, is courage manifesting itself in every limb; while its correspondent virtue in the mock hero is that same courage all collected into the face: and as power, when drawn together, must needs have more force and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only men, but gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the bravest character in all the *Æneis*: but how? his bravery, we know, was an high courage of blasphemy. And can we say less of this brave man's? who, having told us that he placed 'his *summum bonum* in those follies which he was not content barely to possess, but would likewise glory in,' adds, 'If I am misguided, 'tis Nature's fault, and I follow her†.' Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of courage, when we consider those illustrious marks of it which made his face 'more known (as he justly boasteth) than most in the kingdom;' and his language to consist of what we must allow to be the most daring figure of speech, that which is taken from the name of God.

Gentle love, the next ingredient in the true hero's composition, is a mere bird of passage, or (as Shakspeare calls it) 'Summer-teeming lust,' and evaporates in the heat of youth; doubtless by that refinement it suffers in passing through those certain strainers which our poet somewhere speak-

* Life of C. Cibber, p. 2. octavo.

† Ibid. p. 23.

eth of* ; but when it is let alone to work upon the
 lees, it acquireth strength by old age, and becometh
 a lasting ornament to the little epic. It is true, in-
 deed, there is one objection to its fitness for such
 an use ; for not only the ignorant may think it
 common, but it is admitted to be so even by him
 who best knoweth its value. ‘ Don’t you think
 (argueth he) to say only a man has his whore†,
 ought to go for little or nothing? Because, *defendit*
numerus, take the first ten thousand men you meet,
 and, I believe, you would be no loser if you betted
 ten to one that every single sinner of them, one
 with another, had been guilty of the same frailty‡.’
 But here he seemeth not to have done justice to
 himself: the man is sure enough a hero who hath
 his lady at fourscore. How doth his modesty herein
 lessen the merit of a whole well-spent life! not
 taking to himself the commendation (which Horace
 accounted the greatest in a theatrical character)
 of continuing to the very dregs the same he was
 from the beginning

‘ ——— Servetur ad inum
 Qualis ab incepto processerat.’ ———

But here, in justice both to the poet and the
 hero, let us further remark, that the calling her his
 whore, implieth she was his own, and not his neigh-
 bour’s. Truly, a commendable continence! and
 such as Scipio himself must have applauded: for

* Lust, through some certain strainers well refin’d,
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind.

† Alluding to these lines in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot :

‘ And has not Colly still his lord and whore,
 His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?’

‡ C. Cibber’s Letter to Mr. P. p. 46.

how much self-denial was exerted not to covet his neighbour's whore ! and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that society, where (according to this political calculator) nine in ten of all ages have their concubines !

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone through the three constituent qualities of either hero : but it is not in any, nor in all of these, that heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather from the collision of these lively qualities against one another. Thus, as from wisdom, bravery, and love, ariseth magnanimity, the object of admiration, which is the aim of the greater epic ; so from vanity, impudence, and debauchery, springeth buffoonery, the source of ridicule, that 'laughing ornament,' as the owner well termeth it*, of the little epic.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed !) of this character, who deemeth that not reason, but risibility, distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. 'As nature (saith this profound philosopher) distinguished our species from the mute creation by our risibility, her design must have been by that faculty as evidently to raise our happiness, as by our *os sublime* (our erected faces) to lift the dignity of our form above them†.' All this considered, how complete a hero must he be, as well as how happy a man, whose risibility lieth not barely in his muscles, as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very spirits ! and whose *os sublime* is not simply an erect face, but a brazen head ; as should

* C. Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 31.

† C. Cibber's Life, p. 23, 24.

seem by his preferring it to one of iron, said to belong to the late king of Sweden*.

But whatever personal qualitics a hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas show us that all these are of small avail without the constant assistance of the gods; for the subversion and erection of empires have never been adjudged the work of man. How greatly soever then we may esteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient to restore the decayed empire of Dulness. So weighty an achievement must require the particular favour and protection of the great, who being the natural patrons and supporters of letters, as the ancient gods were of Troy, must first be drawn off, and engaged in another interest, before the total subversion of them can be accomplished. To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed favourite and intimado of the great. And look of what force ancient piety was to draw the gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much stronger, is modern incense to engage the great in the party of Dulness.

Thus have we essayed to pourtray or shadow out this noble imp of fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to say, if so many and various graces go to the making up a hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read who seeth not, in every trace of this picture, that individual all-accomplished person, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances

* C. Cibber's Letter, p. 8.

have agreed to meet and concentre, with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus, indeed, nay the world itself might be imposed on, in the late spurious editions, by I cannot tell what sham-hero or phantom; but it was not so easy to impose on him whom this egregious error most of all concerned: for no sooner had the fourth Book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognised his own heroic acts; and when he came to the words,

‘Soft on her lap her laureat son reclines,’

(though laureat imply no more than one crowned with laurel, as befitteth any associate or consort in empire) he loudly resented this indignity to violated majesty. Indeed not without cause, he being there represented as fast asleep; so misbeseeeming the eye of empire, which, like that of Jove, should never dose nor slumber. ‘Ha! (saith he) fast asleep it seems! that is a little too strong. Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me, but as seldom asleep as any fool.’* However, the injured laurcat may comfort himself with this reflection, that though it be a sleep, yet it is not the sleep of death, but of immortality. Here he will† live at least, though not awake, and in no worse condition than many an enchanted warrior before him. The famous Durandarte, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by Merlin the British bard and necromancer; and his example for submitting to it with a good grace, might be of use to our hero: for that disastrous knight, being sorcely prest or driven to make his answer

* C. Cibber’s Letter, p. 53.

† Ibid. p. 1.

by several persons of quality*, only replied with a sigh, 'Patience, and shuffle the cards†'

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the most sacred and perfect things either of religion or government, can escape the stings of envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our hero's title.

It would never (say they) have been esteemed sufficient to make an hero for the Iliad or Æneis, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one empire, or Æneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been goddess-born, and princes-bred. What then did this author mean by erecting a player, instead of one of his patrons, (a person 'never a hero even on the stage‡!') to this dignity of colleague in the empire of Dulness, and achiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden, could entirely bring to pass?

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, *Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ*: 'that every man is the carver of his own fortune.' The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still further, and affirmeth, that a man needeth but to believe himself a hero to be one of the worthiest. 'Let him (saith he) but fancy himself capable of high things, and he will of course be able to achieve them. From this principle it follows that nothing can exceed our hero's prowess, as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragon himself; at one time to Alexander

* See Cibber's Letter to Mr. P.

† Don Quixote, Part II. Book ii. ch. 22.

‡ See Cibber's Life, p. 148.

the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden, for the excess and delicacy of his ambition*; to Henry IV. of France, for honest policy†; to the first Brutus for love of liberty‡; and to Sir Robert Walpole, for good government while in power.§ At another time to the godlike Soerates, for his diversions and amusements||; to Horace, Montaigne, and Sir William Temple, for an elegant vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired¶: to two Lord Chancellors for law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of eloquence** ; and to say all in a word, to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of London himself, in the art of writing pastoral letters††.

Nor did his actions fall short of the sublimity of his conceit. In his early youth he met the revolution‡‡ face to face in Nottingham, at a time when his betters contented themselves with following her. ' It was here he got acquainted with old Battle-array, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal odes.§§ But he shone in courts as well as in camps : he was called up when the nation fell in labour of this revolution|||, and was a gossip, at her christening, with the bishop and the ladies¶¶.

As to his birth, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to heathen god or goddess ; but, what is as good, he was descended from a maker of both***.

* C. Cibber's Life, p. 149. † Ib. p. 424. ‡ Ib. p. 366.

§ Ib. p. 457.

|| Ib. p. 18. ¶ Ib. p. 425.

** Ib. p. 463, 487.

†† Ib. p. 52. ‡‡ Ib. p. 47.

§§ ' Old Battle array in confusion is fled ;

And olive-rob'd Peace is come in his stead,' &c.

Cibber's Birth-day, or, New Year's Day Ode.

||| Cibber's Life, p. 57. ¶¶ Ib. p. 58, 59. *** A Statuary.

And that he did not pass himself on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault; for his lineage he bringeth into his life as an anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power to be thought no body's son at all:* and what is that but coming into the world a hero?

But be it (the punctilious laws of epic poesy so requiring) that a hero of more than mortal birth must needs be had; even for this we have a remedy. We can easily derive our hero's pedigree from a goddess of no small power and authority amongst men; and legitimate and instal him after the right classical and authentic fashion; for, like as the ancient sages found a son of Mars in a mighty warrior, a son of Neptune in a skilful seaman, a son of Phæbus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of Fortune in an artful gamester: and who fitter than the offspring of Chance to assist in restoring the empire of Night and Chaos?

There is, in truth, another objection of greater weight, namely,—that this hero still existeth, and hath not yet finished his earthly course. For, if Solon said well,

‘——ultima semper

Expectanda dies homini: dicique beatus

Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet:’

‘That no man could be called happy till his death, surely much less can any one, till then, be pronounced a hero; this species of men being far more subject than others to the caprices of fortune and humour.’ But to this also we have an

* Cibber's Life, p. 6.

answer, that will (we hope) be deemed decisive. It cometh from himself, who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested that he will never change or amend.

With regard to his vanity, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them. 'Nature (saith he) hath amply supplied me in vanity; a pleasure which neither the pertness of wit, nor the gravity of wisdom, will ever persuade me to part with*.' Our poet had charitably endeavoured to administer a cure to it; but he telleth us plainly, 'My superiors, perhaps, may be mended by him; but, for my part I own myself incorrigible. I look upon my follies as the best part of my fortune†. And with good reason: we see to what they have brought him!

Secondly, as to buffoonery, 'Is it (saith he) a time of day for me to leave off these fooleries, and set up a new character? I can no more put off my follies than my skin: I have often tried, but they stick too close to me; nor am I sure my friends are displeased with them, for in this light they afford them frequent matter of mirth,' &c. &c.‡ Having then so publicly declared himself incorrigible, he is become dead in law, (I mean the law *Epopsian*) and devolveth upon the poet as his property; who may take him and deal with him like an old Egyptian hero, that is to say, embowel and embalm him for posterity.

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own prophecy of himself from taking

* C. Cibber's Life, p. 424.

† Ib. p. 19.

‡ Ib. p. 17.

immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see alive! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these oracular words, 'My dulness will find somebody to do it right*.'

'Tandem Phœbus adest, morusque inferre parentem
Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, indurat hiatus.†'

* C. Cibber's Life, p. 243. octavo edit.

† Ovid, of the serpent biting at Orpheus's head.

PREFACE

PREFIXED TO THE

FIVE FIRST IMPERFECT EDITIONS OF THE DUNCIAD,

IN THREE BOOKS.

*Printed at Dublin and London, in octavo and duodecimo,
1727-*

THE PUBLISHER* TO THE READER.

It will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprising, that when any scandal is vented

* Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his Preface to Dürgen, 'That most judges are of opinion this Preface is not of English extraction, but Hibernian,' &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether the publisher or not, may be said, in a sort, to be the author of the poem. For, when he, together with Mr. Pope, (for reasons specified in the Preface to their Miscellanies) determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power, the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows:

against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the state or literature, the public in general afford it a most quiet reception, and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves: whereas, if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scribblers, booksellers, and printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason^h hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week, for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with pamphlets, advertisements,* letters, and

There was published in those Miscellanies a Treatise of the Bathos, or Art of Sinking in poetry, in which was a chapter where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part, at random. But such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that for many years, during the uncontrouled licence of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to show what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes that, by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them, either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it an happiness that, by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to his design. W.

* See the list of those anonymous papers, with their dates, and authors annexed, inserted before the poem.

weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person of Mr. Pope; and that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works, (which by modest computation may be about a hundred thousand* in these kingdoms of England and Ireland, not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the New World, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages) of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the author† of the following poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, joined with a greater personal love for him than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Further, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem‡

* It is surprising with what stupidity this Preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curl, Cooke, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Hear the Laureat (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9.) 'Though I grant the Dunciad a better poem of its kind than ever was writ, yet, when I read it with those vain-glorious incumbrances of notes and remarks upon it, &c.—it is amazing that you, who have writ with such masterly spirit upon the ruling passion, should be so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a low avarice of praise,' &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others were the author's own.) W.

† A very plain irony, speaking of Mr. Pope himself!

‡ The publisher, in these words, went a little too far; but it is certain whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him are of such; and the exception is only of two or three, whose dul-

attacked no man living who had not before printed or published some scandal against this gentleman.

How I came possessed of it, is no concern to the reader; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication; since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible: If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is, I cannot say (which is a great pity) there is certainly nothing in his style and manner of writing* which can distinguish or discover him; for if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope, it is not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to say affected) shortness, in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well informed that this work was the labour of full six years of his life,† and that

ness, impudent scurrilities, or self conceit, all mankind agreed to have justly entitled them to a place in the *Dunciad*.

* This irony had small effect in concealing the author. The *Dunciad*, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days, but the whole town gave it to Mr. Pope. W.

† This also was honestly and seriously believed by divers gentlemen of the *Dunciad*. J. Ralph, preface to *Sawney*; 'We are told it was the labour of six years, with the utmost assiduity and application: it is no great compliment to the author's sense to have employed so large a part of his life,' &c. So also Ward, preface to *Durgen*: 'The *Dunciad*, as the publisher very wisely confesses, cost the author six year's retirement from all the pleasures of life: though it is somewhat difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could be so long in hatching.' &c. But the

he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript:

‘Oh mihi bisseuos multum vigilata per annos,
Duncia!’*

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem: which, with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the *Iliad*, of Virgil the *Æneid*, of Camoëns the *Lusiad*, we may pronounce could have been, and can be, no other than

THE DUNCIAD.

It is styled heroic, as being doubly so; not only with respect to its nature, which, according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dared to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the names in the poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others in

length of time and closeness of application were mentioned to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it.

They just as well understood what Scriblerus said of the poem. W.

* The prefacer to *Curl's Key*, p. 3. took this word to be really in Statius: ‘By a quibble on the word *Duncia*, the *Dunciad* is formed.’ Mr. Ward also follows him in the same opinion. W.

their nitches: for whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible that the poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem. I should judge that they were clapped in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and changed from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decipher them; since, when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. Sir R. B.? &c. but now all that unjust scandal is saved, by calling him by a name which, by good luck, happens to be that of a real person.

LIST

OF

BOOKS, PAPERS, AND VERSES,

*In which our Author was abused before the Publication of the Dun-
ciad; with the true names of the Authors.*

REFLECTIONS Critical and Satirical on a late Rhapsody, called An Essay on Criticism. By Mr. Dennis. Printed by B. Lintot, price 6d.

A New Rehearsal; or Bayes the Younger; con-

taming an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a Word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. [By Charles Gildon.] Printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1s.

Homcrides ; or a Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by his intended Translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel, [Tho. Burnet and G. Duckett, Esquires.] Printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9d.

Æsop at the Bear-Garden ; a Vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. Preston. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6d.

The Catholic Poet ; or, Protestant Barnaby's sorrowful Lamentation ; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. Centlivre and others, 1715, price 1d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-Show at Bath, concerning the said Iliad. By George Duckett, Esq. Printed by E. Curl.

A complete Key to the What-d'ye-call it. Anon. [By Griffin, a player, supervised by Mr. Th——.] Printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a Letter to a Friend. Anon. [Dennis.] Printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3d.

The Confederates, a farce. By Joseph Gay. [J. D. Breval.] Printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1s.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's Translation of Homer ; with two Letters concerning the Windsor Forest, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis. Printed for E. Curl, 1717, price 1s. 6d.

Satires on the Translators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. [Bez. Morris,] 1717, price 6d.

The Triumvirate ; or, a Letter from Palæmon to

Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welsted,] 1711, folio, price 1s.

The Battle of Poets, an heroic poem. By Tho. Cooke. Printed for J. Roberts, folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. [Eliza Haywood,] octavo. Printed in 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in prose. By the author of the Critical History of England. [J. Oldmixon,] octavo. Printed 1728.

Guilliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample preface and critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. [By Jonathan Smedley.] Printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times; or, An Account of the Writings, Characters, &c. of several gentlemen libelled by S— and P. in a late Miscellany, octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in Letters to a Friend. By Mr. Dennis; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

VERSES, LETTERS, ESSAYS, OR ADVERTISEMENTS, IN
THE PUBLIC PRINTS.

British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. [Written by Mr. Concanen.]

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by Philomauri. James Moore Smith.

Idem, March 29. A Letter about Thersites, accusing the author of disaffection to the government. By James Moore Smith.

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's sinking in Reputation: or, a

Supplement to the Art of sinking in Poetry. [Supposed by Mr. Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By James Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 4. A Letter against Gulliver and Mr. P. [By Mr. Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April, 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the same. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement by James Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 13. Verses against Dr. Swift, and against Mr. P——'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the Translation of the Character of Thersites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr. P. at large. Anon. [John Dennis.]

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, entitled a Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements, occasioned by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, prefaced by Concanen. Anon. octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1s. Others, of an elder date, having lain as waste paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their authors betrayed by the mercenary booksellers, (in hopes of some possibility of vending a few) by

advertising them in this manner:—‘The Confederates, a farce. By Capt. Breval (for which he was put into the *Dunciad*.)—An Epilogue to *Powel’s Puppet-Show*. By Col. Duckett (for which he was put into the *Dunciad*.)—Essays, &c. By Sir Richard Blackmore. (N. B. It was for a passage of this book that Sir Richard was put into the *Dunciad*.) And so of others.

AFTER THE DUNCIAD, 1728.

An Essay on the *Dunciad*, octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9, it was formally declared, ‘That the complaint of the aforesaid libels and advertisements was forged and untrue; that all mouths had been silent except in Mr. Pope’s praise; and nothing against him published but by Mr. Theobald.’]

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the *Dunciad*; with a critique on that Poem. By J. Ralph [a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after.] Printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

A complete key to the *Dunciad*. By E. Curl, 12mo. price 6d.

A second and third edition of the same, with additions, 12mo.

The *Popiad*. By E. Curl, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo. price 6d.

The *Curliad*. By the same E. Curl.

The *Female Dunciad*. Collected by the same Mr. Curl, 12mo. price 6d. With the *Metamorphosis of P. into a stinging nettle*. By Mr. Foxton, 12mo.

The *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus*.

By J. Smedley, printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6d.

The Dunciad Dissected. By Curl and Mrs. Thomas, 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present Times. Said to be written by a gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon. Printed for J. Roberts, 8vo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with new Reflections, &c. By John Oldmixon, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. Dennis, dedicated to Theobald, octavo.

A Supplement to the Profound. Anon. By Matthew Concanen, octavo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long Letter, signed W. A. writ by some or other of the club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who, for some time, held constant weekly meetings for these kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter signed Philo-Scriblerus, on the name of Pope.—Letter to Mr. Theobald, in verse, signed B. M. [Bezaleel Morris,] against Mr. P——. Many other little epigrams, about this time, in the same papers, by James Moore and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying Post, Aug. 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, Aug. 8. Letter charging the author of the Dunciad with treason.

Durgen: A plain Satire on a pompous Satirist. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana Secunda. Being a collection of

VOL. XXI.

R

many of the libels in the newspapers, like the former volume under the same title, by Smedley. Advertised in the *Craftsman*, Nov. 9, 1728, with this remarkable promise, that 'Any thing which any body should send as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's, should be inserted and published as theirs.'

Pope Alexander's Supremacy and Infallibility examined, &c. By George Duckett and John Dennis, quarto.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the ivth chapter of Genesis. Writ by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A Paper of Verses by Leonard Welsted, which after came into One Epistle, and was published by James Moore, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of Dulness and Scandal, folio, 1731.

THERE HAVE BEEN SINCE PUBLISHED,

Verses on the Imitator of Horace [By a Lady, or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-Squire.] Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton Court, [Lord Harvey.] Printed for J. Roberts. Also folio.

A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis, in Covent Garden, octavo.

ADVERTISEMENT, —

TO THE

FIRST EDITION WITH NOTES, QUARTO, 1729.

IT will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the Duncaid than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipped into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt the author's own motive to use real rather than feigned names was, his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas, in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time: and the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very obscurity of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a secret, which most people love to be let into, though the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the persons, it was judged proper to give some account: for, since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive, (and here

survive they will as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen Anne and King George) it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, it is only as a paper pinned upon the breast to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient barely to transcribe from Jacob Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing: his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The imitations of the ancients are added, to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with some of the parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man think the poem too much a cento, our poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest, and upon which Vida, Fracastorus, and many of the most eminent Latin poets, professedly valued themselves.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FIRST EDITION OF
THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE DUNCIAD,
When printed separately in the year 1742.

WE apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three first books of the Dunciad that we publish this fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the library of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly showed it to be not only incorrect, but unfinished. That the author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said, that 'The design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it;' and, from the declaration in the argument to the third book, that 'The accomplishment of the prophecies therein, would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad.' But whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six books of the *Æneid*, though, perhaps, inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete: in which we also promise to insert any criticisms that shall be published (if at all to the purpose) with

the names of the authors; or any letters sent us (though not to the purpose) shall yet be printed, under the title of *Epistolæ obscurorum virorum*; which, together with some others of the same kind, formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this poem.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THE COMPLETE EDITION OF 1743.

I HAVE long had a design of giving some sort of notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his Essay on Man, and have since finished another on the Essay on Criticism. There was one already on the Dunciad, which had met with general approbation; but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous notes of Scriblerus, and even to those written by Mr. Cleland, Dr. Arbuthnot, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of personal reflections, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving this poem, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a more considerable hero. He was always sensible of its defect in

that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the hero it had, purely for want of a better, not entertaining the least expectation that such an one was reserved for this post as has since obtained the laurel: but since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to him or the Dunciad.

And yet, I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our author: this person was one who, from every folly (not to say vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a vanity; and therefore was the man in the world who would least be hurt by it.

W. W.

ADVERTISEMENT

PRINTED IN THE JOURNALS, 1730.

WHEREAS, upon occasion of certain pieces relating to the gentlemen of the Dunciad, some have been willing to suggest as if they had looked upon them as an abuse: we can do no less than own it is our opinion that to call these gentlemen bad authors is no sort of abuse, but a great truth. We cannot alter this opinion without some reason; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no wit, or poet, provided he procures a certificate of his being really such from any three of his companions in the Dunciad, or from Mr. Dennis singly, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number.

PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS

OF

MR. DRYDEN AND MR. POPE,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

MR. DRYDEN,

HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. DRYDEN is a mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good sense.* A true republican son of monarchical church.† A republican atheist.‡ Dryden was from the beginning an *αλλοπροσταλλος*, and I doubt not will continue so to the last.§

In the poem called Absalom and Achitophel, are notoriously traduced the King, the Queen, the Lords and Gentlemen: not only their honourable persons exposed, but the whole nation and its representatives notoriously libelled. It is *scandalum magnatum*, yea, of Majesty itself.||

He looks upon God's gospel as a foolish fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor.¶ His very Christianity may be questioned.** He ought to expect more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his reflections on others.†† With as good a right as his Holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibility.‡‡

* Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo. 1698. p. 6.

† Ib. p. 38.

‡ Ib. p. 192.

§ Ib. p. 3.

|| Whip and Key, 4to. printed for R. Janeway, 1682. pref.

¶ Ibid. ** Milbourn, p. 9. †† Ib. p. 175. ‡‡ Ib. p. 39.

PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS

OF

MR. POPE AND MR. DRYDEN,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

MR. POPE,

HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. POPE is an open and mortal enemy to his country, and the commonwealth of learning.* Some call him a Popish Whig, which is directly inconsistent.† Pope, as a Papist, must be a Tory and High-flyer.‡ He is both a Whig and Tory.§

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments.||

In his Miscellanies, the persons abused are the King, the Queen, his late Majesty, both Houses of Parliament, the Privy Council, the Bench of Bishops, the established Church, the present Ministry, &c. To make sense of some passages, they must be construed into royal scandal.¶

He is a Popish rhymester, bred up with a contempt of the Sacred Writings.** His religion allows him to destroy heretics, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword; and such were all those unhappy wits whom he sacrificed to his

* Dennis, Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. 12.

† Dunciad Dissected. ‡ Pref. to Gulliveriana. § Dennis, Character of Mr. P.

June 22, 1728. || Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal,

¶ List at the end of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements, 8vo. printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the preface to it, p. 6.

** Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 27.

MR. DRYDEN ONLY A VERSIFIER.

His whole libel is all bad matter, beautified (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre.* Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his versification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only is a question.†

MR. DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

Tonson calls it Dryden's Virgil, to show that this is not that Virgil so admired in the Augustan age, but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical writer.‡ None but a Bavius, a Mævius, or a Bathyllus, carped at Virgil: and none but such unthinking vermin admire his translator.§ It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles or Art of Love—but Virgil, who is all great and majestic, &c. requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expression; not an ambling muse, running on carpet-ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket-raeer.—He has numberless faults in his author's meaning, and in propriety of expression.||

MR. DRYDEN UNDERSTOOD NO GREEK NOR LATIN.

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster School: Dr. Busby would have whipt him for so childish a paraphrase.¶ The meanest pedant in England would whip a lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly.** The translator is

* Whip and Key, pref.
p. 84. ‡ Milbourn, p. 2.
§ Ib. p. 72. ** Ib. p. 203.

† Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism,
§ Ib. p. 35. || Ib. p. 22, and 102.

accursed Popish principles.* It deserved vengeance to suggest that Mr. Pope had less infallibility than his namesake at Rome.†

MR. POPE ONLY A VERSIFIER.

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit.‡ It must be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse.§

MR. POPE'S HOMER.

The Homer which Lintot prints does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him, one would swear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some bog for his Hippocrene.|| He has no admirers among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge.¶

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either genius or good sense, or any tolerable knowledge of English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his diction, and the harmony of his versification.—But this little author, who is so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expression.**

MR. POPE UNDERSTOOD NO GREEK.

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into English,

* Preface to *Gulliveriana*, p. 11.

† Collection of Verses, Letters, &c. p. 9.

‡ 3, 1728.

§ Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Homer.

|| Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 12.

¶ *Ib.* p. 14.

** Character of Mr. Pope, p. 17, and Remarks on Homer, p. 91.

mad, every line betrays his stupidity.* The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not, understand his author.† This shows how fit Mr. Dryden may be to translate Homer! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the printer well enough, but *ειχαρ* for *ιχαρ*, must be the error of the author: nor had he art enough to correct it at the press.‡ Mr. Dryden writes for the court ladies.—He writes for the ladies, and not for use.§

The translator put in a little burlesque now and then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheated subscribers.||

MR. DRYDEN TRICKED HIS SUBSCRIBERS.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conscious of his own unfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an undertaking! A man ought to value his reputation more than money; and not to hope that those who can read for themselves, will be imposed upon merely by a partially and unseasonably celebrated name.¶ *Poëtis quidlibet audendi* shall be Mr. Dryden's motto, though it should extend to picking of pockets.**

NAMES BESTOWED ON MR. DRYDEN.

An APE.] A crafty ape dressed up in a gaudy gown—Whips put into an ape's paw to play pranks with—None but apish and Papish brats will heed him.††

* Milbourn, p. 73.

§ Ib. p. 144. 190.

** Ib. p. 125.

† Ib. p. 206.

|| Ib. p. 67.

†† Whip and Key, pref.

‡ Ib. p. 19.

¶ Ib. p. 192.

of which he understands as little.* I wonder how this gentleman would look, should it be discovered that he has not translated ten verses together in any book of Homer with justice to the poet; and yet he dares reproach his fellow writers with not understanding Greek.† He has stuck so little to his original, as to have his knowledge in Greek called in question.‡ I should be glad to know which it is of all Homer's excellencies which has so delighted the ladies, and the gentlemen who judge like ladies.§

But he has a notable talent at burlesque; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he hath burlesqued Homer without designing it.||

MR. POPE TRICKED HIS SUBSCRIBERS.

It is indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a work: but it is too late to dissuade, by demonstrating the madness of the project. The subscribers' expectations have been raised in proportion to what their pockets have been drained of.¶ Pope has been concerned in jobs, and hired out his name to booksellers.**

NAMES BESTOWED ON MR. POPE.

An Ape.] Let us take the initial letter of his Christian name, add the initial and final letters of

* Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 12. † Daily Journal, April 23, 1728. ‡ Suppl. to the Profound Preface. § Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 66. || Dennis's Remarks, p. 23. ¶ Homerides, p. 1, &c. ** British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727.

AN ASS.] A camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another beast that crouches under all.*

A FROG.] Poet Squab, endued with poet Maro's spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of vermin, which would swell to the bulk of an ox.†

A COWARD.] A Clinias, or a Damætus, or a man of Mr. Dryden's own courage.‡

A KNAVE.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul, the knave of Jesus Christ: and, if I mistake not, I have read somewhat of John Dryden, servant to his majesty.§

A FOOL.] Had he not been such a self-conceited fool.|| Some great poets are positive blockheads.¶

A THING.] So little a thing as Mr. Dryden.**

* Milbourn, p. 105.

† Ib. p. 11.

‡ Ib. p. 176.

§ Ib. p. 57.

|| Whip and Key, pref.

¶ Milbourn, p. 34.

** Ib. p. 35.

his surname, viz. A. P. E. and they give you the same idea of an ape as his face,* &c.

AN ASS.] It is my duty to pull off the lion's skin from this little ass.†

A FROG.] A squab, short gentleman—a little creature that, like the frog in the fable, swells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an ox,‡

A COWARD.] A lurking, way-laying coward. §

A KNAVE.] He is one whom God and Nature have marked for want of common honesty. ||

A FOOL.] Great fools will be christened by the names of great poets, and Pope will be called Homer. ¶

A THING.] A little abject thing.**

* Dennis's Daily Journal, May 11, 1728.

† Dennis's

Rem. on Hom. Pref.

‡ Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of

the Lock, pref. p. 9.

§ Char. of Mr. P. p. 3.

|| Ib.

¶ Dennis's Rem. on Homer, p. 37.

** Ib. p. 8.

BY AUTHORITY.*

BY virtue of the Authority in Us vested by the Act for subjecting Poets to the Power of a Licenser, We have revised this piece; where finding the style and appellation of KING to have been given to a certain Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, of the name of TIBBALD;† and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a Reflection on Majesty, or at least an insult on that Legal Authority which has bestowed on another Person the Crown of Poesy: We have ordered the said Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this Work; and do declare the said Throne of Poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the LAUREATE‡ himself. And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do presume to fill the same:

* A stroke of satire on the act for licensing plays, which was opposed with equal wit and vehemence by many of our author's friends.

† Lewis Theobald.

‡ Colley Cibber.

BY THE AUTHOR,

A

DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain Haberdashers of Points and Particles, being instigated by the spirit of Pride, and assuming to themselves the name of Critics and Restorers, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our Glorious Ancestors, Poets of this Realm, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base allay, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish, utter, and vend as genuine; the said Haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or in any sort related to such Poets, to all or any of them. Now We, having carefully revised this our Dunciad, beginning with the words The mighty mother, and ending with the words buries All, containing the entire sum of One thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses, declare every word, figure, point, and comma, of this impression to be authentic: and do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever to erase, reverse, put between hooks, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow this our example, which we heartily wish our great Predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses. Provided always, that nothing in this Declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this Realm to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole, or in part, any Poem or Poet whatsoever.

Given under our hand at London, this third Day of January, in the year of our Lord One thousand seven hundred thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, Mayor.

THE
DUNCIAD.¹

TO
DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The Proposition, the Invocation, and the Inscription. Then the original of the great Empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The College of the Goddess in the city, with her private academy for poets in particular; the governors of it, and the four cardinal virtues. Then the Poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eye on Bayes, to be the instrument of that great event which is the subject of the Poem. He is described pensive among his books, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire. After debating whether to betake himself to the church, or to gaming, or to party-writing, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out, by casting upon it the Poem of Thule. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of Eusden, the Poet-Laureat, anoints him, carries him to Court, and proclaims him successor.

THE mighty mother, and her son, who brings
The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings,

REMARKS.

1 It is an inconvenience to which writers of reputation are subject, that the justice of their resentment is not always rightly

I sing. Say you, her instruments, the great!
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and fate;

REMARKS.

understood: for the calumnies of dull authors being soon forgotten, and those whom they aimed to injure not caring to recal to memory the particulars of false and scandalous abuse, their necessary correction is suspected of severity unprovoked. But in this case it would be but candid to estimate the chastisement on the general character of the offender, compared with that of the person injured. Let this serve with the candid reader in justification of the poet, and, on occasion, of the editor.

This Poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London, in twelves: another at Dublin, and another at London in octavo: and three others in twelves the same year: but there was no perfect edition before that of London in quarto, which was attended with notes. We are willing to acquaint posterity, that this poem was presented to King George II. and his Queen, by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728-9.

SCHOL. VET.

It was expressly confessed in the preface to the first edition, that this Poem was not published by the author himself. It was printed originally in a foreign country. And what foreign country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where, finding blauks only instead of proper names, these blunderers filled them up at their pleasure.

The very hero of the Poem hath been mistaken to this hour; so that we are obliged to open our notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn from the former editor, that this piece was presented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the author directly tells us, his hero is the man

——— who brings

The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings.

And it is notorious who was the person on whom this Prince conferred the honour of the laurel.

It appears as plainly from the apostrophe to the great in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an author in fashion, or caressed by the great: whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true hero; who, above all other poets of his time, was the peculiar delight and chosen com-

You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still dunce the second reigns like dunce the first;⁶
Say how the goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.

In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issued from the Thunderer's head,
Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of chaos and eternal night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave;
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.

Still her old empire to restore she tries,
For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.

O thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind;²⁴

REMARKS.

panion of the nobility of England; and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his works at the earnest desire of persons of quality.

Lastly, the sixth verse affords full proof: this poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a son so exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral capacities, that it could justly be said of him,

'Still dunce the second reigns like dunce the first.'

BENTLEY.

IMITATIONS.

6 Alluding to a verse of Mr. Dryden, not in *Mac Fleckno*, (as is said ignorantly in the *Key to the Dunciad*, p. 1.) but in his verses to Mr. Congreve.

'And Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.'

24 Relating to the papers of the *Drapier* against the currency of Wood's copper coin in Ireland; which, upon the great discontent of the people his Majesty was graciously pleased to recal. W.

From thy Bæotia though her pow'r retires,
Mourn not, my Swift! at ought our realm acquires.
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings outspread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.

Close to those walls' where folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
Where o'er the gates by his fam'd father's hand.³¹
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;
One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The cave of poverty and poetry:
Keen hollow winds howl through the black recess,
Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness:
Hence bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
Escape in monsters, and amaze the town:
Hence miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:⁴⁰
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines;⁴¹
Hence journals, medleys, mercuries, magazines:
Sepulchral lies, our holy walls to grace,
And New-year odes, and all the Grub-street race.

REMARKS.

31 —by his fam'd father's hand] Mr. Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the Poet-laureate. The two statues of the lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-Hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an artist.

40 Two booksellers, of whom see Book II. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench, for publishing obscene books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters. W.

IMITATIONS.

41 Hence hymning Tyburn's—hence, &c.]

' —Genus unde Latinum.

Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ.'

VIRG. Æn. 1.

In clouded majesty here Dulness shone,⁴⁵
 Four guardian virtues, round, support her throne :
 Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
 Of hisses, blows, or want or loss of ears :⁴⁸
 Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
 Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling sake :
 Prudence, whose glass presents the' approaching
 Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale, [jail :
 Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
 And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep,⁵⁵
 Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,
 Till genial Jacob, or a warm third day,⁵⁷
 Call forth each mass, a poem or a play :
 How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
 How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry,

REMARKS.

57 *Jacob Tonson* ; a bookseller who did honour to his profession.

IMITATIONS.

45 *In clouded majesty.*]

—— ‘The Moon

Rising in clouded majesty.———

MILTON. B. IV.

48 —— *that knows no fears*

Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears.]

‘*Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent.*’

HOR.

55 *Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep,*

Where nameless somethings, &c.]

that is to say, unformed things, which are either made into poems, or plays, as the booksellers or the players bid most. These lines allude to the following in Garth's *Dispensary*, canto vi.

‘Within the chambers of the globe they spy

The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,

Till the glad summons of a genial ray

Unbinds the globe, and calls them out to day.’ W.

Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
 And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
 Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
 And ductile dulness new meanders takes;⁶⁴
 There motley images her fancy strike,
 Figures ill-pair'd, and similies unlike.
 She sees a mob of metaphors advance,
 Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;
 How tragedy and comedy embrace;
 How farce and epic get a jumbled race;
 How time himself stands still at her command,
 Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land.
 Here gay description Egypt glads with showers,
 Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers;
 Glittering with ice here hoary hills are seen,
 There painted vallies of eternal green,
 In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
 And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these, and more, the cloud-compelling queen⁷⁹
Beholds through fogs that magnify the scene.
She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views ;
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.
'Twas on the day when * * rich and grave,
Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave :
(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and
 maces, [faces.]
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad

IMITATIONS.

64 *And ductile dulness, &c.*] A parody on a verse in Garth, canto i.

'How ductile matter new meanders takes.'

79 — the cloud-compelling queen.] From Homer's epithet of Jupiter, νεφεληγεγετα Ζεύς.

Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
 But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more.⁹⁰
 Now may'rs and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
 Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;
 While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
 Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
 Much to the mindful queen the feast recalls
 What city swans once sung within the walls:
 Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
 And sure succession down from Heywood's days.⁹⁸
 She saw with joy the line immortal run,
 Each sirc imprest and glaring in his son:
 So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
 Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
 She saw old Prynne in restless Daniel shine,¹⁰³
 And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line,¹⁰⁴

REMARKS.

90 Settle was poet to the city of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the pageants: but that part of the shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of City-poet ceased; so that upon Settle's demise there was no successor to that place.

98 *John Heywood.*] Whose interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

103 Daniel De Foe; a writer of considerable merit, who deserved to be placed in better company.

104 *And Eusden, &c.*] Laurence Eusden, Poet-laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of some few only of his works, which are very numerous. Mr. Cooke, in his *battle of Poets*, saith of him,

'Eusden, a laurel'd bard, by fortune rais'd,
 By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.

W.

104 *Sir Richard Blackmore*; a most voluminous author, both in prose and verse; who, as Dryden expresses it, 'writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels.'

She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,¹⁰⁵
 And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.
 In each she marks her image full express'd,
 But chief in Bayes's monster-breeding breast;
 Bayes, form'd by nature stage and town to bless,
 And act, and be, a coxcomb with success:
 Dulness with transport eyes the lively dunce,
 Remembering she herself was pertness once.
 Now (shame to fortune!) an ill run at play
 Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin third day:
 Swearing and supperless the hero sate,
 Blasphem'd his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fate;
 Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
 Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
 Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
 Yet wrote and flounder'd on in mere despair.
 Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,
 Much future ode, and abdicated play;
 Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
 That slip'd through cracks and zigzags of the head;
 All that on folly frenzy could beget,
 Fruits of dull heat, and sootierkins of wit.
 Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
 In pleasing memory of all he stole;
 How here he sip'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
 And suck'd all o'er like an industrious bug.

REMARKS.

105 *Like Tate's poor page.*] Nahum Tate was Poet-laureate; a cold writer, of no invention: but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his second part of *Absalom and Achitophel* are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned.—W.

Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
 The frippery of crucified Moliere;
 There hapless Shakspeare, yet of Tibbald sore,
 Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.
 The rest on outside merit but presume,
 Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room;
 Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
 Or their fond parents dress'd in red and gold;
 Or where the pictures for the page atone,
 And Quarles is sav'd by beauties not his own.
 Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great; ¹⁴¹
 There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines com-
 plete: ¹⁴²
 Here all his suffering brotherhood retire,
 And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
 A Gothic library! of Greece and Rome
 Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and
 Broome. ¹⁴⁶

REMARKS.

141 ' John Ogilby was one who, from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well style him the prodigy of his time! sending into the world so many large volumes! His translations of Homer and Virgil done to the life, and with such excellent sculptures: and, (what added great grace to his works) he printed them all on special good paper, and in a very good letter.'—*Winstanley, Lives of Poets.*

142 ' The Duchess of Newcastle was one who busied herself in the ravishing delights of poetry; leaving to posterity in print three ample volumes of her studious endeavours.'—*Winstanley, ibid.* Langbaine reckons up eight folios of her Grace's, which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

146 — *worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.*] The poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our hero in his three capacities. 1. Settle was his brother laureate; only indeed upon half-pay, for the City instead of the Court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions,

But, high above, more solid learning shone,
 The classics of an age that heard of none ;
 There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side, ¹⁴⁹
 One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide ;
 There, sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
 Dry bodies of divinity appear :

De Lyra there a dreadful front extends, ¹⁵³
 And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends. ¹⁵⁴

Of these, twelve volumes, twelve of ample size,
 Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
 Inspir'd, he seizes: these an altar raise ;
 An hecatomb of pure unsullied lays
 That altar crowns ; a folio common-place
 Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base :
 Quartos, octavos, shape the lessening pyre,
 A twisted birth-day ode completes the spire.

REMARKS.

such as shows, birth-days, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in tragedy though more successful in one of his tragedies, the Earl of Essex, which is yet alive : Anna Boleyn, the Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great, are dead and gone. These he dressed in a sort of beggar's velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick fustian and thin prosaic ; exactly imitated in Perolla and Isidora, Cæsar in Egypt, and the Heroic Daughter. 3. Broome was a serving-man of Ben Jonson, who once picked up a comedy from his betters, or from some cast scenes of his master's, not entirely contemptible.—W.

¹⁴⁹ *Caxton*. A printer in the time of Henry VI. Rich. III. and Henry VII. *Wynkyn de Wprd*, his successor, in that of Henry VII. and VIII.

¹⁵³ *Nich. de Lyra* ; or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were printed in 1472.

¹⁵⁴ *Philemon Holland*, doctor in physic. ' He translated so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else ; inso-much that he might be called Translator-General of his age. The books alone of his turning into English, are sufficient to make a country gentleman a complete library.'

Then he : ' Great tamer of all human art !
 First in my care, and ever at my heart ;
 Dulness ! whose good old cause I yet defend,
 With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end,¹⁶⁶
 E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig was praise,
 To the last honours of the Butt and Bays :
 O thou ! of business the directing soul
 To this our head, like bias to the bowl,
 Which, as more ponderous, made its aim more true,
 Obliquely wandering to the mark in view :
 Oh ! ever gracious to perplex mankind,
 Still spread a healing mist before the mind ;
 And, lest we err by wit's wild dancing light,
 Secure us kindly in our native night.
 Or, if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
 Guard the sure barrier between that and sense ;
 Or quite unravel all the reasoning thread,
 And hang some curious cobweb in its stead !
 As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
 And ponderous slugs cut swiftly through the sky ;
 As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
 The wheels above urg'd by the load below ; -
 Me emptiness and dulness could inspire,
 And were my elasticity and fire.
 Some demon stole my pen (forgive the' offence)
 And once betray'd me into common sense :
 Else all my prose and verse were much the same
 This prose on stilts, that poetry fall'n lame.
 Did on the stage my fops appear confin'd ?
 My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.

IMITATIONS.

166 *With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end.*]

' A te principium, tibi desinet.—

VIRG. Ecl. viii.

'Εκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα, καὶ εἰς Δία λήγῃς Μοῦσαι. THEOC.

' Prima dicte mihi, summa dicenda Camœna.'

HOR.

Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove?
 The brisk example never fail'd to move.
 Yet sure, had Heaven decreed to save the state, ¹⁹⁵
 Heaven had decreed these works a longer date.
 Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand, ¹⁹⁷
 This gray-goose weapon must have made her stand.
 What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside, [¹⁹⁸
 Take up the Bible, once my better guide?
 Or tread the path by venturous heroes trod,
 This box my thunder, this right hand my god? ²⁰⁰
 Or chair'd at White's amidst the doctors sit,
 Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit?
 Or bid'st thou rather party to embrace?
 (A friend to party thou, and all her race;
 'Tis the same rope at different ends they twist;
 To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist) ²⁰³
 Shall I, like Curtius, desperate in my zeal,
 O'er head and ears plunge for the commonweal?
 Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
 And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?
 Hold—to the minister I more incline;
 To serve his cause, O Queen! is serving thine.

REMARKS.

208 *George Ridpath*, author of a Whig paper, called the *Flying Post*: *Nath. Mist.* of a famous Tory journal.—W.

IMITATIONS.

195 — *had Heaven decreed, &c.*]

‘*Me si cœlicolæ voluissent ducere vitam,*

Has mihi servassent sedes.’—

VIRG. *Æn.* II.

197, 198 *Could Troy be sav'd—This gray-goose weapon.*]

‘—*Si Pergama dextra*

Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.’

VIRG. *ibid.*

202 *This box my thunder, this right hand my god?*]

‘*Dextra mihi Deus, et telum quod missile libro.*’

VIRGIL, of the Gods of Mezentius.

And see! thy very Gazetteers give o'er,
 Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
 What then remains? Ourselves. Still, still remain²¹⁷
 Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
 This brazen brightness to the 'squire so dear;
 This polish'd hardness that reflects the peer:
 This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights,
 This mess, toss'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
 Where dukes and butchers join to wreath my crown,
 At once the bear and fiddle of the town.

' O born in sin, and forth in folly brought!
 Works damn'd, or to be damn'd, (your father's fault)
 Go, purified by flames ascend the sky,
 My better and more Christian progeny!
 Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets,²²⁹
 While all your smutty sisters walk the streets.
 Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,²³¹
 Sent with a pass and vagrant through the land;²³²
 Nor sail with Ward to ape-and-monkey climes,²³³
 Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes;

REMARKS.

217 An happy parody on the famous *Moi* in Corneille's *Medea*.

231, 232 —*gratis-given Bland*, — *Sent with a pass*.] It was a practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer, and ministerial pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer), and to send them post-free to all the towns in the kingdom.—W.

233 — *with Ward to ape-and-monkey climes*.] 'Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the London Spy, in prose. He has of late years kept a public house

IMITATIONS.

229 *Unstain'd, untouch'd, &c.*]

' ———Felix Priameia virgo!

Jussa mori: quæ sortitus non pertulit ullos,

Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!

Nos, patria incensa, diversa par æquora vectæ,' &c.

VIRG. *Æn.* III.

Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an ale-house fire !
 Not wrap up oranges to pelt your sire !
 O ! pass more innocent, in infant state,
 To the mild limbo of our father Tate :²³⁸
 Or peaceably forgot, at once be bless'd
 In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest !²⁴⁰
 Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
 Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.

With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace !
 Stole from the master of the seven-fold face ;
 And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand,²⁴⁵
 And thrice he drop'd it from his quivering hand ;
 Then lights the structure with averted eyes,
 The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.
 The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
 Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns ;²⁵⁰
 Great Cæsar roars and hisses in the fires ;
 King John in silence modestly expires :

REMARKS.

in the city, (but in a genteel way,) and with his wit, humour, and good liquor, (ale) afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the High church party.' JACOB, *Lives of the Poets*, Vol. II. p. 225. Great numbers of his works were yearly sold into the *Plantations*.—Ward, in a book called *Apoilo's Maggot*, declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public-house was not in the city, but in Moorfields.

238, 240—*Tate—Shadwell*] Two of his predecessors in the laurel. W.

IMITATIONS.

245 *And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand.*] Ovid, of Althæa on a like occasion, burning her offspring :

' Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem,
 Cœpta quater tenuit.'

250 *Now flames the Cid, &c.*]

' —Jam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam,
 Vulcano superante domos; jam proximus ardet
 Ucalegon.'

No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
 Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.
 Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
 When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.

Rous'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head,
 Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulé from her bed;²⁵⁸
 Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre:
 Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.

Her ample presence fills up all the place;
 A veil of fogs dilates her awful face: [may'rs²⁶³
 Great in her charms! as when on shrieves and
 She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
 She bids him wait her to her sacred dome:
 Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.
 So spirits, ending their terrestrial race,
 Ascend, and recognize their native place.
 This the great mother dearer held than all²⁶⁹
 The clubs of quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:
 Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her owls,
 And here she plan'd the' imperial seat of fools.

REMARKS.

258 *Thule.*] An unfinished poem by Ambrose Philips.

IMITATIONS.

263 *Great in her charms! as when on shrieves and may'rs
 She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.*

'Alma parens confessa deam; qualisque videri
 Cœlicolis, et quanta solet. VIRG. Æn. II.

'Et lætos oculis afflavit honores. Id. Æn. I.

269 *This the great mother, &c.*]

'Urbs antiqua fuit———
 Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam
 Post habita coluisse Samo: hic illius arma,
 Hic currus fuit: hic regnum Dea gentibus esse
 (Si qua fata sinant) jam tum tenditque fovetque.'
 VIRG. Æn. I.

Here to her chosen all her works she shows,
 Prose swell'd to verse, verse loitering into prose :
 How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
 Now leave all memory of sense behind :
 How prologues into préfaces decay,
 And these to notes are fritter'd quite away :
 How index-learning turns no student pale,
 Yet holds the eel of science by the tail :
 How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
 Less human genius than God gives an apé,
 Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
 A past, vamp'd, future, old reviv'd, new piece,
 'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakspeare, and Corneille,
 Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.²⁸⁶

REMARKS.

286 —*Tibbald.*] Lewis Tibbald, (as pronounced) or Theobald, (as written) was bred an attorney, and son to an attorney (says Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was author of some forgotten plays, translations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called *The Censor*, and a translation of Ovid. 'There is a notorious idiot, one hight Whachum, who, from an under spur-leather to the law, is become an under-strapper to the play-house, who hath lately burlesqued the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid by a vile translation, &c. This fellow is concerned in an impertinent paper called *The Censor*.' DENNIS,* *Rein. on Pope's Homer*, p. 9, 10.

286 *Ozell.*] 'Mr. John Ozell (if we credit Mr. Jacob) did go to school in Leicestershire, where somebody left him something to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for priesthood; but he chose rather to be placed in an office of accounts in the City, being qualified for the same by his skill in arithmetic, and writing the necessary hands. He has obliged the world with many translations of French plays.' JACOB, *lives of Dram. Poets*, p. 198.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell seems vastly short of his merits, and he ought to have further justice done him, having since fully confuted all sarcasms on his learning and genius, by an advertisement of Sept. 20, 1729, in a paper called *The Weekly Medley*, &c. 'As to my learning, this envious wretch knew, and every body

The goddess then o'er his anointed head,
 With mystic words, the sacred opium shed.
 And, lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
 Something betwixt a Heidegger and owl)
 Perch'd on his crown:—All hail! and hail again,
 My son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
 Known Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
 He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;
 Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,
 Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,²⁹⁶

REMARKS.

knows, that the whole bench of bishops, not long ago, were pleased to give me a purse of guineas for discovering the erroneous translations of the Common-Prayer in Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian, &c. As for my genius, let Mr. Cleland shew better verses in all Pope's Works than Ozell's version of Boileau's *Lutrin*, which the late Lord Halifax was so pleased with, that he complimented him with leave to dedicate it to him, &c. Let him shew better and truer poetry in the *Rape of the Lock*, than in Ozell's *Rape of the Bucket* (*La Secchia rapita*). And Mr. Toland and Mr. Gildon publicly declared Ozell's translation of Homer to be, as it was prior, so likewise superior to Pope's.—Surely, surely, every man is free to deserve well of his country.'

JOHN OZELL.

We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testimonies as those of the Bench of Bishops, Mr. Toland, and Mr. Gildon. W.

296 *Withers* was a great pretender to poetical zeal against the vices of the times, and abused the greatest personages in power, which brought upon him frequent correction. The Marshalsea and Newgate were no strangers to him. *Winstanley.*

296 *Gildon.*] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels, of the last age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jesuits; but renouncing popery, he published Blunt's books against the divinity of Christ, the oracles of reason, &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays; abused Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the *Life of Mr. Wycherley*, printed by Curl; in another, called *The New Rehearsal*, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled *The Complete Art of English Poetry*. in two volumes; and others. W.

And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,²⁹⁷
 With fool of quality completes the quire.
 Thou, Cibber! thou his laurel shalt support;
 Folly, my son, has still a friend at court.
 Lift up your gates, ye princes, see him come!
 Sound, sound ye viols, be the cat-call dumb!
 Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine,
 The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.³⁰⁴
 And thou! his aid-de-camp, lead on my sons,
 Light-arm'd with points, antitheses, and puns.
 Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
 Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear:
 And under his, and under Archer's wing,
 Gaming in Grub-street skulk behind the king.

‘Oh! when shall rise a monarch all our own,³¹¹
 And I, a nursing-mother, rock the throne;
 ’Twixt prince and people close the curtain draw,
 Shade him from light, and cover him from law;
 Fatten the courtier, starve the learned band,
 And suckle armies, and dry-nurse the land:
 Till senates nod to lullabies divine,
 And all be sleep, as at an ode of thine?’

REMARKS.

297 *Howard.*] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the *British Princes*, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

IMITATIONS.

304 *The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.*]

‘— Quorum imagines lambunt

Hederæ sequaces.

PER.

311 *O! when shall rise a monarch, &c.*] Boileau, *Lutrin* chant ii.

‘*Helas! qu’est devenu ce tems, cet heureux tems,
 Ou les rois s’honoroient du nom de faineans,*’ &c.

She ceas'd. Then swells the Chapel-royal throat;
 ' God save king Cibber !' mounts in every note.
 Familiar White's, ' God save king Colley !' cries ;
 ' God save king Colley !' Drury-lane replies :
 To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
 But pious Needham dropt the name of God ;³²⁴
 Back to the devil the last echoes roll,³²⁵
 And ' Coll ?' each butcher roars at Hoekley-hole.

So when Jove's block descended from on high,
 (As sings thy great forefather Ogilby)
 Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
 And the hoarse nation croak'd, ' God save king
 Log !'

REMARKS.

324—*pious Needham.*] A matron of great fame and very religious in her way; whose constant prayer it was, that she might ' get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, and make her peace with God.' But her fate was not so happy; for being convicted, and set in the pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great friends and votaries) so ill used by the populace, that it put an end to her days. W.

325 The Devil tavern in Fleet-street, where the court-odes were usually rehearsed.

BOOK II.

 ARGUMENT.

The King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public games and sports of various kinds ; not instituted by the hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the goddess in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyssey XXIV. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles). Hither flock the poets and critics, attended, as is but just, with their patrons and booksellers. The goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a poet, which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a poetess. Then follow the exercises for the poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving ; the first holds forth the arts and practices of dedicators, the second of disputants and fustian poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty party-writers. Lastly, for the critics the goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, the one in verse and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping : the various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth, till the whole number, not of critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep ; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone¹
 Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,²

REMARKS.

2 *Henley.*] Orator Henley—See Book III. ver. 199.

2 *Fleckno's Irish throne.*] Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels.

IMITATIONS.

1 *High on a gorgeous seat.*] Parody of Milton, Book II.

'High on a throne of royal state, that far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,

Or that where on her Curls the public pours,³
 All-bounteous, fragrant grains and golden show'rs,
 Great Cibber sate : the proud Parnassian sneer,
 The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
 Mix on his look : all eyes direct their rays
 On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze.
 His peers shine round him with reflected grace,
 New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face.
 So from the sun's broad beam, in shallow urns,
 Heaven's twinkling sparks draw light, and point
 their horns.

Not with more glée, by hands pontific crown'd,
 With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
 Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,¹⁵
 Thron'd on seven hills, the antichrist of wit.

REMARKS.

I doubt not our author took occasion to mention him in respect to the poem of Mr. Dryden. to which this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the *Ænied* from the *Iliad*, or the *Lutrin* of Boileau from the *Défaite des Bouts rimes* of Sarazin. W.

3 Edmund Curl stood in the pillory at Charing Cross, March 1727-8.

15 Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who, hearing the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called *Alexias*. He was introduced as a huffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the laurel; a jest which the court of Rome and the Pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which, it is recorded, the poet himself was so transported as to weep for joy.* He was ever after a constant

IMITATIONS.

Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
 Show'rs on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,
 Satan exalted sate.²—

* See life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
 By herald hawkers high heroic games.
 They summon all her race: an endless band
 Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land;
 A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
 In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
 From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
 On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots;
 All who true dunces in her cause appear'd,
 And all who knew those dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their stand,
 Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
 But now (so Anne and piety ordain)
 A church collects the saints of Drury-lane.

With authors, stationers obey'd the call;
 (The field of glory is a field for all)
 Glory and gain the' industrious tribe provoke,
 And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
 A poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,³⁵
 And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;

REMARKS.

frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. *Paulus Jovius, Elog. Vir. doct. cap. xxxii.* Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada in his Pro-
 lusions. W.

IMITATIONS.

35 *A poet's form she plac'd before their eyes.*] This is what Juno does to deceive Turnus, *Æn. X.*

' Tum Dea nube cava, tenuem sine viribus umbram
 In faciem Æneæ (visu mirabile monstrum!)
 Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubasque
 Divini assimilat capitis—
 ———Dat inania verba,
 Dat sine mente sonum——'

The reader will observe how exactly some of these verses suit with their allegorical application here to a plagiarist. There seems to me a great propriety in this episode, where such an one is imaged by a phantom that deludes the grasp of the expecting bookseller.

No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
 In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin,
 But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise, 52
 Twelve starveling bards of these degenerate days.
 All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
 She form'd this image of well-bodied air;
 With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head,
 A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
 And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
 But senseless, lifeless idol, void and vain!
 Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
 A fool so just a copy of a wit;
 So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
 A wit it was, and call'd the phantom Moore. 56

All gaze with ardour: some a poet's name,
 Others a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame;
 But lofty Lintot in the circle rose, 53
 ' This prize is mine, who tempt it are my focs;
 With me began this genius, and shall end.'
 He spoke; and who with Lintot shall contend?

Fear held them mute. Alone untaught to fear,
 Stood dauntless Curl: ' Behold that rival here! 58

REMARKS.

52 *Moore.*] Curl, in his *Key to the Dunciad*, affirmed this to be James Moore Smith, Esq.

53 We enter here upon the Episode of the Booksellers; persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the authors in this Poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a bull. This eminent bookseller printed the *Rival Modes* before mentioned. W.

58 *Stood dauntless Curl.*] We come now to a character of much IMITATIONS.

29 *But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise.*]

' Vix illud lecti bis sex—

Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.'

VIRG. Æn. XII.

The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won ;
 So take the hindmost, hell,' he said, and run. ⁶⁰
 Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind, ⁶¹
 He left huge Lintot, and outstript the wind.

REMARKS.

respect, that of Mr. Edmund Curl. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever; he caused them to write what he pleased: they could not call their very names their own. He was not only famous among these; he was taken notice of by the State, the Church, and the Law, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all possible dignity; he speaks like the intrepid Diomed; he runs like the swift-footed Achilles; if he falls, it is like the beloved Nisus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praises) he is favoured of the gods: he says but three words, and his prayer is heard; a goddess conveys it to the seat of Jupiter. Though he loses the prize, he gains the victory; the great mother herself comforts him, she inspires him with expedients, she honours him with an immortal present (such as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus) at once instructive and prophetic. After this, he is unrivalled and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations: many weighty animadversions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verses to

IMITATIONS.

⁶⁰ *So take the hindmost, hell.]*

' Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinqui est.'

HOR. de. Arte.

⁶¹, &c.] Something like this is in Homer, Iliad X. ver. 220, of Diomed. Two different manners of the same author in his similes are also imitated in the two following; the first, of the Bailiff, is short, unadorned (and as the critics well know) from familiar life; the second, of the Water-fowl, more extended, picturesque, and from rural life. The 59th verse is likewise a literal translation of one in Homer.

W.

As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
 On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops ; ⁶⁴
 So labouring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
 Wide as a windmill all his figure spread,
 With arms expanded Bernard rows his state, ⁶⁷
 And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.
 Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
 Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make : ⁷⁰

REMARKS.

any other, he owed Mr. Curl some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his writings ; witness innumerable instances ; but it shall suffice only to mention the Court Poems, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a lady of quality ; but being first threatened, and afterwards punished for it by Mr. Pope, he generously transferred it from her to him, and ever since printed it in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favours since received from him : so true is the saying of Dr. Sydenham, ' That any one shall be, at some time or other, the better or the worse for having but seen or spoken to a good or bad man.' W.

⁷⁰ *Curl's Corinna.*] This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs. Thomas, who procured some private letters of Mr. Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and sold them without the consent of either of those gentlemen to Curl, who printed them in 12mo. 1727. He discovered her to be the publisher in his Key, p. 11. We

IMITATIONS.

64, 65 *On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops ;
 So labouring on, with shoulders, hands, and head.*]

' —So eagerly the fiend

O'er bog, o'er steep, through streight, rough, dense, or rare,
 With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.

MILTON. Book II.

67, 68 *With arms expanded Bernard rows his state.*

And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.]

Milton, of the motion of the swan,

' —rows

His state with oary feet.'

And Dryden, of another's—*With two left legs—*

(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
 Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop)
 Here fortun'd Curl to slide; loud shout the band,⁷³
 And 'Bernard! Bernard!' rings through all the
 Strand.⁷⁴

Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd,
 Fall'n in the splash his wickedness had laid:
 Then first (if poets aught of truth declare)
 The caitiff vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.

'Hear, Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
 As much at least as any god's, or more;
 And him and his, if more devotion warms,
 Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's arms.'⁸²

A place there is betwixt earth, air, and seas,⁸³
 Where, from ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
 There in his seat two spacious vents appear,
 On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,

REMARKS.

only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer. W.

82 The Bible, Curl's sign: the Cross Keys, Lintot's.

IMITATIONS.

73 *Here fortun'd Curl to slide.*]

'Labitur infelix, cæsis ut forte juvenis
 Fusus humum, viridesque super madefecerat herbas
 Concidit, immundoque limo, sacroque cruröre.'

VIRG. *Æn.* V. of Nisus.

74 *And Bernard! Bernard!]*

'—Ut littus, Hyla! Hyla! omne sonaret.'

VIRG. *Ecl.* VI.

83 *A place there is betwixt earth, air, and seas.*]

'Orbe locus medio est, inter terrasque, fretumque,
 Cælestesque plagas.—

OVID. *Mét.* xii.

And hears the various vows of fond mankind ;
 Some beg an eastern, some a western wind :
 All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
 With reams abundant this abode supply :
 Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills,
 Sign'd with that ichor which from gods distils.

In office here fair Cloacina stands,⁹³
 And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
 Forth from the heap she pick'd her votary's pray'r,
 And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare !
 Oft had the goddess heard her servant's call,
 From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
 Listening delighted to the jest unclean
 Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene ;
 Where as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
 She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
 Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
 As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
 Vigorous he rises ; from the' effluvia strong
 Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along ;
 Repasses Lintot, vindicates the race,
 Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.¹⁰⁸

And now the victor stretched his eager hand
 Where the tall nothing stood, or seem'd to stand .
 A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,¹¹¹
 Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.

REMARKS.

93 The Roman goddess of the common-sewers.

IMITATIONS.

108 *Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.*]

' —Faciem ostentabat, et udo

Turpia membra fimo.'—

VIRG. *ÆN.* V.

111 *A shapeless shade, &c.*]

' —Effugit imago

Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.'

VIRG. *ÆN.* VI.

To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care ;
 His papers light, fly diverse, toss'd in air ;¹¹⁴
 Songs, sonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift,
 And wisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.¹¹⁶
 The' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey ;
 That suit an unpaid tailor snatch'd away.

No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit.
 That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ.

Heaven rings with laughter : of the laughter vain,
 Dullness, good queen, repeats the jest again.
 Three wicked imps, of her own Grub-street choir,
 She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior ;¹²⁴
 Mears, Warner, Wilkins, run : delusive thought !¹²⁵
 Breval, Bond, Bezaleel, the varlets caught.
 Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
 He grasps an empty Joseph for a John :¹²⁸

REMARKS.

116 *Evans, Young, and Swift.*] Some of those persons whose writings, epigrams, or jests, he had owned.

124 *Like Congreve, Addison, and Prior.*] These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary.—Bezaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers—'Bond writ a satire against Mr. P—'. Capt. Breval was author of *The Confederates*, an ingenious dramatic performance, to expose Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. Arbuthnot, and some ladies of quality,' says Curl, Key, p. 11.

W.

125 *Mears, Warner, Wilkins.*] Booksellers and printers of much anonymous stuff.

W.

128 *Joseph Gay.*] A fictitious name put by Curl before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr. Gay's. The ambiguity of the word *Joseph*, which likewise signified a loose upper coat, gives much pleasantry to the idea.

IMITATIONS.

114 *His papers light, fly diverse, toss'd in air.*] Virgil, *Æn.* VI. of the Sibyl's leaves :

'Carmina

Turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.'

So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape.

To him the goddess: 'Son! thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole allusion on the town.
As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
By names of toasts retails each batter'd jade;
(Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Maries)
Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;
Cooke shall be Prior; and Concanen, Swift:¹³⁸
So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we, too, boast our Garth and Addison.'

With that she gave him (piteous of his case,¹⁴¹
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)
A shaggy tap'stry, worthy to be spread
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;¹⁴⁴

REMARKS.

138 *Cooke shall be Prior.*] The man here specified writ a thing called the Battle of Poets, in which Philips and Welsted were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the British, London, and Daily Journals; and, at the same time, wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of Hesiod, to which Theobald wrote notes, and half notes, which he carefully owned. W.

138 — *and Concanen, Swift.*] In the first edition of this poem there were only asterisks in this place; but the names were since inserted, merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader.

144 *Dunton's modern bed.*] John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribbler; he writ 'Neck or Nothing,' a violent

IMITATIONS.

141, 142. — (*piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face*)

' — Risit pater optimus olli. —

Me liceat casus miserari insontis amici.

Sic fatus, tergum Gætuli immane leonis.' &c.

VIRG. Æn. V.

Instructive work ! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
 Display'd the fates her confessors endure.
 Earless on high stood unabash'd De Foe,
 And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below ;¹⁴⁸
 There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might he view,¹⁴⁹
 'The very worsted still look'd black and blue ;
 Himself among the storied chiefs he spies,¹⁵¹
 As, from the blanket, high in air he flies, [knows
 And 'Oh ! (he cried) what street, what lane but
 Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows ?
 In every loom our labours shall be seen,
 And the fresh vomit run for ever green !¹⁵⁶

REMARKS.

satire on some ministers of state ; a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c. W.

148 John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called 'The Observator,' he was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the West of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

149 *There Ridpath, Roper.*] Authors of the Flying-Post, and Post-Boy, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so. W.

151 The history of Curl's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting see a full and true account of a horrid revenge on the body of Edmund Curl, &c. in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. W.

IMITATIONS.

151 *Himself among the storied chiefs he spies.*]

* Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis—
 Constitit, et lacrymans : Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate !
 Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris ?

VIRG. Æn. I.

156 *And the fresh vomit run for ever green !*] A parody of these lines of a late noble author :

• His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
 And run for ever purple in the looms.'

See in the circle next Eliza plac'd,¹⁵⁷
 Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;¹⁵⁸
 Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
 In flowers and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.¹⁶⁰

The Goddess then: 'Who best can send on high
 The salient spout, far streaming to the sky,
 His be yon Juno of majestic size,¹⁶³
 With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes,
 This China jordan let the 'chief o'ercome¹⁶⁵
 Replenish, not ingloriously, at home.'

Osborne and Curl accept the glorious strife;¹⁶⁷
 ('Though this his son dissuades, and that his wife)

REMARKS.

157 Eliza Haywood: this woman was authoress of those most scandalous books, called the Court of Carimania and the New Utopia. For the two Babes of Love, see Curl, Key, p. 22. W:

160 Kirkall.] The name of an engraver. Some of this lady's works were printed in four volumes, in 12mo. with her picture thus dressed up before them. W.

167 Osborne, Thomas.] A bookseller in Gray's Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; therefore placed here instead of a less deserving predecessor. This man published advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr. Pope's subscription-books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: of which books

IMITATIONS.

158 *Two babes of love close clinging to her waist.*]

'Cressa genus, Pholoe, geninique sub ubere nati.'

VIRG. Æn. V.

163 — yon Juno —

With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.]

In allusion to Homer's Βοῶπις ὠκυπλά' Ἥγη.

165 *This China jordan.*]

'Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito.'

VIRG. Æn. VI.

In the games of Homer, Iliad XXIII. there are set together as prizes a lady and a kettle, as in this place Mrs. Haywood and a jordan. But there the preference in value is given to the kettle, at which Madame Dacier is justly displeased. Mrs. H. is here treated with distinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two. W.

One on his manly confidence relies,¹⁶⁹
 One on his vigour and superior size.
 First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post;
 It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
 So Jove's bright bow displays its watry round¹⁷³
 (Sure sign that no spectator shall be drown'd.)
 A second effort brought but new disgrace,
 The wild meander wash'd the artist's face;
 Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,
 Spirts in the gardner's eyes who turns the cock.
 Not so from shameless Curl; impetuous spread
 The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head.
 So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)¹⁸¹
 Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;

REMARKS.

he had none; but cut to the size of them (which was quarto) the common books in folio, without copper-plates, on a worse paper. and never above half the value. W.

IMITATIONS.

169, 170. *One on his manly confidence relies,
 One on his vigour.*]

'Ille—melior motu, fretusque juvena;
 Hic membris et mole valens.'

VIRG. ÆN. V.

173, 174. *So Jove's bright bow—
 Sure sign.*]

The words of Homer, of the rainbow, in Iliad XI.

———*as πρὸς Κρονίων*

'*Ἐν νεφέῃ σφριγὲς ἑστῆας μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.*

181, 182. *So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns.)
 Eridanus.*]

Virgil mentions these two qualifications of Eridanus, Georg. IV.

'*Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu,
 Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
 In mare purpureum violentior effluit amnis.*'

The poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flowed through the skies. Denham, Cooper's Hill :

Through half the heav'ns he pours the' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes;
Still happy impudence obtains the prize.

Thou triumph'st, victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, soft-smiling, lead'st away.

Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the jordan, walks contented home.

But now for authors nobler palms remain;
Room for my Lord! three jockies in his train;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nouse with a stare.
His honour's meaning Dulness thus express'd,
'He wins this patron who can tickle best.'

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
With ready quills the dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dextrous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels the' imputed sense;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace:
Rolli the feather to his car conveys;²⁰³
Then his nice taste directs our operas:
Bentley his mouth with classic flattery opes,²⁰⁵
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.

REMARKS.

203 Paolo Antonio Rolli, an Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas. W.

205 Bentley his mouth, &c.] Not spoken of the famous Dr.

IMITATIONS.

'Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame's in thine, like lesser currents, lost;
Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods.'

But Welsted most the poet's healing balm²⁰⁷
 Strives to extract from his soft-giving palm.
 Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master,
 The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster.

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
 And quick sensations skip from vein to vein,
 A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
 Puts his last refuge all in Heav'n and pray'r.
 What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
 Her sister sends, her votress from above.

REMARKS.

Richard Bentley, but of one Thomas Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a *little Horace*. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the ministry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord Harley.

207 — *Welsted*.] Leonard Welsted, author of the *Triumvirate*, or a Letter in verse from Palæmon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends, about the year 1718. He writ other things, which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, mentions one, the Hymn of a Gentleman to his Creator: and there was another in praise either of a cellar, or a garret. L. W. characterized in the treatise *Περὶ Βυθός*, or the Art of Sinking, as a didapper, and after as an eel, is said to be this person, by Dennis, *Daily Journal* of May 11, 1728.

He was also characterized under another animal, a mole, by the author of the ensuing simile, which was handed about at the same time:

‘Dear Welsted, mark, in dirty hole,
 That painful animal, a mole:
 Above ground never horn to grow,
 What mighty stir it keeps below!
 To make a mole-hill all this strife!
 It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
 How proud a little dirt to spread,
 Conscious of nothing o’er its head!
 Till labouring on for want of eyes,
 It blunders into light, and dies.’

You have him again in Book III. ver. 169.

W,

As taught by Venus, Paris learn'd the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part ;
Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's secretary.

'Now turn to different sports (the goddess cries)
And learn, my sons, the wondrous pow'r of noise,
To move, to raise, to ravish every heart.²²³
With Shakspeare's nature, or with Jonson's art,
Let others aim : 'tis yours to shake the soul
With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl ;
With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell !
Such happy arts attention can command
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.
Improve we these. Three cat-calls be the bribe
Of him whose chattering shames the monkey tribe ;
And his this drum, whose hoarse heroic bass
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass.'

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din ;
The monkey-mimics rush diseordant in ;
'Twas chattering, grinning, mouthing, jabbering all,
And noise and Norton, brangling and Breval,²³⁸
Dennis and dissonance, and captious art,
And snip-snap short, and interruption smart,

REMARKS.

238 — *Norton.*] See ver. 415.—*J. Durant Breval*, author of a very extraordinary book of travels, and some poems. W.

IMITATIONS.

223, 225 *To move, to raise, &c.*

Let others aim ; 'tis yours to shake, &c.

- *Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus, &c.
Tu regere imperio populos Romane, memento,
Hæ tibi erunt artes.*—

And demonstration thin, and theses thick,
 And major, minor, and conclusion quick.
 ' Hold, (cried the Queen) a cat-call each shall win ;²⁴³
 Equal your merits ! equal is your din !
 But that this well-disputed game may end,
 Sound forth, my brayers, and the welkin rend.'

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait²⁴⁷
 At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
 For their defrauded absent foals they make
 A moan so loud, that all the guild awake ;
 Sore sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
 From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay :
 So swells each wind-pipe ; ass intones to ass,
 Harmonic twang ! of leather, horn, and brass ;
 Such as from labouring lungs the' enthusiast blows,
 High sound, attemper'd to the vocal nose ;
 Or such as bellow from the deep divine ; [thine.²⁵⁸
 There, Webster ! peal'd thy voice, and, Whitefield !

REMARKS.

258 — *Webster,—and Whitefield.*] The one the writer of a newspaper, called *The Weekly Miscellany* : the other a field preacher. This thought the only means of advancing religion was by the new birth of spiritual madness ; that by the old death of fire and faggot : and therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuse all the sober clergy. From the small success of these two extraordinary persons, we may learn how little hurtful bigotry and enthusiasm are, while the civil magistrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it against the other.

W.

IMITATIONS.

243 — *A cat-call each shall win, &c.*]

' Non nostram inter vos tantas componere lites,
 Et vitula tu dignus, et hic.' VIRG. *Ecl.* III.

247 *As when the, &c.*] A simile, with a long tail, in the manner of Homer.

But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain ;
 Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again.²⁶⁰
 In Tot'nam Fields the brethren, with amaze,
 Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze !²⁶²
 Long Chancery Lane retentive rolls the sound,
 And courts to courts return it round and round ;
 'Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
 And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
 All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
 Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend
 (As morning prayer and flagellation end)
 To where Fleet Ditch, with disemboguing streams,
 tolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,

IMITATIONS.

260 — *bray back to him again.*] A figure of speech taken from Virgil :

' Et vos assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.'

GEORG. III.

' He hears his numerous herds low o'er the plain,
 While neighbouring hills low back to them again.'

COWLEY.

The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B. delighted much in the word bray, which he endeavoured to ennoble by applying it to the sound of armour, war, &c. In imitation of him, and strengthened by his authority, our author has here admitted it into heroic poetry.

262 *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze !*]

' Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca.'

VIRG. Ecl. VIII.

The progress of the sound from place to place, and the scenery here of the bordering regions, Tottenham Fields, Chancery Lane, the Thames, Westminster Hall, and Hungerford Stairs, are imitated from Virgil, *Æn.* VII. on the sounding the horn of Alecto :

' Audiit et Triviæ longe lacus, audiit amnis

Sulphurea Nar albus aqua fontesque Velini,' &c.

W.

The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud²⁷³
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.

‘ Here strip, my children! here at once leap in,
Here prove who best can dash through thick and
And who the most in love of dirt excel, [thin,
Or dark dexterity of groping well :

Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around,
The stream be his the Weekly Journals bound ;
A pig of lead to him who dives the best ;
A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest.’

In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,²⁸³
And, Milo-like, surveys his arms and hands ;

REMARKS.

283 Mr. John Oldmixon, next to Mr. Dennis, the most ancient critic of our nation; an unjust censurer of Mr. Addison in his prose Essay on Criticism, whom also, in his imitation of Bouhours, (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he misrepresents in plain matter of fact ; for, in p. 45, he cites the Spectator as abusing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the least hint of it; and in p. 304, is so injurious as to suggest that Mr. Addison himself writ that Tatler, No. 43, which says of his own simile, that ‘ It is as great as ever entered into the mind of man.’—‘ In poetry he was not so happy as laborious, and is therefore characterized by the Tatler, No. 62, by the name of Omicron, the unborn poet.’ Curl, Key, p. 13. ‘ He writ dramatic works, and a volume of poetry consisting of heroic epistles, &c. some whereof are very well done,’ said that great judge, Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, Vol. II, p. 303.

In his Essay on Criticism, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our author. But the top of his character was a perverter of history, in that scandalous one of the Stuarts, in

IMITATIONS.

273 *The king of dykes! &c.*]

‘ Fluviorum rex Eridanus

— Quo non alius, per pinguis culta,

In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.

VIRG.

Then sighing thus, 'And am I now threescore?'²⁸⁵
 Ah, why, ye gods! should two and two make four?
 He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
 Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd downright.
 The senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
 Who but to sink the deeper rose the higher.

Next Smedley div'd; slow circles dimpled o'er²⁹¹
 The quaking mud, that clos'd and op'd no more.

REMARKS.

folio, and his Critical History of England, two volumes. octavo. Being employed by Bishop Kennet, in publishing the historians in his Collection, he falsified Daniel's Chronicle in numberless places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the first of these books, advanced a particular fact, to charge three eminent persons of falsifying the Lord Clarendon's History; which fact has been disproved by Dr. Atterbury, late Bishop of Rochester, then the only survivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falsified produced since, after almost ninety years, in that noble author's original manuscript. He was all his life a virulent party writer for hire, and received his reward in a small place, which he enjoyed to his death.

W.

291 *Next Smedley div'd.*] In the surreptitious editions this whole episode was applied to an initial letter E—, by whom, if they meant the laureate, nothing was more absurd, no part agreeing with his character. The allegory evidently demands a person dipped in scandal, and deeply immersed in dirty work; whereas Mr. Eusden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing else in Book I. v. 102. But the person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous pieces, a Weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in octavo, 1728.

W.

IMITATIONS.

285 *Then sighing, thus, 'And am I now threescore? &c.'].'*

'—Fletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanes
 Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos.'

OVID.

All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost, ²⁹³
 ‘Smedley’ in vain resounds through all the coast.

Then ** essay’d; scarce vanish’d out of sight, ²⁹⁵
 He buoys up instant, and returns to light,
 He bears no tokens of the sabler streams,
 And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

True to the bottom, see Concanen creep, ²⁹⁹
 A cold, long-winded, native of the deep;
 If perseverance gain the diver’s prize,
 Not everlasting Blackmore this denies: ³⁰²

REMARKS.

²⁹⁵ *Then ** essay’d*] Supposed to mean Aaron Hill, though denied by Pope.

²⁹⁹ *Concanen.*] Matthew Concanen, an Irishman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, p. 7, accuses him of ‘having boasted of what he had not written, but others had revised and done for him.’ He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the *British and London Journals*, and in a paper called the *Speculatist*. In a pamphlet, called *A Supplement to the Profound*, he dealt very unfairly with our poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome’s verses (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did), but those of the Duke of Buckingham and others: to this rare piece somebody humorously caused him to take for his motto *De profundis clamavi*. He was since a hired scribbler in the *Daily Courant*, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the Lord Bolingbroke and others; after which, this man was surprisingly promoted to administer justice and law in Jamaica.

W.

IMITATIONS.

²⁹³ — *And call on Smedley lost, &c.*]

‘Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost,
 Hylas, in vain, resounds through all the coast.’

LORD ROSCOM. Translat. of *Ecl. VI.* of Virgil.

³⁰² *Not everlasting Blackmore.*]

‘Nec bonus Eurytion prælato invidit honori,’ &c.

VIRG. *Æn.*

No noise, no stir, no motion, canst thou make;
 The' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.
 Next plung'd a feeble, but a desperate pack,
 With each a sickly brother at his back:
 Sons of a day! just buoyant on the flood,
 Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
 Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
 The names of these blind puppies as of those.
 Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone)
 Sits mother Osborne, stupified to stone! ³¹²
 And monumental brass this record bears,
 'These are, ah no! these were the Gazetteers!'
 Not so bold Arnall; with a weight of scull ³¹⁵
 Furious he dives, precipitately dull.

REMARKS.

312 —[*Osborne.*] A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who at last, being ashamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent. W.

315 *Arnall.*] William Arnall, bred an attorney, was a perfect genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty, with furious party papers; then succeeded Concanen in the *British Journal*. At the first publication of the *Dunciad*, he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his predecessors. But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the temple of Infamy: witness a paper called the *Free Briton*; a Dedication entitled, *To the Genuine Blunderer*, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it; not indeed without cause, it appearing that he received 'For *Free Britons* and other writings, in the space of four years, no less than ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven pounds six shillings and eight-pence out of the Treasury.' But frequently, through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commission, and obliged his honourable patron to disavow his scurrilities. W.

Whirlpools and storms his circling arms invest,
 With all the might of gravitation bless'd.
 No crab more active in the dirty dance,
 Downward to climb, and backward to advance,
 He brings up half the bottom on his head,
 And loudly claims the journals and the lead.

The plunging prelate, and his ponderous grace,
 With holy envy gave one layman place.
 When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood,
 Slow rose a form in majesty of mud!
 Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
 And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
 Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares; 329
 Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.

First he relates how, sinking to the chin,
 Smit with his mien, the mud-nymphs suck'd him in;
 How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
 Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
 Vied for his love in jetty bowers below,
 As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.
 Then sung, how shown him by the nut-brown maids
 A branch of Styx here rises from the shades,
 That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethé's streams,
 And wafting vapours from the land of dreams,
 (As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
 Bears Pisa's offering to his Arethuse)
 Pours into Thames; and hence the mingled wave
 Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:

IMITATIONS.

329 *Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares.*
 Virg. Æn. VI. of the Sibyl:

—majorque videri,
 Nec mortale sonans—

Here, brisker vapours o'er the temple creep;
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.

Thence to the banks where reverend bards repose
They led him soft: each reverend bard arose; [347
And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest, 349
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest.
'Receive (he said) these robes which once were
Dulness is sacred in a sound divine.' [mine,
He ceas'd, and spread the robe; the crowd confess
The reverend flamen in his lengthen'd dress.
Around him wide a sable army stand,
A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
Prompt or to guard or stab, or saint or damn,
Heaven's Swiss, who fight for any god or man.

Through Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known
Fleet,
Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street,
'Till show'rs of sermons, characters, essays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds replenish'd from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.

REMARKS.

349 *And Milbourn.*] Luke Milbourn, a clergyman, the fairest of critics; who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's *Virgil*, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the gentlemen of the *Dunciad* against our author, as will be seen in the parallel of Mr. Dryden and him. W.

IMITATIONS.

347 *Thence to the banks, &c.*]

'Tum canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum.
Utque viro Phœbi chorus assurrexerit omnis;
Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine pastor,
Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musæ,
Ascræo quos ante seni'—&c.

Here stop'd the goddess ; and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games.

' Ye critics ! in whose heads, as equal scales,
I weigh what author's heaviness prevails ;
Which most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers,
My Henley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers ;
Attend the trial we propose to make :
If there be man who o'er such works can wake,
Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
And boast Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye ;
To him we grant our amplest pow'rs to sit
Judge of all present, past, and future wit ;
To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
Full and eternal privilege of tongue.'

Three college sops, and three pert templars came,
The same their talents, and their tastes the same ; ³⁸⁰
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of poësy and prate. ³⁸²
The ponderous books two gentle readers bring ;
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring : ³⁸⁴
The clamorous crowd is hush'd with mugs of mum,
Till all tun'd equal send a general hum.
Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on ;

IMITATIONS.

380, 381 *The same their talents,—Each prompt, &c.]*

' Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo,
Et certare pares, et respondere parati.'

VIRG. Ecl. VI.

382 *And smit with love of poesy and prate.]*

' Smit with the love of sacred song,—'

MILTON.

384 *The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.]*

' Consedere duces, et vulgi stante corona.'

OVID. Met. XIII.

Soft creeping words on words the sense compose,
 At every line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
 As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
 Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow;
 Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
 As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
 And now to this side, now to that they nod,
 As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy god.
 Thrice Bludgel aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress³⁹⁷
 By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
 Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,³⁹⁹
 Yet silent bow'd to 'Christ's no kingdom here.'⁴⁰⁰
 Who sat the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
 Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum. [lies
 Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em
 Each gentle clerk, and muttering seals his eyes.

REMARKS.

397 *Thrice Bludgel aim'd to speak.*] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South Sea Scheme, &c. 'He is a very ingenious gentleman. and hath written some excellent epilogues to plays, and one small piece on Love. which is very pretty.' Jacob, *Lives of Poets*, Vol. II. p. 289. But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent. and personally well known to the greatest statesmen of all parties, as well as to all the courts of law in this nation. W.

399 *Toland and Tindal.*] Two persons, not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the religion of their country. Toland, the author of the *Atheist's Liturgy*, called '*Pantheisticon*,' was a spy in pay to Lord Oxford. Tindal was author of the *Rights of the Christian Church, and Christianity as old as the Creation*. He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against Earl S—, which was suppressed while yet in MS. by an eminent person, then out of the ministry, to whom he shewed it, expecting his approbation. This Doctor afterwards published the same piece, *mutatis mutandis*, against that very person. W.

400 An allusion to a famous sermon of Bishop Hoadley's.

As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
 One eirele first and then a second makes ;
 What Dulness drop'd among her sons impress'd
 Like motion from one circle to the rest :
 So from the midmost the nutation spreads,
 Round and more round, o'er all ' the sea of heads,'⁴¹⁰
 At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail ;⁴¹¹
 Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale ;
 Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er ;⁴¹³
 Morgan and Mandeville could prate no more ;⁴¹⁴

REMARKS.

411 —*Centlivre.*] Mrs. Susannah Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majesty. She writ many plays, and a song (says Mr. Jacob, Vol. I. p. 32.) before she was seven years old. She also writ a ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it. W.

413 *Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er.*] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of annals, political collections, &c — William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal against the stage; Mr. Dennis answered with as great. Their books were printed in 1726. W.

414 *Morgan.*] A writer against religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe than by the pompousness of his title, of a *Moral Philosopher*. W.

414 —*Mandeville.*] Author of a famous book called *The Fable of the Bees*; written to prove, that moral virtue is the invention of knaves, and Christian virtue the imposition of fools; and that vice is necessary, and alone sufficient to render society flourishing and happy. W.

IMITATIONS.

410 *O'er all the sea of heads.*]

'A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
 And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed.'

BLACKM. *Job.*

Norton, from Daniel and Ostrœa sprung,⁴¹⁵
 Bless'd with his father's front and mother's tongue,
 Hung silent down his never-blushing head,
 And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.⁴¹⁸

Thus the soft gifts of sleep conclude the day,
 And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, poets lay.
 Why should I sing what bards the nightly Muse
 Did slumbering visit, and convey to stews;
 Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
 To some fam'd round-house, ever-open gate!
 How Henley lay inspir'd beside a sink,
 And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink:
 While others, timely, to the neighbouring Fleet
 (Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat?

REMARKS.

415 *Norton.*] Norton de Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel; *Fortes creantur fortibus*: one of the authors of the Flying Post, (in which well-bred work Mr. P. had sometimes the honour to be abused with his betters), and of many hired scurrilities, and daily papers, to which he never set his name.

IMITATIONS.

418 *And all was hush'd as Folly's self lay dead.*] Alludes to Dryden's verse in the Indian Emperor:

'All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead.'

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the goddess transports the king to her temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, innamoratos, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of fancy, and led by a mad poetical sibyl to the Elysian shade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a mount of vision, from whence he shows him the past triumph, of the Empire of Dulness; then, the present; and, lastly, the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the island of Great-Britain, shows by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees, it shall be brought to her empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the king himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject, Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmingled with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with farces, operas, and shows; how the throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the theatres, and set up even at court; then how her sons shall preside in the seats of arts and sciences; giving a glimpse, or Pisgah sight, of the future fulness of her glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.

Bur in her temple's last recess inclos'd,
On Dulness' lap the' anointed head repos'd.

Him close she curtains round with vapours blue,
 And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew :
 Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow,
 Which only heads refin'd from reason know :
 Hence from the straw where Bedlam's prophet
 He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods ; [nods,⁷
 Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
 The air built castle, and the golden dream,
 The maid's romantic wish, the chemist's flame,
 And poet's vision of eternal fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
 The king descending views the' Elysian shade.
 A slip-shod sibyl led his steps along,¹⁵
 In lofty madness meditating song ;
 Her tresses staring from poetic dreams,
 And never wash'd but in Castalia's streams.
 Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar ;¹⁹
 (Once swan of Thames, though now he sings no more)

REMARKS.

19 *Taylor.*] John Taylor the Water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the accident: a rare example of modesty in a poet !

'I must confess I do want eloquence,
 And never scarce did learn my accident;
 For having got from *possum* to *posset*,
 I there was gravell'd, could no farther get.'

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an alehouse in Long acre. He died in 1654.

W.

IMITATIONS.

7, 8 *Hence from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
 He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods.]*

'Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum
 'Colloquio.'——

VIRG. *Æn.* VIII.

15 *A slip-shod Sibyl, &c.]*

'Conclamat vates———

——Furens antro se immisit aperto.'

VIRG.

Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows;²¹
 And Shadwell nods, the poppy on his brows.²²
 Here in a dusky vale, where Lethé rolls,²³
 Old Bavius sits to dip poetic souls,²⁴
 And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
 Of solid proof, impenetrably dull:
 Instant, when dipp'd, away they wing their flight,
 Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of light,²⁵

REMARKS.

21 *Benlowes.*] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronizing bad poets. as may be seen from many dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anagramed his name Benlowes into Benevolus; to verify which he spent his whole estate upon them. W.

22 *And Shadwell nods, the poppy, &c.*] Shadwell took opium for many years, and died of too large a doze, in the year 1692. W.

24 *Old Bavius sits,*] Bavius was an ancient poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Bayes by our author, though not in so Christian-like a manner: for heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be hated and detested for his evil works: *Qui Bavius non odit?* whereas we have often had occasion to observe our poet's great good nature and mercifulness through the whole course of this poem. SCRIB.

25 — *Browne and Mears.*] Booksellers, printers for any body. — The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books dress'd in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by booksellers, is sufficiently intelligible. W.

IMITATIONS.

23 *Here in a dusky vale, &c.*]

' — Videt Æneas in valle reducta

Seclusum nemus —

VIRG. Æn. VI.

Lethæumque domos placidas qui prænatat amnem.

Hunc circum innumerae gentes, &c.

VIRG. Æn. VI.

24 *Old Bavius sits to dip poetic souls.*]

' At pater Anchises penitus convalle virenti

Inclusas animas, superumque ad lumen ituras.

Lustrabat. —

VIRG. Æn. VI.

25 — *unbar the gates of light.*] An hemistich of Milton.

Demand new bodies, and in calf's array
 Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
 Millions and millions on these banks he views,³¹
 Thick as the stars of night or morning dews,
 As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
 As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.³⁴

Wondering he gaz'd: when, lo! a sage appears,
 By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
 Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
 (His only suit) for twice threc years before :
 All as the vest appear'd the wearer's frame,
 Old in new state, another yet the same.
 Bland and familiar, as in life, begun
 Thus the great father to the greater son :

‘ Oh! born to see what none can see awake !
 Behold the wonders of the’ oblivious lake !
 Thou, yet unborn, hast touch’d this sacred shore ;
 The hand of Bavius drench’d thee o’er and o’er.
 But blind to former as to future fate,
 What mortal knows his pre-existent state ?
 Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
 Might from Bæotian to Bæotian roll ?
 How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf’d to thrid ?
 How many stages through old monks she rid ?

REMARKS.

34 John Ward of Hackney, Esq. member of parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the pillory, on the 17th of February, 1727. W.

IMITATIONS.

31, 32 *Millions and millions—Thick as the stars, &c.]*

‘ Quam multa in sylvis autumnī frigore primo
 Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
 Quam multæ glomerantur aves,’ &c.

VIRG. ÆN. VI.

And all who since, in mild benighted days,
 Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.⁵⁴
 As man's meanders to the vital spring
 Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
 Or whirligigs twirl'd round by skilful swain,
 Suck the tthread in, then yield it out again:
 All nonsense this, of old or modern date,
 Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
 For this our Queen unfolds to vision true⁶¹
 Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:
 Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
 Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:
 Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
 And let the past and future fire thy brain.

'Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
 Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
 See, round the poles, where keener spangles shine,
 Where spices smoke beneath the burning line,
 (Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd,
 And all the nations cover'd in her shade!

'Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun
 And orient science their bright course begun:

IMITATIONS.

54 *Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.*]

'— Sine tempora circum

Inter victrices ederam tibi serpere lauros.'

VIRG. Ecl. VIII.

61, 62 *For this our Queen unfolds to vision true*

Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view.]

This has a resemblance to that passage in Milton, Book XI. where the angel

'To noble sights from Adam's eye remov'd

The film; then purg'd with euphrasie and rue

The visual nerve—*For he had much to see.*'

There is a general allusion in what follows to that whole episode.

One godlike monarch all that pride confounds,
He whose long wall the wandering Tartar bounds :
Heavens ! what a pile ! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

‘Thence to the south extend thy gladden’d eyes ;
There rival flames with equal glory rise ;
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And liek up all their physie of the soul.

‘How little, mark ! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of science fall :
Soon as they dawn, from hyperborean skies
Embodied dark, what clouds of Vandals rise !
Lo ! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows,
The north by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns !
See Alarie’s stern port ! the martial frame
Of Genseric ! and Attila’s dread name !
See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall ;
See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul !
See where the morning gilds the palmy shore
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conquering tribes the’ Arabian prophet draws,
And saving Ignorance enthrones by laws !
See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep !

‘Lo ! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thundering against heathen lore ;
Her gray-hair’d synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And ev’n the’ Antipodes Virgilius mourn.
See the Cirque falls, the’ unpillar’d temple nods,
Streets pav’d with heroes, Tyber chok’d with gods ;

Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
 And Pan to Moses lends his Pagan horn :
 See graceless Venus to a virgin turn'd,
 Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd !

‘ Behold yon isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod,
 Men bearded, bald, eowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
 Peel'd, patch'd, and piebald, linsey-woolsey bro-
 thers,
 Grave mummers ! sleeveless some, and shirtless
 others.

That once was Britain—Happy ! had she seen¹¹⁷
 No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.
 In peace great goddess ever be ador'd ;
 How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword !
 Thus visit not thy own ! on this bless'd age
 O spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage.

‘ And see, my son ! the hour is on its way
 That lifts our goddess to imperial sway ;
 This favourite isle, long sever'd from her reign,
 Dove-like she gathers to her wings again.
 Now look through fate ! behold the scene she
 draws !¹²⁷

What aids, what armies, to assert her cause !
 See all her progeny, illustrious sight !
 Behold, and count them, as they rise to light :

IMITATIONS.

117, 118 *Happy !—had Easter never been.]*

‘ Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent.’

VIRG. Ecl. VI.

127, 129 *Now look through fate!*

See all her progeny, &c.]

‘ Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem quæ deinde sequatur
 Gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,
 Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen ituras,
 Expédiam.’

VIRG. Æn. VI.

As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie¹³¹
 In homage to the mother of the sky,
 Surveys around her, in the bless'd abode,
 An hundred sons, and every son a god :
 Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd,
 Shall take through Grub-Street her triumphant
 round ;

And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
 Behold an hundred sons, and each a dunce.

‘ Mark first that youth who takes the foremost
 place,¹³⁹

And thrusts his person full into your face,
 With all thy father's virtues bless'd, be born !¹⁴¹
 And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

‘ A second see, by meeker manners known,
 And modest as the maid that sips alone ;
 From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,¹⁴³
 Another Dufey, Ward ! shall sing in thee.

IMITATIONS.

131 *As Berecynthia, &c.*]

‘ Felix prole virum : qualis Berecynthia mater
 Invehitur curru Phrygiæ turrita per urbes,
 Læta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,
 Omnes cœlicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes.’

VIRG. *Æn.* VI.

139 *Mark first that youth, &c.*]

‘ Ille vides, pura juvenis qui nititur hasta,
 Proxina sorte tenet lucis loca.’ — VIRG. *Æn.* VI.

141 *With all thy father's virtues bless'd, be born !*]

A manner of expression used by Virgil, *Ecl.* VIII. \

‘ Nascere, præque diem veniens age, Lucifer.’ —
 As also that of *patriis virtutibus*, *Ecl.* IV.

143 *From the strong fate of drams if thou get free.*]

‘ — si qua fata aspera rumpas,
 Tu Marcellus eris !’

VIRG. *Æn.* VI.

'Thee shall each alehouse, thee each gillhouse
mourn,¹⁴⁷

And answering ginshops sourer sighs return.

'Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with
awe;¹⁴⁹

Nor less revere him blunderbuss of law.¹⁵⁰

Lo, Popple's brow, tremendous to the town,

Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown.¹⁵²

REMARKS.

149 *Jacob.*] 'This gentleman is a son of a considerable malster of Romsey, in Hampshire, and bred to the law under a very eminent attorney: who, between his more laborious studies, has diverted himself with poetry. He is a great admirer of poets and their works, which has occasioned him to try his genius that way.—He has writ in prose the *Lives of the Poets*, *Essays*, and a great many law-books, *Accomplished Conveyancer*, *Modern Justice*, &c.' Giles Jacob of himself, *Lives of Poets*, vol. i. He very grossly, and unprovoked, abused in that book the author's friend, Mr. Gay. W.

152 *Horneck—Roome.*] These two were virulent party-writers, worthily coupled together, and, one would think, prophetically; since, after the publishing of this piece, the former dying, the latter succeeded him in honour and employment. The first was Philip Horneck, author of a Billingsgate paper called *The High German Doctor*. Edward Roome was son of an undertaker for funerals in Fleet-Street, and writ some of the papers called *Pasquin*, where, by malicious inuendoes, he endeavoured to represent our author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under prosecution of parliament. Of this man was made the following epigram:

IMITATIONS.

147 *Thee shall each alehouse, &c.*]

'Te nemus Anguitiæ, vitrea te Fucinus unda,

Te liquidi flevere lacus.'

VIRG. *Æn.* VII.

Virgil again, *Ecl.* X.

'— etiam lauri, etiam flevere myricæ,' &c.

150 — 'duo fulmina belli

Scipiadas, cladem Libyæ!'

VIRG. *Æn.* VI.

Lo, sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,¹⁵³
A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.

Each cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass :
Each songster, riddler, every nameless name,
All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
Some strain in rhyme : the muses, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks :
Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck ;
Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl.

‘ Silence, ye wolves ! while Ralph to Cynthia
howls,¹⁶⁵

And makes night hideous—Answer him, ye owls !¹⁶⁶

REMARKS.

You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
Yet, if he writes, is dull as other folks.
You wonder at it—This, sir, is the case,
The jest is lost unless he prints his face.

Popple was the author of some vile plays and pamphlets. He published abuses on our author in a paper called the Prompter.

153 — *Goode.*] An ill-natured critic, who writ a satire on our author, called *The Mock Æsop*, and many anonymous libels in newspapers, for hire.

165 — *Ralph.*] James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our author till he writ a swearing-piece called *Sawney*, very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines alluded to a thing of his entitled *Night*, a poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the *Journals*, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that author's account of English Poets,

IMITATIONS.

166 *And makes night hideous —*]

‘ Visit thus the glimpses of the moon,
‘ Making night hideous.’

SHAKS.

‘Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and
dead,

Let all give way—and Morris may he read.

Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, beer,¹⁶⁹

Though stale, not ripe, though thin, yet never clear;

So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;

Heady, not strong; o’erflowing, though not full.

‘Ah, Dennis! Gildon, ah! what ill-starr’d rage

Divides a friendship long confirm’d by age?

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,

But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.

Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!¹⁷⁷

Nor glad vile poets with true critics’ gore.

‘Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join’d;¹⁷⁹

How like in manners, and how like in mind!

REMARKS.

printed in a London Journal, Sept. 17, 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being advised to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled, and replied, ‘Shakspeare writ without rules.’ He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political newspaper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnall, and received a small pittance for pay. W.

IMITATIONS.

169 *Flow, Welsted, flow! &c.*] Parody on Denham. Cooper’s Hill:

‘O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream

My great example, as it is my theme:

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull:

Strong without rage; without o’erflowing full!’

177 *Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!*]

VIRG. *Æn.* VI.

‘— Ne tanta animis assuescite bella,

Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.

Tuque prior, tu parce—sanguis meus!’—

179 *Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join’d.*]

Equal in wit, and equally polite,
 Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write ;
 Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
 That shines a consul, this commissioner.'

' But who is he, in closet close y-pent,¹⁸⁵
 Of sober face, with learned dust besprent ?'
 ' Right well mine eyes arede thy myster wight,
 On parchment scrapes y-fed, and Wormius hight,
 To future ages may thy dulness last,
 As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past !

' There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiast mark,
 Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark,
 A lumberhouse of books in every head,
 For ever reading, never to be read !

' But, where each science lifts its modern type,
 History her pot, divinity her pipe,
 While proud philosophy repines to show,
 Dishonest sight ! his breeches rent below,
 Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo ! Henley stands,¹⁹⁹
 Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.

REMARKS.

199 — *lo ! Henley stands, &c.*] J. Henley, the orator ; he preached on the Sundays upon theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our author that honour. W.

IMITATIONS.

VIRG. *Æn.* VI.

' *Illæ autem, paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
 Concordes animæ*'————

And in *Æn.* V.

' *Euryalus, forma insignis viridique juventa,
 Nisus amore pio pueri.*'

185 *But who is he, &c.*] VIRG. *Æn.* VI. questions and answers in this manner, of Numa :

' *Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivæ,
 Sacra ferens?—nosco crines, incanaque menta.*' &c.

How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue !
 How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung !
 Still break the benches, Henley ! with thy strain,
 While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson, preach in vain.
 O great restorer of the good old stage, [204
 Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age !
 O worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
 A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods !
 But fate with butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,
 Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl ;
 And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
 In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days. 212
 ' Yet, oh, my sons ! a father's words attend :
 (So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)
 'Tis yours a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
 A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame :
 But, oh ! with one, immortal one, dispense,
 The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense.
 Content, each emanation of his fires
 That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires,
 Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
 Whate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.
 Persist, by all divine in man unaw'd,
 But "learn, ye Dunces ! not to scorn your God". 224

REMARKS.

204 —*Sherlock,—Hare,—Gibson.*] Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London ; whose Sermons and Pastoral Letters did honour to their country as well as stations. *

212 Of Toland and Tindal, see Book II. ver. 399, Thomas Woolston was an impious madman, who wrote, in a most insolent style, against the miracles of the Gospel. W.

IMITATIONS.

224 —*Learn, ye Dunces ! not to scorn your God.*]

' Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos.'

VIRG.

Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole
 Half through the solid darkness of his soul ;
 But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the sire :
 ' See now what Dulness and her sons admire !
 See what the charms that smite the simple heart,
 Not touch'd by nature, and not reach'd by art.'

His never-blushing head he turn'd aside,
 (Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesied)
 And look'd, and saw a sable sorcerer rise,
 Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies :
 All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
 And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war :
 Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth :²³⁷
 Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
 A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
 Till one wide conflagration swallows all.

Thence a new world to nature's laws unknown,
 Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own :
 Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
 And other planets circle other suns.²⁴⁴
 The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
 Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the
 skies ;²⁴⁶
 And last, to give the whole creation grace,
 Lo ! one vast egg produces human race.

REMARKS.

237 These absurdities were actually brought on the stage by Theobald, in his *Rape of Proserpine* ; but they were never encouraged by Cibber.

IMITATIONS.

244 *And other planets.*]

' — Solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.' —

VIRG. *Æn.* VI.

246 *Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies.*]

' Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.' HOR.

Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought ;
 ‘ What power, (he cries) what power these wonders
 wrought ?’

Son, what thou seek’st is in thee ! look and find ²⁵¹
 Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
 Yet would’st thou more ? in yonder cloud behold,
 Whose sarsenet skirts are edg’d with flamy gold,
 A matchless youth ! his nod these worlds controls,
 Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls ; ²⁵⁶
 Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
 Her magic charms o’er all unclassic ground : ²⁵⁸
 Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
 Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.
 Immortal Rich ! how calm he sits at ease, ²⁶¹
 Midst snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease !
 And proud his mistress’ orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

REMARKS.

²⁶¹ *Immortal Rich !*] Mr. John Rich, master of the Theatre-Royal in Covent Garden, was the first that excelled this way. W.

IMITATIONS.

²⁵¹ *Son, what thou seek’st is in thee !*]

‘ Quod petis in te est—

—Ne te quæsiveris extra.’

PERS.

²⁵⁶ *Wings the red lightning, &c.*] Like Salmonæus in *Æn.* VI.

‘ Dum flammas Jovis, et sonitus imitatur Olympi.

—nimbos, et non imitabile fulmen,

Ære et cornipedum pulsu simularat equorum.’

²⁵⁸—*o’er all unclassic ground.*] Alludes to Mr. Addison’s verse in the praises of Italy :

‘ Poetic fields encompass me around,

And still I seem to tread on classic ground.’

As ver. 264 is a parody on a noble one of the same author in the Campaign : and ver. 259, 260, on two sublime verses of Dr. Y.

W.

‘ But, lo ! to dark encounter in mid air
 New wizards rise ; I see my Cibber there ! ²⁶⁶
 Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin’d,
 On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
 Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
 Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln’s-inn ;
 Contending theatres our empire raise,
 Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

‘ And are these wonders, son, to thee unknown ?
 Unknown to thee ! these wonders are thy own.
 These fate reserv’d to grace thy reign divine,
 Foreseen by me, but, ah ! withheld from mine.
 In Lud’s old walls though long I rul’d renown’d
 Far as loud Bow’s stupendous bells resound ;
 Though my own aldermen conferr’d the bays,
 To me committing their eternal praise,
 Their full fed heroes, their pacific may’rs,
 Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars ;
 Though long my party built on me their hopes,
 For writing pamphlets, and for roasting Popes ;
 Yet lo ! in me what authors have to brag on !
 Reduc’d at last to hiss in my own dragon.
 Avert it Heaven ! that thou, my Cibber, e’er
 Shouldst wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair !
 Like the vile straw that’s blown about the streets,
 The needy poet sticks to all he meets,
 Coach’d, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
 And carried off in some dog’s tail at last.
 Happier thy fortunes ! like a rolling stone,
 Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,

REMARKS.

266, 267 Booth and Cibber were joint managers of the Theatre in Drury-Lane.

Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray,
 But lick up every blockhead in the way.
 Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste,
 And every yéar be duller than the last :
 Till rais'd from booths, to theatre, to court,
 Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport.
 Already opera prepares the way,
 The sure forerunner of her gentle sway :
 Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice, engage,
 The third mad passion of thy doting age.
 Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,
 And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before !
 To aid our cause, if Heaven thou canst not bend,
 Hell thou shalt move ; for Faustus is our friend :
 Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
 And link the Mourning-Bride to Proserpine.
 Grub-Street ! thy fall should man and gods conspire,
 Thy stage shall stand, insure it but from fire.
 Another Æschylus appears ! prepare
 For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair !
 In flames like Semele's, be brought to bed,
 While opening hell spouts wild-fire at your head.'
 ' Now, Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow,
 And place it here ! here all ye heroes bow !
 ' This, this is he foretold by ancient rhymes, ³¹⁹
 The' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times.

IMITATIONS.

319, 320 *This, this is he foretold by ancient rhymes,
 The' Augustus, &c.]*

' Hic vir, hic est ! tibi quem promitti sæpius audis,
 Augustus Cæsar, divi genus : aurea condet
 Sæcula qui rursus Latio, regnata per arva
 Saturno quondam'—

VIRG. Æn. VI.

Saturnian here relates to the age of lead, mentioned, B. I. ver. 26.

Signs following signs lead on the mighty year!
 See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear.
 See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!
 Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of plays!
 On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ!³²⁵
 Lo! Ambrose Philips is prefer'd for wit!³²⁶
 See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,
 While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:

REMARKS.

325 *On poet's tombs see Benson's titles writ!*] William Benson (Surveyor of the Buildings to his Majesty King Geo. I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their house and the Painted Chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling; whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords upon this were going upon an address to the King against Benson for such a misrepresentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then Secretary, gave them an assurance that his Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been architect to the Crown for above fifty years, who built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years. W.

Sir Christopher died in 1723, at the age of 91; and was buried under his own great fabric, with four words that comprehend his merit and his fame: 'Si quæras monumentum, circumspice!'

WALPOLE'S Anecdotes.

326 — *Ambrose Philips.*] 'He was (saith Mr. Jacob) one of the wits at Button's, and a justice of the peace.' But he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's Complete Art of Poetry, Vol. I. p. 157. 'Indeed, he confesses he dares not set him quite on the same foot with Virgil, lest it should seem flattery; but he is much mistaken, if posterity does not afford him a greater esteem than he at present enjoys.' He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding between our author and Mr. Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. W.

While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
 Gay dies unpensioned, with a hundred friends;³³⁰
 Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate;
 And Pope's ten years to comment and translate.
 'Proceed, great days! till learning fly the shore,³³³
 Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more;
 Till Thames See Eton's Sons for ever play,
 Till Westminster's whole year be holiday;
 Till Isis' elders reel, their pupil's sport,
 And Alma Mater lie dissolved in port!
 'Enough! enough!' the raptur'd monarch cries;
 And through the ivory gate the vision flies.³⁴⁰

REMARKS.

330 *Gay dies unpension'd, &c.*] See Mr. Gay's fable of the Hare and many Friends. This gentleman was early in the friendship of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humour with great success: The Shepherd's Week, Trivia, The What-d-y-e-call it, Fables; and lastly, that prodigy of fortune, the Beggar's Opera.

333 *Proceed great days! &c.—Till Birch shall blush, &c.*] Another great prophet of Dulness, on this side Styx, promiseth those days to be near at hand. 'The devil (saith he) licensed bishops to license masters of schools to instruct youth in the knowledge of the heathen gods, their religion, &c. The schools and universities will soon be tired and ashamed of classics, and such trumpery.' *Hutchinson's Use of Reason recovered.*

SCRIBL.

IMITATIONS.

340 *And through the iv'ry gate, &c.*

'Sunt geminæ somni portæ; quarum altera fertur
 Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris;
 Altera, candenti perfecta nitens elephanto;
 Sed falsa ad cœlum mittunt insomnia manes.'

VIRG. ÆN. VI.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

The poet being, in this book, to declare the completion of the prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new invocation ; as the greater poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shows the goddess coming in her majesty, to destroy order and science, and to substitute the kingdom of the Dull upon earth. How she leads captive the Sciences, and silences the Muses ; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her ; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of arts ; such as half-wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them. All these crowd round her ; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the geniuses of the schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause by confining youth to words, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer ; with her charge to them and the universities. The universities appear by their proper deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from travel with their tutors : one of whom delivers to the goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their travels ; presenting to her at the same time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of want of shame. She sees loitering about her a number of indolent persons, abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness : to these approaches the antiquary Annius, intreating her to make them virtuosos, and assign them over to him ; but Mummius, another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents ; among them, one stands forth, and demands justice on another who had deprived him of one of the greatest curiosities in nature ; but he justifies himself so well, that the goddess gives them both her ap-

probation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the indolents before mentioned in the study of butterflies, shells, bird's-nests, moss, &c. but with particular caution not to proceed beyond trifles, to any useful or extensive views of nature, or of the Author of nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty address for the minute philosophers and free thinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The youth, thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taste the cup of the Magus, her high priest, which causes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her adepts she sends priests, attendants, and comforters, of various kinds; confers on them orders and degrees; and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a yawn of extraordinary virtue: the progress and effect whereof on all orders of men, and the consummation of all, in the restoration of Night and Chaos, conclude the poem.

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
 Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night !
 Of darkness visible so much be lent,
 As half to show, half veil the deep intent.
 Ye powers! whose mysteries restor'd I sing,
 To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
 Suspend a while your force inertly strong,
 Then take at once the poet and the song.

Now flam'd the dog-star's unpropitious ray,
 Smote every brain, and wither'd every bay;
 Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bow'r,
 The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour:
 Then rose the seed of Chaos, and of Night,
 To blot out order, and extinguish light,¹⁴

REMARKS.

2 — *Dread Chaos and eternal Night !*] Invoked, as the restoration of their empire is the action of the poem. P.*

14 *To blot out order, and extinguish light.*] The two great ends of her mission; the one in quality of daughter of Chaos, the other

Of dull and venal a new world to mold,¹⁵
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.

She mounts the throne: her head a cloud con-
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd, [ceal'd,
('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
Soft on her lap her laureate son reclines.
Beneath her footstool Science groans in chains,
And wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains.
There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound;
There, stript, fair Rhetoric languish'd on the ground;
His blunted arms by Sophistry are borne,
And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn.
Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
Chicane in furs, and Casuistry in lawn,
Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
And dies when Dulness gives her Page the word.³⁰
Mad Máthesis alone was unconfin'd,³¹
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
Now to purc space lifts her ecstatic stare,
Now running round the circle, finds it square.'

REMARKS.

as daughter of Night. Order here is to be understood extensively, both as civil and moral; the distinctions between high and low in society, and true and false in individuals; light as intellectual only; wit, science, arts, P.*

15 *Of dull and venal.*] The allegory continued; *dull* referring to the extinction of light or science; *venal* to the destruction of order and the truth of things. P.*

15 — *a new world.*] In allusion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the dissolution of the natural world into night and chaos, a new one should arise; this the poet alluding to, in the production of a new world, makes it partake of its original principles. P.*

30 There was a judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came in his way. P.*

31 *Mad Mathesis.*] Alluding to the strange conclusions some mathematicians have deduced from their principles, concerning the real quantity of matter, the reality of space, &c.

But held in tenfold bonds the Muses lie,
 Watch'd both by envy's and by flattery's eye :
 There to her heart sad Tragedy address'd
 The dagger wont to pierce the tyrant's breast ;
 But sober History restrain'd her rage,
 And promis'd vengeance on a barbarous age.
 There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
 Had not her sister Satire held her head :
 Nor could'st thou, Chesterfield ! a tear refuse ;
 Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle muse.

When, lo ! a harlot form soft sliding by,
 With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye ;
 Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
 In patchwork fluttering, and her head aside ;
 By singing peers upheld on either hand,
 She trip'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand ;
 Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
 Then thus in quaint recitativo spoke :

' *O Cara ! Cara !* silence all that train :
 Joy to great Chaos ! let division reign :⁵⁴
 Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
 Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense :
 One trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
 Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting stage ;
 To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
 And all thy yawning daughters cry *encore*.
 Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
 Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
 But soon, ah ! soon, rebellion will commence,
 If music meanly borrows aid from sense :

IMITATIONS.

54 *Joy to great Chaos !*]

' Joy to great Cæsar !'

The beginning of a famous old song.

Strong in new arms, lo ! giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with an hundred hands ;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
Arrest him, empress, or you sleep no more'——
She heard, and drove him to the' Hibernian shore.

And now had Fame's posterior trumpet blown,
And all the nations summon'd to the throne :
The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinet seizes, and transports away.
None need a guide, by sure attraction led,
And strong impulsive gravity of head :
None want a place, for all their eentre found,
Hung to the goddess, and coher'd around.
Not closer, orb in orb, conglob'd are seen
The buzzing bees about their dusky queen.

The gathering number, as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng,
Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her vortex, and her pow'r confess.
Not those alone who passive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause :
Whate'er of dunce in college or in town
Sneers at another in toupee or gown ;
Whate'er of mungrel no one class admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

Nor absent they, no members of her state,
Who pay her homage in her sons, the great ;
Who false to Phæbus bow the knee to Baal,
Or impious, preach his word without a call.
Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
Withhold the pension, and set up the head :
Or vest dull flattery in the sacred gown,
Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown ;

And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
 Without the soul, the Muse's hypocrite. [side,
 There march'd the bard and blockhead side by
 Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
 Narcissus prais'd with all a parson's power,¹⁰³
 Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a shower.
 There mov'd Montalto with superior air;
 His stretch'd-out arm display'd a volume fair;
 Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide, [side;
 Through both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to
 But as in graceful act, with awful eye,
 Compos'd he stood, bold Benson thrust him by:
 On two unequal crutches prop'd he came,
 Milton's on this, on that one, Johnson's name.¹¹²
 The decent knight retir'd with sober rage,
 Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page:
 But (happy for him as the times went then)¹¹⁵
 Appear'd Apollo's mayor and aldermen,
 On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
 To lug the ponderous volume off in state.

When Dulness, smiling—' Thus revive the wits
 But murder first, and minceⁿ them all to bits;
 As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)
 A new edition of old Æson gave;

REMARKS.

103 Alluding to Dr. Middleton's laboured encomium on Lord Harvey, in his dedication of the *Life of Cicero*.

112 Benson printed elegant editions of Dr. Arthur Johnson's *Psalms*; and rescued his country from the disgrace of having no monument erected to the memory of Milton in Westminster Abbey.

115, &c.] These four lines were printed in a separate leaf by Mr. Pope, in the last edition which he himself gave of the *Dunciad*, with directions to the printer to put this leaf into its place as soon as Sir T. Hanmer's *Shakspeare* should be published.

Let standard-authors thus, like trophies borne,
 Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
 And you, my critics! in the chequer'd shade,
 Admire new light through holes yourselves have
 made.¹²⁶

Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
 A page, a grave, that they can call their own;
 But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
 On passive paper, or on solid brick.
 So by each bard an alderman shall sit,
 A heavy lord shall hang at every wit,
 And while on Fame's triumphal car they ride,
 Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side.'

Now crowds on crowds around the goddess press,
 Each eager to present the first address.
 Duncce scorning duncce beholds the next advance,
 But fop shows fop superior complaisance.
 When lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
 Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand;
 His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
 Dropping with infants' blood and mothers' tears.¹⁴²
 O'er every vein a shuddering horror runs,
 Eton and Winton shake through all their sons.
 All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race
 Shrink, and confess the Genius of the place:
 The pale boy-senator yet tingling stands,
 And holds his breeches close with both his hands.

IMITATIONS.

126 *Admire new light, &c.*]

'The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
 Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.'

WALLER.

142 *Dropping with infants' blood, &c.*]

'First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
 Of human sacrifice and parents' tears.'

MILTON.

Then thus : ' Since man from beast by words is known,

Words are man's province, words we teach alone.
When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,¹⁵¹
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.

To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As fancy opens the quick springs of sense,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath,
And keep them in the pale of words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind :
A poet the first day he dips his quill ;
And what the last ? a very poet still.

Pity ! the charm works only in our wall,
Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall.
There truant Wyndham every muse gave o'er,
There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more !
How sweet an Ovid, Murray was our boast !
How many Martials were in Pulteney lost !
Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the work, the all that mortal can,
And South beheld that masterpiece of man.'¹⁷⁴

' O (cried the goddess) for some pedant reign !
Some gentle James, to bless the land again :

REMARKS.

151 — *the Samian letter.*] The letter Y, used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of virtue and vice. P.*

174 — *that masterpiece of man.*] Viz. an Epigram. The famous Dr. South used to declare that a perfect epigram was as difficult a performance as an epic poem. P.*

To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
 Give law to words, or war with words alone,
 Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
 And turn the council to a grammar-school!
 For sure if Dulness sees a grateful day,
 'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.

O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
 Teach but that one, sufficient for a king;
 That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
 Which, as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:
 May you, my Cam and Isis, preach it long!
 'The right divine of kings to govern wrong.'

Prompt at the call, around the goddess roll
 Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal:
 Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
 A hundred head of Aristotle's friends,
 Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day:
 (Though Christ-Church long kept prudishly away)
 Each staunch polemic, stubborn as a rock,
 Each fierce logician, still expelling Locke,¹⁹⁶
 Came whip and spur, and dash'd through thin and
 thick,

On German Crousaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.
 As many quit the streams that murmuring fall
 To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare-Hall,
 Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
 In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.
 Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
 Plough'd was his front with many a deep remark:

REMARKS.

196 — *still expelling Locke.*] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the University of Oxford to censure Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading of it. See his Letters in the last edit.

His hat, which never veil'd to human pride,
 Walker with reverence took, and laid aside.
 Low bow'd the rest: he, kingly, did but nod; ²⁰⁷
 So upright quakers please both man and God.
 ' Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne;
 Avaunt—is Aristarchus yet unknown? ²¹⁰
 Thy mighty scholiast, whose unwearied pains
 Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
 Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
 Critics like me shall make it prose again. [ter; ²¹⁵
 Roman and Greek grammarians! know your bet-
 Author of something yet more great than letter;
 While towering o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
 Stands our digamma, and o'ertops them all.
 'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
 Dispute of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*.
 To sound or sink in *cano*; O or A,
 Or give up Cicero to C or K.
 Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke, ²²³
 And Alsop never but like Horace joke:

REMARKS.

223, 224 *Freind—Alsop.*] Dr. Robert Freind, master of Westminster-School, and Canon of Christ-Church—Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style. P.*

IMITATIONS.

207 *He, kingly, did but nod.*]

' He, kingly, from his state

Declin'd not.'—

MILTON.

210 —*is Aristarchus yet unknown?*]

' Sic notus Ulysses?

VIRG.

Dost thou not feel me, Rome?

BEN JONSON.

215 *Roman and Greek grammarians, &c.*] Imitated from Propertius, speaking of the Æneid,

' Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite Graii!

Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.'

For me, what Virgil, Pliny, may deny,
 Manilius or Solinus shall supply :
 For attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
 I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek. ²²⁸
 In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
 Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal ;
 What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
 Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er,
 The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
 Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit.
 How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
 The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
 Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse, shall see
 When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.

‘ Ah, think not, mistress ! more true dulness lies
 In folly's cap, than wisdom's grave disguise.
 Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
 On learning's surface we but lie and nod.
 Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
 And much divinity without a N&S.
 Nor could a Barrow work on every block, ²⁴⁵
 Nor has one Atterbury spoil'd the flock.
 See ! still thy own, the heavy canon roll,
 And metaphysic-smokes involve the pole.

REMARKS.

228 &c. *Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus.*] The first a dictionary-writer of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second a minute critic; the third a collector who gave his common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much mince-meat of good old authors.

P.*

245, 246 *Barrow—Atterbury.*] Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity—Francis Atterbury, Dean of Christ-Church; both great geniuses and eloquent preachers; one more conversant in the sublime geometry, the other in classical learning: but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their several societies.

P.*

For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
 With all such reading as was never read :
 For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
 And write about it, goddess, and about it :
 So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
 And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.

‘ What though we let some better sort of fool
 Thrud every science, run through every school ?
 Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
 Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
 He may indeed (if sober all this time)
 Plague with dispute, or persecute with rhyme.
 We only furnish what he cannot use,
 Or, wed to what he must divorce, a muse :
 Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
 And petrify a genius to a dunce :
 Or, set on metaphysic ground to prance,
 Show all his paces, not a step advance.
 With the same cement, ever sure to bind,
 We bring to one dead level every mind :
 Then take him to develope, if you can,
 And hew the block off, and get out the man.
 But wherefore waste I words ? I see advance
 Whore, pupil, and lac'd governor from France. ²⁷²
 Walker ! our hat'—nor more he deign'd to say,
 But stern as Ajax' spectre strode away.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
 And tittering push'd the pedants off the place : ²⁷⁶

REMARKS.

272 Said to mean the late Duke of Kingston, and his celebrated mistress, Mad. De La Touche.

IMITATIONS.

276 *And tit't'ring push'd, &c.*]

‘ Rideat et pulset lasciva decentius ætas.’

HOR.

Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
 By the French horn, or by the opening hound.
 The first came forwards with an easy mien,
 As if he saw St. James's and the Queen.
 When thus the' attendant orator begun :
 ' Receive, great empress ! thy accomplish'd son ;
 Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
 A dauntless infant, never scar'd with God.²⁸⁴
 The sire saw, one by one, his virtues wake ;
 The mother begg'd the blessing of a rake.
 Thou gav'st that ripeness which so soon began,
 And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was boy nor man,
 Through school and college, thy kind cloud o'ercreast,
 Safe and unseen the young Æneas pass'd :
 Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
 Stun'd with his giddy larum half the town.
 Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew ;
 Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
 There all thy gifts and graces we display,
 Thou, only thou, directing all our way !
 To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
 Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons :
 Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
 Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls :
 To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
 Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines :
 To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
 Diffusing languor in the panting gales :
 To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
 Love-whispering woods, and lute-resounding waves.

IMITATIONS.

284 *A dauntless infant ! never scar'd with God.*]

' — sine Dis animosus Infans.'

But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
 And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps ; ³⁰⁸
 Where, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main
 Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamour'd swain.
 Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
 And gather'd every vice on Christian ground ;
 Saw every court, heard every king declare
 His royal sense of operas or the fair ;
 The stews and palace equally explor'd,
 Intrigued with glory, and with spirit whor'd ;
 Try'd all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
 Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd ;
 Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
 Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more ;
 All classic learning lost on classic ground ;
 And last turn'd air, the echo of a sound !
 See now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
 With nothing but a solo in his head ;
 As much estate, and principle, and wit,
 As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber, shall think fit ; ³²⁶
 Stol'n from a duel, follow'd by a nun,
 And, if a borough choose him, not undone ;
 See, to my country happy I restore
 This glorious youth, and add one Venus more.

REMARKS.

308 *The lion of the deeps.*] The winged lion, the arms of Venice. This republic was heretofore the most considerable in Europe for her naval force, and the extent of her commerce ; now illustrious for her carnivals.

P.*

326 — *Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber.*] Three very eminent persons, all managers of plays ; who, though not governors by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the education of youth, and regulated their wits, their morals, or their finances, at that period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his talents for this end, see Book I. ver. 199, &c.

P.*

Her too receive, (for her my soul adores)
 So may the sons of sons of sons of whores ³³²
 Prop thine, O empress! like each neighbour throne,
 And make a long posterity thy own.
 Pleas'd, she accepts the hero, and the dame
 Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense of shame.

Then look'd, and saw a lazy lolling sort,
 Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
 Of ever-listless loiterers, that attend
 No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.
 There too, my Paridell! she mark'd thee there,
 Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair, ³³³
 And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
 The pains and penalties of idleness.
 She pitied! but her pity only shed
 Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
 But Annius, crafty seer, with ebon wand,
 And well-dissembled emerald on his hand,
 False as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
 Came, cram'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.
 Soft as the wily fox is seen to creep,
 Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
 Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
 So he, but pious, whisper'd first his pray'r:

' Grant, gracious goddess! grant me still to cheat!
 O may thy cloud still cover the deceit! [355

IMITATIONS.

332 *So may the sons of sons. &c.*]

' Et nati natorum. et qui nascentur ab illis.'

VIRG.

342 *Stretch'd on the rack—*

And heard. &c.]

' Sedet, æternumque sedebit!

Infelix Theseus, Phlegyasque miserrimus omnes
 Admonet.'—

VIRG.

355 — *grant me still to cheat!*

O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!]

Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
 But pour them thickest on the noble head.
 So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
 See other Cæsars, other Homers rise ;
 Through twilight ages hunt the' Athenian fowl,
 Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call an owl.
 Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
 Nay, Mahomet ! the pigeon at thine ear ;
 Be rich in ancient brass, though not in gold,
 And keep his lares, though his house be sold ;
 To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
 Honour a Syrian prince above his own ;
 Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true ;
 Bless'd in one Niger, till he knows of two.'

. Mummius o'erheard him ; Mummius, fool re-
 nown'd,

Who, like his Cheops, stinks above the ground,
 Fierce as a startled adder, swell'd, and said,
 Rattling an ancient sistrum at his head :

'Speak'st thou of Syrian princes ? traitor base !³⁷⁵
 Mine, goddess ! mine is all the horned race.
 True, he had wit to make their value rise ;
 From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise ;
 More glorious yet, from barbarous hands to keep,
 When Sallee rovers chas'd him on the deep.
 Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
 Down his own thro'at he risk'd the Grecian gold,

REMARKS.

³⁷⁵ The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages.

P.♥

IMITATIONS.

' — Da, pulchra Laverna,
 Da mihi fallere——

Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem,?

HOR.

Receiv'd each demigod, with pious care,³⁸³
 Deep in his entrails—I rever'd them there,
 I bought them, shrowded in that living shrine,
 And, at their second birth, they issue mine.'
 'Witness great Ammon! by whose horns I swore,
 (Reply'd soft Annius) this our paunch before
 Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
 Is to refund the medals with the meat.
 To prove me, goddess! clear of all design,
 Bid me with Pollio sup as well as dine:
 There all the learn'd shall at the labour stand,
 And Douglas lend his soft obstetric hand.'³⁹⁴

The goddess smiling seem'd to give consent;
 So back to Pollio hand in hand they went.
 Then thick as locusts blackening all the ground,
 A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
 Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the pow'r,
 A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flower.
 But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal
 And aspect ardent, to the throne appeal.

The first thus open'd: 'Hear thy suppliant's call,
 Great queen, and common mother of us all!

REMARKS.

394 *Douglas.*] A physician of great learning, and no less taste; above all, curious in what related to Horace; of whom he collected every edition, translation, and comment, to the number of several hundred volumes. P.*

IMITATIONS.

383 *Receiv'd each demigod.*]

'Emissumque ima de sede Typhœa terræ
 Cœlitibus fecisse metum; cunctosque dedisse,
 Terga fugæ: donec fessos Egyptia tellus
 Ceperit.'—

OVID.

Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flower,⁴⁰⁵
 Suckled and cheer'd, with air, and sun, and shower.
 Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
 Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
 Then thron'd in glass, and nam'd it Caroline !
 Each maid cried, charming ! and each youth, divine !
 Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
 Such varied light in one promiscuous blaze !
 Now prostrate ! dead ! behold that Caroline :
 No maid cries, charming ! and no youth, divine !
 And lo the wretch ! whose vile, whose insect-lust
 Laid this gay daughter of the spring in dust.
 O punish him, or to the' Elysian shades
 Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades.'
 He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien
 The' accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the
 queen :

'Of all the' enamell'd race, whose silvery wing⁴²¹
 Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring,
 Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
 Once brightest shin'd this child of heat and air.

IMITATIONS.

405, &c. *Fair from its humble bed, &c.*—nam'd it Caroline !
Each maid cried, charming ! and each youth, divine !
Now prostrate ! dead ! behold that Caroline :
No maid cries charming ! and no youth, divine !]

These verses are translated from Catullus, Epith.

'Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
 Quam mulcent auræ, firmat Sol, educat imber,
 Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ :
 Idem quam tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
 Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ,' &c.

421 *Of all the' enamell'd race.*] The poet seems to have an eye to
 Spenser, Mulopotmos.

'Of all the race of silver-winged flies
 Which do possess the empire of the air.'

I saw, and started from its vernal bower
 The rising game, and chas'd from flow'r to flower.
 It fled, I follow'd ; now in hope, now pain ;⁴²⁷
 It stop'd, I stop'd ; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
 At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
 And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd :
 Rose or carnation was below my care ;
 I meddle, goddess ! only in my sphere.
 I tell the naked fact without disguise,
 And, to excuse it, need but show the prize ;
 Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
 Fair ev'n in death ! this peerless butterfly.' [parts .

' My sons ! (she answer'd) both have done your
 Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
 But hear a mother when she recommends
 'To your fraternal care our sleeping friends.
 The common soul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
 Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake.
 A drowsy watchman, that just gives a knock,
 And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a-clock.
 Yet by some object every brain is stir'd ;
 The dull may waken to a humming-bird ;
 The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
 Congenial matter in the cockle-kind ;
 The mind, in metaphysics at a loss,
 May wander in a wilderness of moss ;
 The head that turns at superlunar things,
 Pois'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.'⁴⁵²

REMARKS.

452 *Wilkins.*] One of the first projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the ex-

IMITATIONS.

427, 428 *It fled, I follow'd, &c.*]

'——I started back ;

It started back ; but pleas'd I soon return'd ;

Pleas'd it return'd as soon.'—

MILTON.

‘O! would the sons of men once think their eyes
And reason given them but to study flies!
See Nature in some partial narrow shape,
And let the Author of the whole escape:
Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve!’

‘Be that my task (replies a gloomy clerk,
Sworn foe to mystery, yet divinely dark;
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day,
When moral evidence shall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize:)
Let others creep by timid steps, and slow,
On plain experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to nature’s cause through nature led.
All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of arrogance, and source of pride!
We nobly take the high priori road,
And reason downward, till we doubt of God:
Make nature still encroach upon his plan,
And shove him off as far as e’er we can:
Thrust some mechanic cause into his place,
Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space:
Or, at one bound o’erleaping all his laws,
Make God man’s image; man, the final cause;
Find virtue local, all relation scorn,
See all in self, and but for self be born:
Of nought so certain as our reason still,
Of nought so doubtful as of soul and will.

REMARKS.

travagant hope of a possibility to fly to the moon; which has put some volatile geniuses upon making wings for that purpose. P.*

O hide the God still more ! and make us see
 Such as Lucretius drew, a god like thee :
 Wrapt up in self, a god without a thought,
 Regardless of our merit or default.
 Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
 Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,
 While through poetic scenes the genius roves,
 Or wanders wild in academic groves ;
 That Nature our society adores,
 Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores !⁴⁹²

Rous'd at his name, up rose the bowzy sire,
 And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire ;
 Then snapt his box, and strok'd his belly down ;
 Rosy and reverend though without a gown.
 Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
 Lcd up the youth, and call'd the goddess dame.
 Then thus : ' From priestcraft happily set free,
 Lo ! every finish'd son returns to thee :
 First slave to words, then vassal to a name,
 Then dupe to party ; child and man the same ;
 Bounded by nature, narrow'd still by art,
 A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
 Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen,
 Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a Queen !
 Mark'd out for honours, honour'd for their birth,
 To thee the most rebellious things on earth ;
 Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
 All melted down in pension or in punk !

REMARKS.

⁴⁹² *Silenus* was an Epicurean philosopher, as appears from Virgil, *Ecl.* VI. where he sings the principles of that philosophy in his drink. P.*

By *Silenus* was meant Mr. Thomas Gordon, who translated *Tacitus* in an affected, hard manner.

So K*, so B** sneak'd into the grave,
 A monarch's half, and half a harlot's slave.
 Poor W** nipt in folly's broadest bloom,
 Who praises now? his chaplain on his tomb.
 Then take them all, O take them to thy breast;
 Thy Magus, goddess! shall perform the rest.'

With that a wizard old his cup extends,⁵¹⁷
 Which whoso tastes forgets his former friends,⁵¹⁸
 Sire, anccstors, himself. One casts his eyes
 Up to a star, and like Endymion dies:
 A feather, shooting from another's head,
 Extracts his brain, and principle is fled;
 Lost is his God, his country, every thing,
 And nothing left but homage to a king!
 The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs,
 To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs;
 But, sad example! never to cscape
 Their infamy, still keep the human shape.

But she, good goddess, sent to every child
 Firm impudence, or stupefaction mild;
 And straight succeeded, leaving shame no room,
 Cибberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.

REMARKS.

517 — *his cup*—*Which whoso tastes, &c.*] The cup of self-love, which causes a total oblivion of the obligations of friendship or honour, and of the service of God or our country; all sacrificed to vainglory, court-worship, or the yet meaner considerations of lucre and brutal pleasures. From ver. 520 to 528. P.*

IMITATIONS.

518 *Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends, Sire, &c.*] Homer of the *Nepenthe*, *Odyss.* IV.

Αυτικ' αρ' εις οινον βηλε φαρμακον, ενθεν επινον
 Νηπενθες τ' αχολον τε κακων επιληθον απαντων.

Kind self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes :
But as the flatterer or dependant paint,
Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or saint.

On others interest her gay livery flings,
Interest, that waves on party-colour'd wings :
Turn'd to the sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise.

Others the syren sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas! the voice of fame they hear,
The balm of dulness trickling in their ear.

Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,
Why all your toils? your sons have learn'd to sing.
How quick ambition hastes to ridicule :
The sire is made a peer, the son a fool.

On some, a priest succinct in amice white,
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight!
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn :
The board with specious miracles he loads,
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads.
Another (for in all what one can shine?)
Explains the *seve* and *verdeur* of the vine.⁵⁵⁶
What cannot copious sacrifice atone?
Thy truffles, Perigord! thy hams, Bayonne!
With French libation, and Italian strain,
Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain.⁵⁶⁰

REMARKS.

556 *Seve* and *verdeur*.] French terms relating to wines, which signify their flavour and poignancy

560 — *Bladen—Hays*.] Names of gamesters. Bladen is a black man.—*Robert Knight*, Cashier of the South Sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742.)—These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables fre-

Knight lifts the head ; for what are crowds undone,
To three essential partridges in one ?

Gone every blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending princes mount them in their coach.

Next bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The queen confers her titles and degrees.

Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
Who study Shakspeare at the Inns of Court,

Impale a glow-worm, or virtù profess,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.

Some, deep free-masons, join the silent race,
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place :

Some botanists, or florists at the least,
Or issue members of an annual feast.

Nor pass the meanest unregarded, one
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.

The last, not least in honour or applause,
Isis and Cam made doctors of her laws.

Then, blessing all, ' Go, children of my care !
To practice now from theory repair.

All my commands are easy, short, and full ;
My sons ! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.

Guard my prerogative, assert my throne :

This nod confirms each privilege your own.

The cap and switch be sacred to his grace ;

With staff and pumps the marquis leads the race ;

From stage to stage the licens'd earl may run,

Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer, the sun ;

The learned baron butterflies design,

Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line ;

REMARKS.

quented by persons of the first quality of England, and even by
princes of the blood of France.

P.*

The judge to dance his brother serjeant call ;
 The senator at cricket urge the ball ;
 The bishop, stow (pontific luxury !)
 An hundred souls of turkeys in a pie ;
 The sturdy 'squire to Gallic masters stoop,
 And drown his lands and manors in a soup.
 Others import yet nobler arts from France,
 Teach kings to fiddle, and make senates dance.
 Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
 Proud to my list to add one monarch more ;
 And nobly-conscious, princes are but things
 Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings,
 Tyrant supreme ! shall three estates command,
And make one mighty Dunciad of the land !"

More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All nature nods:
 What mortal can resist the yawn of gods ?
 Churches and chapels instantly it reach'd :
 (Saint James's first, for leaden Gilbert preach'd)⁶⁰³
 Then catch'd the schools ; the hall scarce kept
 awake ;
 The convocation gap'd, but could not speak :
 Lost was the nation's sense, nor could be found,
 While the long solemn unison went round :
 Wide and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm ;
 Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm :
 The vapour mild o'er each committee crept ;
 Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept ;
 And chiefless armies doz'd out the campaign ;
 And navies yawn'd for orders on the main.

REMARKS.

603 Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, who had in a rude manner attacked Dr. King of Oxford, whom Pope much respected.

‘ O Muse ! relate, (for you can tell alone,
 Wits have short memories, and dunces none)
 Relate who first, who last, resign’d to rest ;⁶²¹
 Whose heads she partly, whose completely bless’d ;
 What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
 The venal quiet, and entrance the dull ; [wrong—
 Till drown’d was sense, and shame, and right, and
 O sing, and hush the nations with thy song !

* * * * *

In vain, in vain—the all-composing hour
 Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the pow’r.
 She comes ! she comes ! the sable throne behold
 Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old !
 Before her, fancy’s gilded clouds decay,
 And all its varying rainbows die away.
 Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
 The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
 As one by one, at dread Medea’s strain,
 The sickening stars fade off the’ ethereal plain ;
 As Argus’ eyes, by Hermes’ wand oppress’d,⁶³⁷
 Clos’d one by one to everlasting rest ;
 Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
 Art after art goes out, and all is night.
 See sculking Truth to her old cavern fled,
 Mountains of easuistry heap’d o’er her head !

IMITATIONS.

621 *Relate who first, who last, resign’d to rest :*

Whose heads she partly, whose completely bless’d.]

‘ *Quem telo primum, quem postremum aspera Virgo
 Dejicis ? aut quot humi, morientia corpora fundis ?*

VIRG.

637 *As Argus’ eyes, &c.]*

‘ *Et quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus,*

Parte tamen vigilat—

—Vidit Cyllenius omnes

Succubuisse oculos,’ &c.

OVID. Met. II.

Philosophy, that lean'd on Heaven before,
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
 Physic of metaphysic begs defence,
 And metaphysic calls for aid on sense !
 See mystery to mathematics fly !
 In vain ! they gaze, turn giddy, rave and die.
 Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
 And unawares Morality expires.
 Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine ;
 Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine !
 Lo ! thy dread empire, Chaos ! is restor'd ;
 Light dies before thy uncreating word :
 Thy hand, great Anarch ! lets the curtain fall :
 And universal darkness buries all.

INDEX

OF

PERSONS AND MATTERS

CELEBRATED IN

THIS POEM AND NOTES.

The Numerals show the Book—The Figures the Verse.

- | | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| AMBROSE Philips, i. 105. iii. 326. | Banks, i. 146. |
| Attila, iii. 92. | Broome, <i>ibid.</i> |
| Alaric, iii. 91. | Bond, ii. 126. |
| Alma Mater, iii. 338. | Brown, iii. 28. |
| Annus. an antiquary, iv. 347. | Bladen, iv. 560. |
| Arnall. William, ii. 315. | Budgel, Esq. ii. 397. |
| | Bentley, Richard, iv. 201. |
| Blackmore, Sir Richard, i. 104. ii. 263. | Bentley. Thomas, ii. 205. |
| Bezaleel, Morris, ii. 126. iii. 168. | Boyer, Abel, ii. 413. |
| | Bland, a gazetteer, i. 231. |
| | Breval, J. Durant, ii. 126. 221. |
| | Benlowes, iii. 21. |

- Bavius, iii. 21.
 Burmannus, iv. 237.
 Benson, William, Esq. iii. 325.
 iv. 10.
 Burgersdyck, iv. 198.
 Bæotians, iii. 50.
 Bruin and Bears, i. 101.
 Bear and Fiddle, i. 224.

 Cibber, Colley, Hero of the Po-
 em, *passim*.
 Cibber, jun. iii. 139. 326.
 Caxton, William, i. 149.
 Curl, Edm. i. 40. ii. 3. 58. 167,
 &c.
 Cooke, Thomas, ii. 138.
 Concanen, Matthew, ii. 299.
 Centlivre, Susannah, ii. 411.
 Cæsar in Egypt, i. 251.
 Chi Ko-amti, Emperor of China,
 iii. 75.
 Cruusaz, iv. 198.
 Codrus, ii. 144.

 De Foe, Daniel, i. 103. ii. 147.
 De Foe, Norton, ii. 415.
 De Lyra, or Harpsfield, i. 153.
 Dennis, John, i. 106. ii. 239. iii.
 173.
 Dunton, John, ii. 144.
 D'Urfe, iii. 146.
 Dutchmen, ii. 405. iii. 51.
 Doctors, at White's, i. 203.
 Douglas, iv. 394.

 Eusden, Laurence, Poet Lau-
 reate, i. 104.
 Eliza Haywood, ii. 157, &c.

 Fleckno, Richard, ii. 2.
 Faustus, Dr. iii. 233.
 Fleetwood, iv. 326.
 Free Masons, iv. 576.
 French Cooks, iv. 553.

 Gildon, Charles, i. 296.
 Goode, Barn. iii. 153.
 Goths, iii. 90.
 Gazetteers, i. 215. ii. 314.
 Gregorians and Gornogons, iv.
 575.

 Holland, Philemon, i. 154.
 Hearn, Thomas, iii. 185.
 Horneck, Philip, iii. 152.

 Haywood, Eliza, ii. 157, &c.
 Howard, Edward, i. 297.
 Henley, John, the Orator, ii. 2.
 425. iii. 199, &c.
 Huns, iii. 90.
 Heywood, John, i. 98.
 Harpsfield, i. 153.
 Hays, iv. 560.

 John, King, i. 252.
 James I. iv. 176.
 Jacob, Giles, iii. 149.
 Jansen, a Gamester, iv. 326.

 Knight, Robert, iv. 561.
 Kuster, iv. 237.

 Lintot, Bernard, i. 40. ii. 53.
 Law, William, ii. 413.
 Log, King, i. line ult.

 Moore, James, ii. 50, &c.
 Murris, Bezaleel, ii. 126. iii. 168.
 Mist, Nathaniel, i. 208.
 Milbourn, Luke, ii. 349.
 Mahomet, iii. 97.
 Mears, William, ii. 125. iii. 28.
 Motteux, Peter, ii. 412.
 Monks, iii. 52.
 Mandeville, ii. 414.
 Morgan, *ibid*.
 Montalto, iv. 105.
 Mominius, an antiquary, iv.
 371.

 Newcastle, Duchess of, i. 141.
 Nunjuror, i. 253.

 Ogilvy, John, i. 141. 328.
 Oldmixon, John, ii. 283.
 Ozel, John, i. 285.
 Omar, the Caliph, iii. 81.
 Ostrogoths, iii. 93.
 Owls, i. 271. 290. iii. 54.
 — Athenian, iv. 362.
 Osborne, Bookseller, ii. 167.
 ——— Mother, ii. 312.

 Prynne, William, i. 103.
 Philips, Ambrose, i. 105. iii.
 326.
 Paridell, iv. 341.

 Quarles, Francis, i. 140.
 Quernu, Camillo, ii. 15.

Ralph, James, i. 216. iii. 165.

Roome, Edward, iii. 152.

Ridley, Thomas, iii. 327.

Ridpath, George, i. 208. ii. 149.

Roper Abel, ii. 149.

Rich, iii. 261.

Settle, Elkanah, i. 90. 146. iii. 37.

Smedley, Jonathan, ii. 291, &c.

Shadwell, Thomas, i. 240. iii. 22.

Scholiasts, iv. 232.

Silenus, iv. 492.

Sqoterkins, i. 126.

Tate, i. 105. 238.

Theobald, or Tibbald, i. 133. 286.

Tutchin, John, ii. 148.

Toland, John, ii. 399. iii. 212.

Tindal, Dr. ii. 399. iii. 212. 492.

Taylor, John, the Water Poet, iii. 19.

Vandals, iii. 86.

Visigoths, iii. 94.

Walpole, [late Sir Robert] praised by our Author, ii. 314.

Withers, George, i. 296.

Wynkyn de Worde, i. 149.

Ward, Edw. i. 233. iii. 34.

Webster, ii. 258.

Whitefield, *ibid.*

Warner, Thomas, ii. 125.

Wilkins, *ibid.*

Welsted, Leonard, ii. 207. iii. 170.

Woolston, Thomas, iii. 212.

Wormius, iii. 138.

Wasse, iv. 237.

Walker, hat-bearer to Bentley, iv. 206. 273.

SELECT POEMS
OF
ROBERT BLAIR.

WITH
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
FROM CHALMERS.

LIFE OF ROBERT BLAIR.

ROBERT BLAIR was the eldest son of the Rev. David Blair, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and chaplain to the king.

He was born in the year 1699, and after the usual preparatory studies, was ordained minister of Athelstamford, in the county of East Lothian, where he resided until his death, Feb. 4, 1747. One of his sons now held the office of solicitor-general to his majesty for Scotland. The late celebrated Dr. Hugh Blair, professor of rhetoric and belles lettres, was his cousin.

Such are the only particulars handed down to us respecting the writer of the *Grave*: it appears to have made its way very slowly into general notice. The pious and congenial Hervey was among the first who praised it. Mr. Pinkerton, in his *Letters of Literature*, published under the name of Heron, endeavoured to raise it far above the level of common productions, and I should suppose he has succeeded.

The *Grave* is said to have been first printed at Edinburgh in 1747, but this is a mistake. It was printed in 1743, at London, for M. Cooper. The author had previously submitted it to Dr. Watts, who informed him that two booksellers had declined the risk of publication.

“The eighteenth century,” says Campbell, “has produced few specimens of blank verse of so powerful and simple a character as that of the Grave. It is a popular poem, not merely because it is religious, but because its language and imagery are free, natural, and picturesque. The latest editor of the poets has, with singularly bad taste, noted some of this author’s most nervous and expressive phrases as vulgarisms, among which he reckons that of friendship, ‘The solder of society.’ Blair may be a homely and even a gloomy poet in the eye of fastidious criticism; but there is a masculine and pronounced character even in his gloom and homeliness, that keeps it most distinctly apart from either dulness or vulgarity. His style pleases us like the powerful expression of a countenance without regular beauty.”

THE
GRAVE.

The house appointed for all living.

JOB.

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage ;
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life ;—the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb ;
The' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet.—Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King ! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death.—The Grave, dread
thing !

Men shiver when thou'rt named : nature, appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.—Ah ! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes !
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark
night,

Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together, or had tried his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.—The sickly taper
By glimmering through thy low-brow'd misty
vaults,

(Furr'd round with mouldy damps and ropy slime)
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied, thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane;—the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And buried midst the wreck of things which were;
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul
bird,

Rook'd in the spire, screams loud: the gloomy ailes,
Black-plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of
'scutcheons

And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead.—Rous'd from their
slumbers,

In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grim horribly, and obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.

Again the schreech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
(Coëval near with that) all ragged show,
Long lash'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
Their branchless trunks; others so thin a-top,
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd
here:

Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs:
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unring, untouch'd.
(Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near the witching time of night.)

Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine chequering through the
trees,

The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,) .
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave; and (strange to tell!)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes 'spied,
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,

Whilst bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast falling down her now untasted cheek:
Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
She drops; whilst busy, meddling memory,
In barbarous succession musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious grave!—how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul;
Sweetener of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please.—Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the under-wood,
Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongued
thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird,
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note:
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst every flower
Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress.—Oh! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart

Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull grave—thou spoil'st the dance of youthful
blood,

Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And every smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the men of health
Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll?
Whose every look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lip'd, musing Melancholy,
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth;
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discover'd globe;
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim,
And cram'd into a space we blush to name!
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone!
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now,
Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon its back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife.

Mute, must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd ;
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the herald duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple ;
Oh, cruel irony ! these come too late ;
And only mock, whom they were meant to honour.
Surely there's not a dungeon-slave that's bury'd
In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,
Above the vulgar born, to rot in state.

But see ! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding on,
Stately and slow ; and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour,
To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad.
How rich the trappings ! now they're all unfurl'd,
And glittering in the sun ; triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard the' unwieldy show ; whilst from the case-
ments,
And houses' tops, ranks behind ranks close-wedg'd
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste ?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcass
That's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible ?—Ye undertakers, tell us,
Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principle conceal'd, for which

You make this mighty stir?—'Tis wisely done :
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud *lineage* ! now how little thou appear'st
Below the envy of the private man.

Honour ! that meddlesome officious ill
Pursues thee ev'n to death ; nor there stops short,
Strange persecution ! when the grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd to think to overreach the grave ;
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours.
The best-concerted schemes men lay for fame,
Die fast away : only themselves die faster.
The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurell'd bard,
These bold insurancers of deathless fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tapering pyramid, the' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world, whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long out-liv'd
The angry shaking of the winter's storm ;
Yet spent at last by the' injuries of Heaven,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,
At once gives way. Oh ! lamentable sight :
The labour of whole ages lumbers down,
A hideous and misshapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wrestle, but in vain,
With all-subduing time : her cankering hand
With calm deliberate malice wasteth them :
Worn on the edge of days the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, give up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
 Who swam to sovereign rule through seas of blood ;
 The' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
 Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
 And in a cruel wantonness of power
 Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
 To want the rest ; now, like a storm that's spent,
 Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind the covert.
 Vain thought ! to hide them from the general scorn
 That haunts and dogs them, like an injur'd ghost
 Implacable.—Here too the petty tyrant,
 Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
 And, well for neighbouring grounds, of arm as short,
 Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
 And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey ;
 Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger ;
 And piteous plaintive voice of misery :
 (As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
 Of the same common feelings with his lord ;) '
 Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
 Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his
 kinsman ;
 Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
 Precedency's a jest ; vassal and lord,
 Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or others' adulation,
 Would cunningly persuade us we were something
 Above the common level of our kind,
 The grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd flattery,
 And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty !—thou pretty plaything, dear deceit,
 That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
 And gives it a new pulse, unknown before,

The grave discredits thee : thy charms expung'd,
 Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
 What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
 Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
 Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,
 Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek
 The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
 Riots unscar'd.—For this, was all thy caution?
 For this, thy painful labours at the glass?
 To improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
 For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder!
 Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
 And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
 Look how the fair-one weeps!—the conscious tears
 Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs :
 Honest effusion! the swol'n heart in vain
 Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength too—thou surly, and less gentle boast
 Of those that loud laugh at the village-ring;
 A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
 With greater ease, than e'er thou didst the stripling
 That rashly dar'd thee to the' unequal fight.
 What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!
 With anguish heavy laden; let me trace it:
 From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
 By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
 Like a hard-bunted beast. How his great heart
 Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
 To give the lungs full play.—What now avail
 The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread
 shoulders?

See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
 Mad with his pain!—Eager he catches hold
 Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,

Just like a creature drowning ; hideous sight !
Oh ! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly !
While the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you that groan ?
It was his last.—See how the great Goliath,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still.—What mean'st thou then, O mighty
boaster !

To vaunt of nerves of thine ? what means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man ;
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife ?

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube ;
And travelling through the boundless length of
space,

Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstasy of thought. But, ah ! proud man,
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head ;
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails ;
And down thou drop'st into that darksome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here, the tongue-warrior lies, disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ail to passers by.
Great man of language !—whence this mighty
change,

This dumb despair, and drooping of the head ?
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts

In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue ;
Alas ! how chop-fall'n now ! Thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing.—Ah ! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase ?
Ah ! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been,
Raz'd from the book of fame : or, more provoking,
Perchance some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along :
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

Here the great masters of the healing art,
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb,
Spite of their julaps and catholicons,
Resign to fate.—Proud *Æsculapius'* son !
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health ?
Nor hill nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rifling hand ;—from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy-retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire : nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.
But why this apparatus ? why this cost ?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave,
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures ?
Alas ! thou speakest not—The bold impostor
Looks not more silly, when the cheat's found out.

Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons,

Who meanly stole (discreditable shift)
From back, and belly too, their proper cheer,
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcass; now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clamorous appetites no longer teas'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But, ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed;
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
Oh, cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake,
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds:
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come?
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help;
But shrieks in vain!—How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
Oh! might she stay, to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage—Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood;—and every groan
She heaves is big with horror.—But the foe,
Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! my soul,
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!

That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd
 To tell what's doing on the other side.
 Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
 And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting;
 For part they must: body and soul must part;
 Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
 This wings its way to its Almighty source,
 The witness of its actions, now its judge;
 That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
 Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If death were nothing, and nought after death;
 If when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,
 Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
 Whence first they sprung; then might the debauchee
 Untrembling mouth the heavens:—then might the
 drunkard

Reel over his full bowl, and, when 'tis drain'd,
 Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
 At the poor bugbear death:—then might the wretch
 That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
 At once give each inquietude the slip,
 By stealing out of being, when he pleas'd,
 And by what way, whether by hemp or steel;
 Death's thousand doors stand open.—Who could
 force

The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,
 Or blame him if he goes?—Sure, he does well,
 That helps himself as timely as he can,
 When able—But if there's an *hereafter*;
 (And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd
 And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man;)
 Then must it be an awful thing to die:
 More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
 Self-murder!—name it not: our island's shame,

That makes her the reproach of neighbouring states.

Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?

Forbid it, Heaven!—Let not upon disgust,
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
With blood of its own lord.—Dreadful attempt!
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage,
To rush into the presence of our Judge;
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath!—Unheard-of tortures
Must be reserv'd for such: these herd together;
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd!
How long, how short, we know not:—this we
know,

Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission:
Like sentries that must keep their destin'd stand,
And wait the' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.
Those only are the brave that keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves,
By boldly venturing on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark;—'tis mad;
No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead, will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret!
Oh! that some courteous ghost would blab it out;
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.

I've heard, that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death:—'Twas kindly
done

To knock and give the' alarum.—But what means
This stinted charity?—'Tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves—Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice?—I'll ask no more:
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves. Well, 'tis no matter;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's shafts fly thick:—Here falls the village-
swain,

And there his pamper'd lord.—The cup goes round:
And who so artful as to put it by?

'Tis long since death had the majority;
Yet strange! the living lay it not to heart.

See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle,
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaint-
ance,

By far his juniors.—Scarce a skull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life.—Thus hand in hand
The sot has walk'd with Death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale:—When drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch! he minds
not,

That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Could scarce have leisure for.—Fools that we are,
Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time: as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours.—Oh! more than sottish,
For creature's of a day, in gamesome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink
Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,
The very first swol'n surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on,
With a resistless unremitting stream;
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize.—What is this world?
What? but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that live, must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring; in their turns
They too must cover theirs.—'Tis here all meet,
The shivering Iclander, and sunburn'd Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, and Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite, yet prouder,
His sovereign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight.—Here lie abash'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,

Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts.
Now vain their treaty-skill.—Death scorns to treat;
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his gall'd shoulders;—and when the stern
 tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm,—and quick as thought escapes
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream,
(Time out of mind the favourite seats of love)
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue.—Here friends and foes
Lie close; unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-robed prelate and plain presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams
That some rude interposing rock has split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant:—Here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch.
Here is the mother, with her sons and daughters:
The barren wife, and long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude, severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here.
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose every-day was made of melody,

Hears not the voice of mirth.—The shrill-tongued
shrew,

Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, and profane,
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean;
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Poor man!—how happy once in thy first state!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's
hand,

He stamp'd thee with his image, and, well-pleas'd,
Smil'd on his last fair work.—Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts.—Nor head, nor heart,
Offer'd to ache: nor was there cause they should;
For all was pure within: no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings-up of what might be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom.—Summer seas
Show not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern
winds

Just ready to expire—scarcely importun'd,
The generous soil, with a luxurious hand,
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And every thing most perfect in its kind.
Blessed! thrice blessed days!—But ah! how short!
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men;
But fugitive like those, and quickly gone.
Oh! slippery state of things.—What sudden turns!
What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf
Of man's sad history!—To-day most happy,

And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject.
How scant the space between these vast extremes!
'Thus far'd it with our sire :—not long he enjoy'd
His paradise.—Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again.—And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man?—Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate.—But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish odours of the place,
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom.—A mighty angel,
With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
One last and farewell round.—At once he lost
His glory, and his God.—If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder.—Man has sinn'd.
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try: nor tried in vain.
(Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
Where the worst thing could happen, is success.)
Alas! too well he sped:—the good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
Not to return;—or if it did, its visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between:
Whilst the black demon, with his hell-scap'd train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man: who now too late
Saw the rash error, which he could not mend:
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.

Inglorious bondage!—Human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds through every vein.

What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, Sin!
Greatest and first of ills.—The fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions!—But for thee
Sorrow had never been—All-noxious thing,
Of vilest nature!—Other sorts of evils
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from his burning entrails,
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops.—The big-swoln inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threatening more;
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than those! Sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world:
Dispatching at a wide-extended blow
Entire mankind; and, for their sakes, defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accurs'd thing!—Oh! where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors?—Pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper so transcendently malign,
That toads and serpents, of most deadly kind,
Compar'd to thee, are harmless.—Sicknesses
Of every size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues are thine.—See, how the fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round! [heels,
Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her

Wades deep in blood new-spilt ; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.

But, hold ! I've gone too far ; too much discover'd

My father's nakedness, and nature's shame.
Here let me pause, and drop an honest tear,
One burst of filial duty and condolence,
O'er all those ample deserts Death hath spread,
This chaos of mankind.—O great man-eater !
Whose every day is carnival, not sated yet !
Unheard-of Epicure ! without a fellow !
The veriest gluttons do not always cram ;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite : thou seekest none.
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.
But, ah ! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more :
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank Hunger lays her skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings.
As if diseases, massacres, and poison,
Famine, and war, were not thy caterers.

But know, that thou must render up thy dead,
And with high interest too.—They are not thine,
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promis'd day of restitution ;
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
Of strong-lung'd cherub, shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers, into life,
Day-light, and liberty.—

Then must thy doors fly open, and reveal

The mines that lay forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd ; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
And inquisition of the forge.—We know
The' illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
The SON of GOD, thee foil'd.—Him in thy power
Thou could'st not hold :—self-vigorous he rose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent :
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall !)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And show'd himself alive to chosen witnesses,
By proofs so strong, that the most slow-assenting
Had not a scruple left.—This having done,
He mounted up to Heav'n.—Methinks I see him
Climb the ærial heights, and glide along
Athwart the severing clouds : but the faint eye,
Flung backwards in the chase, soon drops its hold ;
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in !
Nor are his friends shut out : as a great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train.—It was his royal will,
That where he is, there should his followers be ;
Death only lies between.—A gloomy path !
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears :
But not untrod, nor tedious : the fatigue
Will soon go off.—Besides, there's no bye-road
To bliss.—Then, why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That leads to purer air, and softer skies,
And a ne'er-setting sun ?—Fools that we are !

We wish to be where sweets unwithering bloom;
But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen, upon a summer's even,
Fast by the rivulet's brink, a youngster play :
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide !
This moment resolute, next unresolv'd :
At last he dips his foot ; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From the' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flowers that paint the further bank,
And smil'd so sweet of late.—Thrice welcome
Death !

That after many a painful bleeding step
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long wish'd-for shore.—Prodigious change,
Our bane turn'd to a blessing!—Death disarm'd,
Loses its fellness quite.—All thanks to Him
Who scourg'd the venom out.—Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace!—How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the evening tide of life,
A life well-spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green :
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away ;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting.
High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
After the prize in view ! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away :
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast coming harvest.—Then, oh, then !
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,

Shrunk to a thing of nought.—Oh ! how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd !
'Tis done ! and now he's happy !—the glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd.—Ev'n the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more,
Nor shall it hope in vain :—the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long-committed dust
Inviolatè :—and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account ; not the least atom
Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd ;
And each shall have his own.—Hence, ye profane !
Ask not, how this can be ?—Sure the same pow'r
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can reassemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were.—Almighty God
Has done much more : nor is his arm impair'd
Through length of days : and what he can, he will :
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumbering
dust,
(Not unattentive to the call) shall wake :
And every joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state.—Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner, but amidst the crowd
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush with all the impatience of a man
That's new-come home, and, having long been ab-
sent,

With haste runs over every different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
Thus at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day;
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

SELECT POEMS

OF

CHRISTOPHER PITT, ESQ.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

FROM DR. JOHNSON.



LIFE OF CHRISTOPHER PITT.

CHristopher PITT was born in 1699 at Blandford, the son of a physician much esteemed.

He was, in 1714, received as a scholar into Winchester College, where he was distinguished by exercises of uncommon elegance; and, at his removal to New College in 1719, presented to the electors, as the product of his private and voluntary studies, a complete version of Lucan's poem, which he did not then know to have been translated by Rowe.

This is an instance of early diligence which well deserves to be recorded. The suppression of such a work, recommended by such uncommon circumstances, is to be regretted. It is indeed culpable, to load libraries with superfluous books; but incitements to early excellence are never superfluous, and from this example the danger is not great of many imitations.

When he had resided at his College three years, he was presented to the rectory of Pimperm, in Dorsetshire (1722), by his relation Mr. Pitt, of Stratfieldsea, in Hampshire; and, resigning his fellowship, continued at Oxford two years longer, till he became Master of Arts (1724).

He probably about this time translated "Vida's Art of Poetry," which Tristram's splendid edition

had then made popular. In this translation he distinguished himself, both by its general elegance, and by the skilful adaptation of his numbers to the images expressed; a beauty which Vida has with great ardour enforced and exemplified.

He then retired to his living, a place very pleasing by its situation, and therefore likely to excite the imagination of a poet; where he passed the rest of his life, revered for his virtue, and beloved for the softness of his temper and easiness of his manners. Before strangers he had something of the scholar's timidity or distrust; but, when he became familiar, he was in a very high degree cheerful and entertaining. His general benevolence procured general respect; and he passed a life placid and honourable, neither too great for the kindness of the low, nor too low for the notice of the great.

At what time he composed his miscellany, published in 1727, it is not easy nor necessary to know: those which have dates appear to have been very early productions; and I have not observed that any rise above mediocrity.

The success of his *Vida* animated him to a higher undertaking; and in his thirtieth year he published a version of the first book of the *Æneid*. This being, I suppose, commended by his friends, he some time afterwards added three or four more; with an advertisement, in which he represents himself as translating with great indifference, and with a progress of which himself was hardly conscious. This can hardly be true, and if true, is nothing to the reader.

At last, without any further contention with his modesty, or any awe of the name of Dryden, he gave us a complete English *Æneid*.

Pitt engaging as a rival with Dryden, naturally observed his failures, and avoided them; and, as he wrote after Pope's *Iliad*, he had an example of an exact, equable, and splendid versification. With

these advantages, seconded by great diligence, he might successfully labour particular passages, and escape many errors. If the two versions are compared, perhaps the result would be, that Dryden leads the reader forward by his general vigour and sprightliness, and Pitt often stops him to contemplate the excellence of a single couplet; that Dryden's faults are forgotten in the hurry of delight, and that Pitt's beauties are neglected in the languour of a cold and listless perusal; that Pitt pleases the critics, and Dryden the people; that Pitt is quoted, and Dryden read.

He did not long enjoy the reputation which this work deservedly conferred: for he left the world in 1748, and lies buried under a stone at Blandford, on which is this inscription:

In memory of
CHR. PITT, clerk, M. A.
Very eminent
for his talents in poetry;
and yet more
for the universal candour of
his mind, and the primitive
simplicity of his manners.
He lived innocent,
and died beloved,
Apr. 13, 1748,
aged 48.

VIDA'S
ART OF POETRY.

IN THREE BOOKS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN.

BY C. PITT, ESQ.

VIDA'S ART OF POETRY.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

GIVE me, ye sacred Muses, to impart
The hidden secrets of your tuneful art;
Give me your awful mysteries to sing,
Unlock, and open wide, your sacred spring;
While from his infancy the bard I lead,
And set him on your mountain's lofty head;
Direct his course, and point him out the road
To sing in epic strains an hero or a god.

What youth, whose generous bosom pants for
praise,

Will dare with me to beat those arduous ways?
O'er high Parnassus' painful steeps to go,
And leave the groveling multitude below:
Where the glad Muses sing, and form the choir,
While bright Apollo strikes the silver lyre,
Approach thou first, great Francis, nor refuse
To pay due honours to the sacred Muse;
While Gallia waits for thy auspicious reign,
Till age completes the monarch in the man;
Meantime the Muse may bring some small relief,
To charm thy anguish, and suspend thy grief;
While guilty fortune's stern decrees detain
Thee and thy brother in the realms of Spain;

Far, far transported from your native place,
 Your country's, father's, and your friend's embrace!
 Such are the terms the cruel fates impose
 On your great father, struggling with his woes,
 Such are their hard conditions:—they require
 The sons to purchase, and redeem, the sire.
 But yet, brave youth, from grief, from tears, abstain,
 Fate may relent, and Heaven grow mild again;
 At last, perhaps, the glorious day may come,
 The day that brings our royal exile home;
 When, to thy native realms in peace restor'd,
 'The ravish'd crowds shall hail their passing lord;
 When each transported city shall rejoice,
 And nations bless thee with a public voice;
 To the throng'd fanes the matrons shall repair;
 Absolve their vows, and breathe their souls in
 prayer,
 Till then, let every Muse engage thy love,
 With me at large o'er high Parnassus rove,
 Range every bower, and sport in every grove. }

First then observe, that verse is ne'er confin'd
 To one fix'd measure, or determin'd kind;
 Though at its birth it sung the gods alone,
 And then religion claim'd it for her own;
 In sacred strains address'd the deity,
 And spoke a language worthy of the sky;
 New themes succeeding bards began to choose,
 And in a wider field engag'd the Muse;
 The common bulk of subjects to rehearse
 In all the rich varieties of verse.

Yet none of all with equal honours shine
 (But those which celebrate the Power Divine)
 'To those exalted measures, which declare
 The deeds of heroes, and the sons of war

From hence posterity the name bestow'd
On this rich present of the Delphic god ;
Fame says, Phæmonoe in this measure gave
Apollo's answers from the Pythian cave. [choose

But ere you write, consult your strength, and
A theme proportion'd justly to your Muse.
For though in chief these precepts are bestow'd
On him who sings an hero or a god ;
To other themes their general use extends,
And serves in different views to different ends.
Whether the lofty Muse, with tragic rage,
Would proudly stalk in buskins on the stage ;
Or in soft elegies our pity move,
And show the youth in all the flames of love ;
Or sing the shepherd's woes in humble strains,
And the low humours of contending swains :
These faithful rules shall guide the bard along
In every measure, argument, and song.

Be sure (whatever you propose to write)
Let the chief motive be your own delight,
And well-weigh'd choice ;—a task enjoin'd refuse,
Unless a monarch should command your Muse.
(If we may hope those golden times to see,
When bards become the care of majesty !)
Free and spontaneous the smooth numbers glide,
Where choice determines, and our wills preside ;
But, at command, we toil with fruitless pain,
And drag th' involuntary load in vain.

Nor, at its birth, indulge your warm desire,
On the first glimmering of the sacred fire ;
Defer the mighty task ; and weigh your power,
And every part in every view explore ;
And let the theme in different prospects roll
Deep in your thoughts, and grow into the soul.

But ere with sails unfurl'd you fly away,
And cleave the bosom of the boundless sea,
A fund of words and images prepare,
And lay the bright materials up with care,
Which, at due time, occasion may produce,
All rang'd in order for the poet's use.
Some happy objects by mere chance are brought
From hidden causes to the wandering thought ;
Which, if once lost, you labour long in vain
To catch th' ideal fugitives again.
Nor must I fail their conduct to extol,
Who, when they lay the basis of the whole,
Explore the ancients with a watchful eye,
Lay all their charms and elegancies by,
Then to their use the precious spoils apply. }

At first without the least restraint compose,
And mould the future poem into prose ;
A full and proper series to maintain,
And draw the just connection in a chain ;
By stated bounds your progress to control,
To join the parts, and regulate the whole.

And now 'tis time to spread the opening sails
Wide to the wanton winds and flattering gales ;
'Tis time we now prescribe the genuine laws
To raise the beauteous fabric with applause ;
But first some method requisite appears
To form the boy, and mould his tender years.
In vain the bard the sacred wreath pursues,
Unless train'd up and season'd to the Muse.
Soon as the prattling innocent shall reach
To the first use and rudiments of speech,
Ev'n then, by Helicon he ought to rove,
Ev'n then the tuneful Nine should win his love

By just degrees.—But make his guide your choice
For his chaste phrase and elegance of voice ;
That he at first successfully may teach
The methods, laws, and discipline of speech ;
Lest the young charge, mistaking right and wrong,
With vicious habits prejudice his tongue.
Habits, whose subtle seeds may mock your art,
And spread their roots and poison thro' his heart.
Whence none shall move me to approve the wretch,
Who wildly borne above the vulgar reach,
And big with vain pretences to impart
Vast shows of learning, and a depth of art,
For sense th' impertinence of terms affords
An idle cant of formidable words ;
The pride of pedants, the delight of fools ;
The vile disgrace, and lumber of the schools :
In vain the circling youths, a blooming throng,
Dwell on th' eternal jargon of his tongue.
Deluded fools !—The same is their mistake,
Who at the limpid stream their thirst may slake, }
Yet choose the tainted waters of the lake. }
Let no such pest approach the blooming care,
Deprave his style, and violate his ear ;
But far, oh far, to some remoter place
Drive the vile wretch to teach a barbarous race !

Now to the Muse's stream the pupil bring,
To drink large draughts of the Pierian spring ;
And from his birth the sacred bard adore,
Nurs'd by the Nine, on Mincio's flowery shore ;
And ask the gods his numbers to inspire,
With like invention, majesty, and fire.
He reads Ascanius' deeds with equal flame,
And longs with him to run at nobler game.

For youths of ages past he makes his moan,
And learns to pity years so like his own ;
Which, with too swift and too severe a doom,
The fate of war had hurried to the tomb.
His eyes, for Pallas, and for Lausus, flow,
Mourn with their sires, and weep another's woe.
But when Euryalus, in all his charms,
Is snatch'd by fate from his dear mother's arms,
And as he rolls in death, the purple flood
Streams out, and stains his snowy limbs with blood,
His soul the pangs of generous sorrow pierce,
And a new tear steals out at every verse.
Meantime with bolder steps the youth proceeds,
And the Greek poets in succession reads ;
Seasons to either tongue his tender ears ;
Compares the heroes' glorious characters ;
Sees, how Æneas is himself alone,
The draught of Peleus' and Laertes' son ;
How, by the poet's art, in one, conspire
Ulysses' conduct, and Achilles' fire.

But now, young bard, with strict attention hear,
And drink my precepts in at either ear ;
Since mighty crowds of poets you may find,
Crowds of the Grecian and Ausonian kind,
Learn hence what bards to quit or to pursue,
To shun the false, and to embrace the true ;
Nor is it hard to cull each noble piece,
And point out every glorious son of Greece ;
Above whose numbers Homer sits on high,
And shines supreme in distant majesty ;
Whom with a reverent eye the rest regard,
And owe their raptures to the sovereign bard ;
Through him the god their panting souls inspires,
Swells every breast, and warms with all his fires.

Bless'd were the poets with the hallow'd rage,
Train'd up in that and the succeeding age :
As to his time each poet nearer drew,
His spreading fame in just proportion grew ;
By like degrees the next degenerate race
Sunk from the height of honour to disgrace.
And now the fame of Greece extinguish'd lies,
Her ancient language with her glory dies.
Her banish'd princes mourn their ravish'd crowns,
Driven from their old hereditary thrones : .
Her drooping natives rove o'er worlds unknown,
And weep their woes in regions not their own ;
She feels through all her states the dreadful blow,
And mourns the fury of a barbarous foe.

But when our bards brought o'er th' Aonian maids,
From their own Helicon to Tyber's shades ;
When first they settled on Hesperia's plains,
Their numbers ran in rough unpolish'd strains.
Void of the Grecian art their measures flow'd ;
Pleas'd the wild satyrs, and the sylvan crowd.
Low shrubs and lofty forests whilom rung
With uncouth verse, and antiquated song ;
Nor yet old Ennius sung in artless strains,
Fights, arms, and hosts embattled on the plains,
Who first aspir'd to pluck the verdant crown
From Grecian heads, and fix it on his own.
New wonders the succeeding bards explore,
Which slept conceal'd in Nature's womb before ;
Her awful secrets the bold poet sings,
And sets to view the principle of things ;
Each part was fair, and beautiful the whole,
And every line was nectar to the soul.
By such degrees the verse, as ages roll'd,
Was stamp'd to form, and took the beauteous mould.

Ausonia's bards drew off from every part
The barbarous dregs, and civiliz'd the art.
Till, like the day, all shining and serene,
That drives the clouds, and clears the gloomy scene,
Refines the air, and brightens up the skies,
See the majestic head of Virgil rise;
Phœbus' undoubted son!—who clears the rust
Of the rough ancients, and shakes off their dust.
He on each line a nobler grace bestow'd;
He thought, and spoke in every word a god.
To grace this mighty bard, ye Muses, bring
Your choicest flowers, and rifle all the spring;
See! how the Grecian bards, at distance thrown,
With reverence bow to this distinguish'd son;
Immortal sounds his golden lines impart,
And nought can match his genius but his art.
Ev'n Greece turns pale, and trembles at his fame,
Which shades the lustre of her Homer's name.
'Twas then Ausonia saw her language rise
In all its strength and glory to the skies;
Such glory never could she boast before,
Nor could succeeding poets make it more.
From that bless'd period the poetic state
Ran down the precipice of time and fate;
Degenerate souls succeed, a wretched train,
And her old fame at once drew back again.
One, to his genius trusts, in every part,
And scorns the rules and discipline of art.
While this, an empty tide of sound affords,
And roars and thunders in a storm of words.
Some, musically dull, all methods try
To win the ear with sweet stupidity;
Unruffled strains for solid wit dispense,
And give us numbers, when we call for sense.

Till from the' Hesperian plains and Tyber chas'd,
From Rome the banish'd sisters fled at last ;
Driven by the barbarous nations, who from far
Burst into Latium with a tide of war.

Hence a vast change of their old manners sprung,
The slaves were fore'd to speak their master's
tongue ;

No honours now were paid the sacred Muse,
But all were bent on mercenary views ;
'Till Latium saw with joy the' Aonian train
By the great Mediei restor'd again ;
The' illustrious Mediei, of Tuscan race,
Were born to cherish learning in disgrace,
New life on every science to bestow,
And lull the cries of Europe in her woe.
With pity they beheld those turns of fate,
And prop'd the ruins of the Greeian state ;
For, lest her wit should perish with her fame,
'Their care supported still the Argive name ;
'They call'd the' aspiring youths from distant parts,
To plant Ausonia with the Greeian arts ;
'To bask in ease, and science to diffuse,
And to restore the empire of the Muse ;
They sent to ravag'd provinces with care,
And cities wasted by the rage of war,
To buy the ancient's works, of deathless fame,
And snatch the' immortal labours from the flame ;
To which the foes had doom'd each glorious piece,
Who reign and lord it in the realms of Greece.
(But we, ye gods, would raise a foreign lord,
As yet untaught to sheath the civil sword !)
Through many a period this has been the fate,
And this the list of the poetic state.

Hence sacred Virgil from thy soul adore
Above the rest, and to thy utmost power
Pursue the glorious path he struck before.
If he supplies not all your wants, peruse
The' immortal strains of each Augustan Muse.
There stop, nor rashly seek to know the rest,
But drive the dire ambition from thy breast,
Till riper years and judgment form thy thoughts
To mark their beauties, and avoid their faults.

Meantime, ye parents, with attention hear,
And thus advis'd, exert your utmost care ;
The blameless tutor from a thousand choose,
One from his soul devoted to the Muse ;
Who, pleas'd the tender pupil to improve,
Regards and loves him with a father's love.
Youth, of itself to numerous ills betray'd,
Requires a prop, and wants a foreign aid ;
Unless a master's rules his mind incline
To love and cultivate the sacred Nine,
His thoughts a thousand objects will employ,
And from Parnassus lead the wandering boy.
So trusts the swain the saplings to the earth ;
So hopes in time to see the sprouting birth ;
Against the winds defensive props he forms,
To shield the future forest from the storms,
That each embolden'd plant at length may rise
In verdant pride, and shoot into the skies.

But let the guide, if e'er he would improve
His charge, avoid his hate, and win his love ;
Lest in his rage wrong measures he may take,
And loath the Muses for the teacher's sake.
His soul then, slacken'd from her native force,
Flags at the barrier, and forgets the course.

Nor by your anger be the youth o'eraw'd,
But scorn the' ungenerous province of the rod ;
The' offended Muses never can sustain
To hear the shriekings of the tender train,
But, stung with grief and anguish, hang behind ;
Damp'd is the sprightly vigour of the mind.
The boy no daring images inspire,
No bright ideas set his thoughts on fire :
He drags on heavily the' ungrateful load,
Grown obstinately dull, and season'd to the rod.

I know a pedant, who to penance brought
His trembling pupils for the slightest fault ;
His soul transported with a storm of ire,
And all the rage that malice could inspire :
By turns the torturing scourges we might hear,
By turns the shrieks of wretches stun'd the ear.
Still to my mind the dire ideas rise,
When rage unusual sparkled in his eyes ;
When with the dreadful scourge insulting loud,
The tyrant terrify'd the blooming crowd—
A boy the fairest of the frightened train,
Who yet scarce gave the promise of a man,
Ah ! dismal object ! idly pass'd the day
In all the thoughtless innocence of play :
When lo ! the' imperious wretch, inflam'd with rage,
Fierce, and regardless of his tender age,
With fury storms ; the fault his clamours urge :
His hand high-waving brandishes the scourge,
Tears, vows, and prayers, the tyrant's ears assail ;
In vain ;—nor tears, nor vows, nor prayers, prevail.
The trembling innocent from deep despair
Sicken'd, and breath'd his little soul in air.
For him, beneath his poplar, mourns the Po ;
For him the tears of hoary Serious flow !

For him their tears the watery sisters shed,
Who lov'd him living, and deplor'd him dead !
The furious pedant, to restrain his rage,
Should mark the' example of a former age,
How fierce Alcides, warm'd with youthful ire,
Dash'd on his master's front his vocal lyre.
But yet, ye youths, confess your master's sway,
And their commands implicitly obey.

Whoever then this arduous task pursues,
To form the bard, and cultivate the Muse,
Let him by softer means, and milder ways,
Warm his ambition with the love of praise ;
Soon as his precepts shall engage his heart,
And fan the rising fire in every part,
Light is the task ;—for then the eager boy
Pursues the voluntary toil with joy ;
Disdains the' inglorious indolence of rest,
And feeds the' immortal ardour in his breast.

And here the common practice of the schools,
By known experience, justifies my rules,
The youths in social studies to engage ;
For then the rivals burn with generous rage,
Each soul the stings of emulation raise,
And every little bosom beats for praise.
But gifts propos'd will urge them best to rise ;
Fir'd at the glorious prospect of a prize,
With noble jealousy, the blooming bard
Reads, labours, glows, and strains for the reward ;
Fears lest his happy rival win the race,
And raise a triumph on his own disgrace.

But when once season'd to the rage divine,
He loves and courts the raptures of the Nine ;
The sense of glory, and the love of fame,
Serve but as second motives to the flame ;

The thrilling pleasure all the bard subdues,
Lock'd in the strict embraces of the Muse,
See, when harsh parents force the youth to quit,
For meaner arts, the dear delights of wit,
If e'er the wonted warmth his thoughts inspire,
And with past pleasures set his mind on fire ;
How from his soul he longs, but longs in vain,
To haunt the groves and purling streams again ;
No stern commands of parents can controul,
No force can check the sallies of his soul.
So burns the courser season'd to the rein,
That spies his females on a distant plain,
And longs to act his pleasures o'er again. }
Fir'd with remembrance of his joys, he bounds,
He foams and strives to reach the well-known
 grounds;

The goring spurs his furious flames improve,
And rouse within him all the rage of love ;
Ply'd with the scourge he still neglects his haste,
And moves reluctant, when he moves at last ;
Reverts his eye, regrets the distant mare ;
And neighs impatient for the dappled fair.

How oft the youth would long to change his fate,
Who, high advanc'd to all the pomp of state,
With grief his gawdy load of grandeur views,
Lost at too high a distance from the Muse !
How oft he sighs by warbling streams to rove,
And quit the palace for the shady grove ;
How oft in Tyber's cold retreat to lie,
And gladly stoop to cheerful poverty, }
Beneath the rigour of the wintry sky !
But yet how many curse their fruitless toil,
Who turn and cultivate a barren soil ? }

This, ere too late, the master may divine
By a sure omen, and a certain sign :
The hopeful youth, determin'd by his choice,
Works without precept, and prevents advice.
Consults his teacher, plies his task with joy,
And a quick sense of glory fires the boy.
He challenges the crowd ;—the conquest o'er,
He struts away the victor of an hour.
Then vanquish'd in his turn ; o'erwhelm'd with care,
He weeps, he pines, he sickens with despair ;
Nor looks his little rivals in the face,
But flies for shelter to some lonely place,
To mourn his shame, and eover his disgrace. }
His master's frowns impatient to sustain,
Straight he returns, and wins the day again.
This is the boy his better fates design
To rise the future darling of the Nine ;
For him the Muses weave the sacred crown,
And bright Apollo claims him for his own.
Not the least hope the' unactive youth can raise,
Dead to the prospect, and the sense of praise ;
Who your just rules with dull attention hears,
Nor lends his understanding, but his ears,
Resolv'd his parts in indolence to keep,
He lulls his drowsy faculties asleep ;
The wretch your best endeavours will betray,
And the superfluous care is thrown away.

I fear for him, who ripens ere his prime ;
For all productions there's a proper time.
Oh ! may no apples in the spring appear,
Out-grow the seasons, and prevent the year,
Nor mellow yet, till autumn stains the vine,
And the full presses foam with floods of wine,

Torn from the parent tree too soon, they lie
Trod down by every swain who passes by.

Nor should the youth too strictly be confin'd,
'Tis sometimes proper to unbend his mind ;
When tir'd with study, let him seek the plains,
And mark the homely humours of the swains ;
Or pleas'd the toils to spread, or horns to wind,
Hunt the fleet mountain-goat, or forest-hind.
Meantime the youth, impatient that the day
Should pass in pleasures unimprov'd away,
Steals from the shouting crowd, and quits the plains,
To sing the sylvan gods in rural strains ;
Or calls the Muses to Albunea's shades,
Courts, and enjoys, the visionary maids.
So labour'd fields, with crops alternate bless'd,
By turns lie fallow, and indulge their rest ;
'The swain contented bids the hungry soil
Enjoy a sweet vicissitude from toil ;
'Till earth renews her genial powers to bear,
And pays his prudence with a bounteous year.

On a strict view your solid judgment frame,
Nor think that genius is in all the same ;
How oft the youth, who wants the sacred fire,
Fondly mistakes for genius his desire ?
Courts the coy Muses, though rejected still,
Nor Nature seconds his misguided will :
He strives, he toils with unavailing care ;
Nor Heaven relents, nor Phæbus hears his prayer.
He with success, perhaps, may plead a cause,
Shine at the bar, and flourish by the laws ;
Perhaps discover Nature's secret springs,
And bring to light the' originals of things.
But sometimes precept will such force impart,
That Nature bends beneath the power of art.

Besides, 'tis no light province to remove
From the rash boy the fiery pangs of love ;
Till, ripe in years, and more confirm'd in age,
He learns to bear the flames of Cupid's rage ;
Oft hidden fires on all his vitals prey,
Devour the youth, and melt his soul away
By slow degrees ;—blot out his golden dreams,
The tuneful poets, and Castalian streams ;
Struck with a secret wound, he weeps and sighs ;
In every thought the darling phantoms rise ;
The fancy'd charmer swims before his sight,
His theme all day, his vision all the night :
The wandering object takes up all his care,
Nor can he quit th' imaginary fair.
Meantime his sire, unconscious of his pain,
Applies the temper'd medicines in vain ;
The plaguc, so deeply rooted in his heart,
Mocks every slight attempt of Pæan's art ;
The flames of Cupid all his breast inspire,
And in the lover's quench the poet's fire.

When in his riper years, without control,
The Nine have took possession of his soul ;
When, sacred to their god, the crown he wears,
To other authors let him bend his cares ;
Consult their styles, examine every part,
And a new tincture take from every art.
First study Tully's language and his sense,
And range that boundless field of eloquence.
Tully, Rome's other glory, still affords
The best expressions and the richest words ;
As high o'er all in eloquence he stood,
As Rome o'er all the nations she subdued.
Let him read men and manners, and explore
The site and distances from shore to shore ;

Then let him travel, or to maps repair,
And see imagin'd cities rising there ;
Range with his eyes the earth's fictitious ball,
And pass o'er figur'd worlds that grace the wall.
Some in the bloody shock of arms appear,
To paint the native horrors of the war ;
Through charging hosts they rush before they write,
And plunge in all the tumult of the fight.
But since our lives, contracted in their date
By scanty bounds and circumscrib'd by fate,
Can never launch through all the depths of arts,
Ye youths, touch only the material parts ;
There stop your labour, there your search control,
And draw from thence a notion of the whole.
From distant climes when the rich merchants come,
To bring the wealth of foreign regions home ;
Content the friendly harbours to explore,
They only touch upon the winding shore ;
Nor with vain labour wander up and down,
To view the land, and visit every town ;
That would but call them from their former road,
To spend an age in banishment abroad ;
Too late returning from the dangerous main,
To see their countries and their friends again.

Still be the sacred poets your delight,
Read them by day, consult them in the night ;
From those clear fountains all your raptures bring,
And draw for ever from the Muses' spring.
But let your subject in your bosom roll,
Claim every thought, and draw in all the soul.
That constant object to your mind display,
Your toil all night, your labour all the day.

I need not all the rules of verse disclose,
Nor how their various measures to dispose ;

The tutor here with ease his charge may guide
To join the parts and numbers, or divide.
Now let him words to stated laws submit,
Or yoke to measures, or reduce to feet;
Now let him softly to himself rehearse,
His first attempts and rudiments of verse;
Fix on those rich expressions his regard
To use made sacred by some ancient bard;
Tost by a different gust of hopes and fears,
He begs of Heaven an hundred eyes and ears.
Now here, now there, coy nature he pursues,
And takes one image in a thousand views.
He waits the happy moment that affords
The noblest thoughts, and most expressive words,
He brooks no dull delay; admits no rest;
A tide of passion struggles in his breast;
Round his dark soul no clear ideas play,
The most familiar objects glide away.
All fix'd in thought, astonish'd he appears,
His soul examines, and consults his ears;
And racks his faithless memory, to find
Some traces faintly sketch'd upon his mind.
There he unlocks the glorious magazine,
And opens every faculty within;
Brings out with pride their intellectual spoils,
And with the noble treasure crowns his toils;
And oft mere chance shall images display,
That strike his mind engag'd a different way.
Still he persists; regrets no toil nor pain,
And still the task, he tried before in vain,
Plies with unwearied diligence again. }
For oft unmanageable thoughts appear,
That mock his labour, and delude his eare ;

Th' impatient bard, with all his nerves apply'd,
Tries all the avenues on every side ;
Resolv'd and bent the precipice to gain ;
Though yet he labours at the rock in vain ;
By his own strength and Heaven, with conquest
 grac'd,

He wins th' important victory at last ;
Stretch'd by his hands the vanquish'd monster lies,
And the proud triumph lifts him to the skies.
But when ev'n chance and all his efforts fail,
Nor toils, nor vigilance, nor cares prevail ;
His past attempts in vain the boy renews,
And waits the softer seasons of the Muse ;
He quits his work ; throws by his fond desires ,
And from his task reluctantly retires.

Thus o'er the fields the swain pursues his road,
Till stop'd at length by some impervious flood,
That from a mountain's brow, o'ercharg'd with rains.
Bursts in a thundering tide, and foams along the
 plains ;

With horror chill'd, he traverses the shore,
Sees the waves rise, and hears the torrent roar,
Then griev'd returns, or waits with vain delay
Till the tumultuous deluge rolls away :

But in no Iliad let the youth engage
His tender years, and unexperieuc'd age ;
Let him by just degrees and steps proceed,
Sing with the swains, and tune the tender reed
He with success an humbler theme may ply,
And, Virgil-like, immortalize a fly :
Or sing the mice, their battles and attacks,
Against the croaking natives of the lakes :
Or with what art her toils the spider sets,
And spins her filmy entrails into nets

And here embrace, ye teachers, this advice :
Not to be too inquisitively nice.

But, till the soul enlarg'd in strength appears,
Indulge the boy, and spare his tender years ;
Till to ripe judgment and experience brought,
Himself discerns and blushes at a fault ;
For if the critic's eyes too strictly pierce,
To point each blemish out in every verse,
Void of all hope the stripling may depart,
And turn his studies to another art.

But if resolv'd his darling faults to see,
A youth of genius should apply to me,
And court my elder judgment to peruse
Th' imperfect labours of his infant Muse ;
I should not scruple, with a candid eye,
To read and praise his poem to the sky ;
With seeming rapture on each line to pause,
And dwell on each expression with applause.
But when my praises had inflam'd his mind,
If some lame verse limp'd slowly up behind ;
One, that himself, unconsious, had not found,
By numbers charm'd, and led away by sound ;
I should not fear to minister a prop,
And give him stronger feet to keep it up ;
Teach it to run along more firm and sure ;
Nor would I show the wound before the cure.

For what remains ; the poet I enjoin
To form no glorious scheme, no great design,
Till free from business he retires alone,
And flies the giddy tumult of the town ;
Seeks rural pleasures, and enjoys the glades,
And courts the thoughtful silence of the shades,
Where the fair Dryads haunt their native woods,
With all the orders of the sylvan gods.

Here in their soft retreats the poets lye,
Scene, and bless'd with cheerful poverty ;
No guilty schemes of wealth their souls molest,
No cares, no prospects, discompose their rest ;
No scenes of grandeur glitter in their view ;
Here they the joys of innocence pursue,
And taste the pleasures of the happy few. }
From a rock's entrails the barbarian sprung,
Who dares to violate the sacred throng
By deeds or words—The wretch, by fury driven,
Assaults the darling colony of Heaven !
Some have look'd down, we know, with scornful
eyes

On the bright Muse who taught them how to rise,
And paid, when rais'd to grandeur, no regard
From that high station to the sacred bard.
Uninjur'd, mortals, let the poets lye,
Or dread th' impending vengeance of the sky ;
The gods still listen'd to their constant prayer,
And made the poets their peculiar care.
They, with contempt, on fortune's gift look down,
And laugh at kings who wear an envy'd crown.
Rais'd and transported by their soaring mind,
From their proud eminence they view mankind
Lost in a cloud ; they see them toil below,
All busy to promote their common woe.
Of guilt unconseious, with a steady soul, [roll.
They see the lightnings flash, and hear the thunders
When, girt with terrors, Heaven's almighty sire
Launches his triple bolts, and forked fire,
When o'er high towers the red destroyer plays,
And strikes the mountain with the pointed blaze ;
Safe in their innocence, like gods, they rise,
And lift their souls serenely to the skies.

Fly, ye profane ;—the sacred Nine were given
To bless these lower worlds by bounteous Heaven :
Of old, Prometheus, from the realms above,
Brought down these daughters of almighty Jove,
When to his native earth the robber came,
Charg'd with the plunder of ethereal flame.
As due compassion touch'd his generous mind,
To see the savage state of human kind ;
When, led to range at large the bright abodes,
And share th' ambrosial banquets of the gods ;
In many a whirl he saw Olympus driven,
And heard th' eternal harmony of Heaven.
Turn'd round and round the concert charm'd his ears
With all the music of the dancing spheres ;
The sacred Nine his wondering eyes behold,
As each her orb in just divisions roll'd ;
The thief beholds them with ambitious eyes,
And, bent on fraud, he meditates the prize ;
A prize ! the noblest gift he could bestow
(Next to the fire) on human race below ;
At length, th' immortals reconcile'd, resign'd
The fair celestial sisters to mankind ;
Though bound to Caucasus with solid chains,
Th' aspiring robber groan'd in endless pains ;
By which deterr'd, for ages lay supine
The race of mortals, nor invoc'd the Nine :
'Till Heaven in verse show'd man his future state,
And open'd every distant scene of fate.
First, the great father of the gods above
Sung in Dodona and the Lybian grove ;
Next, to th' inquiring nations Themis gave
Her sacred answers from the Phocian cave ;
Then Phœbus warn'd them from the Delphic dome,
Of future time, and ages yet to come ;

And reverend Faunus utter'd truths divine
To the first founders of the Latian line.
Next the great race of hallow'd prophets came,
With them the Sibyls of immortal fame,
Inspir'd with all the god; who rapt on high
With more than mortal rage unbounded fly,
And range the dark recesses of the sky. }
Next, at their feasts, the people sung their lays }
(The same their prophets sung in former days); }
Their theme an hero, and his deathless praise.
What has to man of nobler worth been given,
Than this the best and greatest boon of Heaven?
Whatever power the glorious gift bestow'd,
We trace the certain footsteps of a god;
By thee inspir'd, the daring poet flies,
His soul mounts up, and towers above the skies;
Thou art the source of pleasure, and we see
No joy, no transport, when debarr'd of thee;
Thy tuneful deity the feather'd throng
Confess in all the measures of their song.
Thy great commands the savages obey,
And every silent native of the sea:
Led by thy voice the starting rocks advance,
And listening forests mingle in the dance.
On thy sweet notes the damn'd rejoice to dwell,
Thy strains suspended all the din of Hell;
Lull'd by the sound, the furies rag'd no more,
And hell's infernal porter ceas'd to roar.
Thy powers exalt us to the realms above,
To feast with gods, and sit the guests of Jove!
Thy presence softens anguish, woe, and strife,
And reconciles us to the load of life.
Hail, thou bright comfort of these low abodes,
Thou joy of men and darling of the gods.

As priest and poet, in these humble lays,
I boldly labour to resound thy praise ;
To hang thy shrines, this gift I bring along,
And to thy altars guide the tender throng.

BOOK II.

PROCEED, ye Ninc, descended from above,
Ye tuneful daughters of almighty Jove ;
To teach the future age I hasten on,
And open every source of Helicon.
Your priest and bard with rage divine inspire,
While to your shrine I lead the blooming choir.
Hard was the way, and dubious, which we trod,
Now show, ye goddesses, a surer road ;
Point out those paths, which you can find alone,
To all the world but to yourselves unknown ;
Lo ! all the' Hesperian youths with me implore
Your softer influence, and propitious power,
Who, rang'd beneath my banners, boldly tread
Those arduous tracks to reach your mountain's head.
New rules 'tis now my province to impart ;
First to invent, and then dispose with art :
Each a laborious task ; but they who share
Heav'n's kinder bounty, and peculiar care,
A glorious train of images may find,
Preventing hope, and crowding on the mind.
The other task, to settle every part,
Depends on judgment, and the powers of art ;
From whence in chief the poet hopes to raise
His future glory, and immortal praise.

This as a rule the noblest bards esteem,
To touch at first in general on the theme ;

To hint at all the subject in a line ;
And draw in miniature the whole design.
Nor in themselves confide ; but next implore
The timely aid of some celestial power ;
To guide your labours, and point out your road,
Choose, as you please, your tutelary god ;
But still invoke some guardian deity,
Some power, to look auspicious from the sky :
To nothing great should mortals bend their care,
Till Jove be solemnly address'd in prayer.
'Tis not enough to call for aid divine,
And court but once the favour of the Nine ;
When objects rise, that mock your toil and pain,
Above the labour and the reach of man :
Then you may supplicate the bless'd abodes,
And ask the friendly succour of the gods.
Shock not your reader, nor begin too fierce,
Nor swell and bluster in a pomp of verse ;
At first all needless ornament remove,
To shun his prejudice, and win his love ;
At first, you find most favour and success
In plain expression, and a modest dress.
For if too arrogant you vaunt your might,
You fall with greater scandal in the fight,
When on the nicest point your fortune stands,
And all your courage, all your strength demands.
With gradual flights surprise us as we read ;
And let more glorious images succeed,
To wake our souls ; to kindle our desire
Still to read on, and fan the rising fire.
But ne'er the subject of your work proclaim
In its own colours, and its genuine name ;
Let it by distant tokens be convey'd,
And wrapt in other words, and cover'd in their shade.

At last the subject from the friendly shroud
 Bursts out, and shines the brighter from the cloud ;
 Then the dissolving darkness breaks away,
 And every object glares in open day.
 Thus great Ulysses' toils were I to choose,*
 For the main theme that should employ my Muse ;
 By his long labours of immortal fame,
 Should shine my hero, but conceal his name ;
 As one who, lost at sea, had nations seen, [men,
 And mark'd their towns, their manners, and their
 Since Troy was levell'd to the dust by Greece ;
 Till a few lines epitomis'd the piece.

But study now what order to maintain,
 To link the work in one continued chain,
 That, when the Muse displays her artful scheme,
 And at the proper time unfolds the theme ;
 Each part may find its own determin'd place,
 Laid out with method, and dispos'd with grace ;
 That to the destin'd scope the piece may tend,
 And keep one constant tenour to the end.

First to surprising novelties inclin'd,
 The bards some unexpected objects find,
 To wake attention, and suspend the mind.

A cold dull order bravely they forsake ;
 Fix'd and resolv'd the winding way to take,
 They nobly deviate from the beaten track.

The poet marks the' occasion, as he sings,
 To launch out boldly from the midst of things,
 Where some distinguish'd incident he views,
 Some shining action that deserves a muse.
 Thence by degrees the wondering reader brings
 To trace the subject backward to its springs,

* Vid. Hom. Odyss. lib. i.

Lest at his entrance he should idly stay,
Shock'd at his toil, and dubious of his way ;
For when set down so near the promis'd goal,
The flattering prospect tempts and fires his soul ;
Already pass'd the treacherous bounds appear,
Then most at distance, when they seem so near ;
Far from his grasp the fleeting harbour flies ;
Courts his pursuit, but mocks his dazzled eyes ;
The promis'd region he with joy had spy'd,
Vast traets of oceans from his reach divide ;
Still must he backward steer his lengthen'd way,
And plough a wide interminable sea.
No skilful poet would his Muse employ, ✓
From Paris' vote to trace the fall of Troy,
Nor every deed of Heetor to relate,
While his strong arm suspended Ilion's fate ;
Work ! for some annalist ! some heavy fool,
Correctly dry, and regularly dull.
Best near the end those dreadful scenes appear ;*
Wake then, and rouse the furies of the war.
But for his ravish'd fair at first engage
Peleides' soul in unrelenting rage.
Be this the cause that every Phrygian flood
Swells with red waves, and rolls a tide of blood ;
That Xanthus' urns a purple deluge pour,
And the deep trenches float with human gore.
Nor former deeds in silence must we lose,
The league at Anlis, and the mutual vows,
The Spartan raging for his ravish'd spouse ;
The thousand ships ; the woes which Ilion bore
From Greeee, for nine revolving years before.

* See Homer's Iliad.

This rule with judgment should the bard maintain,*

Who brings Laërtes' wandering son again,
From burning Iliou to his native reign.

Let him not launch from Idá's strand his ships,
With his attendant friends, into the deeps;

Nor stay to vanquish the Ciconian host;
But let him first appear (his comrades lost)

With fair Calypso on the' Ogygian coast.

From thence, a world of toils and dangers past,

Waft him to rich Phæacia's realms at last,

There at the feast his wanderings to relate,

His friends' dire change, his own relentless fate.

But if the bard of former actions sings,

He wisely draws from those remoter springs

The present order, and the course of things.

As yet unfold the' event on no pretence,

'Tis your chief task to keep us in suspense,

Nor tell what presents† Atreus' son prepares,

To reconcile Achilles to the wars;

Or by what god's auspicious conduct led,‡

From Polyphemus' den Ulysses fled.

Pleas'd with the toil, and on the prospect bent,

Our souls leap forward to the wish'd event.

No call of nature can our search restrain,

And sleep, and thirst, and hunger, plead in vain.

Glad we pursue the labour we embrac'd,

And leave reluctant, when we leave at last.

See! how the bard, triumphant in his art,

Sports with our passions, and commands the heart;

* See the Odyssey.

† See Iliad, lib. xix.

‡ See Iliad, lib. iii.

Now here, now there, he turns the varying song,
And draws at will the captive soul along;
Rack'd with uncertain hints, in every sense
We feel the lengthen'd anguish of suspense.
When Homer* once has promis'd to release
Bold Paris' fight, in many a sounding verse,
He soon perceives his reader's warm desire
Wrapt in the' event, and all his soul on fire;
The poet then contrives some specious stay,
Before he tells the fortune of the day,
Till Helen to the king and elders show,
From some tall tower, the leaders of the foe,
And name the heroes in the fields below.
When chaste Penelope,† to gain her end,
Invites her suitors the tough bow to bend;
(Her nuptial bed the victor's promis'd prize)
With what address her various arts she plies!
Skill'd in delays, and politicly slow
To search her treasures for her hero's bow.

None lead the reader in the dark along,
To the last goal that terminates the song;
Sometimes th' event must glance upon the sight,
Not glare in day, nor wholly sink in night.
'Tis thus Anchises to his son relates
The various series of his future fates;
For this the prophets see,‡ on Tyber's shore,
Wars, horrid wars, and Latium red with gore,
A new Achilles rising to destroy
With boundless rage the poor remains of Troy;
But raise his mind with prospects of success,
And give the promise of a lasting peace,

* See Virg. *Æneid*, lib. vi. v. 890.

† Ibid. lib. iii. v. 458.

‡ *Odyss.* ix.

This knew the hero when he sought the plains,
Sprung from his ships,* and charg'd the' embattled
swains,

Hew'd down the Latian troops with matchless might,
(The first, auspicious omen of the fight)

And at one blow gigantic Theron kill'd,
Bold, but in vain, and foremost of the field ;

Thus too Patroclus† with his latest breath
Foretold his unregarding victor's death :

His parting soul anticipates the blow,
That waits great Hector from a greater foe.

Thou too, poor Turnus, just before thy doom
Could'st read thy end, and antedate a tomb,

When o'er thy head the baleful fury flew,
And in dire omens set thy fate to view :

A bird obscene, she flutter'd o'er the field, [shield.
And scream'd thy death, and beat thy sounding

For lo ! the time, the fatal time is come,

Charg'd with thy death, and heavy with thy doom.

When Turnus, though in vain, shall rue the day ;

Shall curse the golden belt he bore away ;

Shall wish too late young Pallas' spoils unsought,

And mourn the conquest he so dearly bought.

The' event should glimmer through its gloomy
shroud,

Though yet confus'd, and struggling in the cloud.

So, to the traveller, as he journies on

To reach the walls of some far distant town,

If, high in air, the dubious turrets rise,

Peep o'er the hills and dance before his eyes ;

Pleas'd the refreshing prospect to survey,

Each stride he lengthens, and beguiles the way

* *Odyssey* xxi.

† *Ibid.* lib. v. v. 531.

More pleas'd (the tempting scene in view) to go,
Than pensively to walk the gloomy vales below.

Unless the theme within your bosom roll,
Work in each thought, and run through all the soul;
Unless you alter with incessant pain,
Pull down, and build the fabric o'er again;
In vain, when rival-wits your wonder raise,
You'll strive to match those beauties which you
praise.

To one just scope with fix'd design go on;
Let sovereign reason dictate from her throne,
By what determin'd methods to advance,
But never trust to arbitrary chance.
Where chance presides, all objects wildly join'd,
Crowd on the reader, and distract his mind;
From theme to theme unwilling is he tost,
And in the dark variety is lost.
You see some bards, who bold excursions make
In long digressions from the beaten track;
And paint a wild unnecessary throug
Of things and objects foreign to the song;
For new descriptions from the road depart,
Devoid of order, discipline, and art.
So, many an anxious toil and danger pass'd,
Some wretch returns from banishment at last:
With fond delay to range the shady wood,
Now here, now there, he wanders from the road;
From field to field, from stream to stream he roves,
And courts the cooling shelter of the groves.
For why should Homer* deck the gorgous car,
When our rais'd souls are eager for the war?
Or dwell on every wheel, when loud alarms,
And Mars in thunder calls the host to arms?

* Vid. Hom. Iliad, lib. v. v. 722.

When with his heroes we some dastard find,*
 Of a vile aspect, and malignant mind;
 His awkward figure is not worth our care;
 His monstrous length of head, or want of hair,
 Not though he goes with mountain-shoulders by,
 Short of a foot, or blinking in an eye.
 Such trivial objects call us off too long
 From the main drift and tenor of the song.
 Dranecest† appears a juster character,
 In council bold, but cautious in the war;
 Factious and loud the listening throng he draws,
 And swells with wealth, and popular applause;
 But, what in our's would never find a place,
 The bold Greek language may admit with grace.

Why should I here the stratagems recite,
 And the low tricks of every little wit?
 Some out of time their stock of knowledge boast,
 Till in the pedant all the bard is lost.
 Such without care their useless lumber place;
 One black, confus'd, and undigested mass
 With a wild heap ennumbers every part,
 Nor rang'd with grace, nor methodis'd with art.
 But then in chief, when things abstruse they teach,
 Themes too abstracted for the vulgar reach;
 The hidden nature of the deities;
 The secret laws and motions of the skies;
 Or from what dark original began
 The fiery soul, and kindled up the man:
 Oft they in odious instances engage,
 And for examples ransack every age,
 With every realm; no hero will they pass,
 But act against the rules of time and place.

* Hom. Iliad, lib. ii. v. 212.

† Æneid, lib. xi. v. 336.

Avoid, ye youths, these practices; nor raise
Your swelling souls to such a thirst of praise.
Some bards of eminence there are, we own,
Who sing sometimes the journeys of the sun,
The rising stars, and labours of the moon.
What impulse bids the ocean rise and fall;
What motions shake and rock the trembling ball:
Though foreign subjects had engag'd their care,
The rage, the din and thunder of the war,
Through the loud field; the genius of the earth;
Or rules to raise the vegetable birth:
Yet 'tis but seldom, and when time and place
Require the thing, and reconcile to grace,
Those foreign objects necessary seem,
And flow, to all appearance, from the theme;
With so much art so well conceal'd they please,
When wrought with skill, and introduc'd with ease.
Should not Anchises,* such occasion shown,
Resolve the questions of his godlike son?
If souls, depriv'd of Heav'n's fair light, repair
Once more to day, and breathe the vital air?
Or if from high Olympus first they came,
Inspir'd with portions of ethereal flame,
'Though here encumber'd with the mortal frame?
'Tire not too long one subject when you write,
For 'tis variety that gives delight;
But when, to that variety inclin'd,
You seek new objects to relieve the mind,
Be sure let nothing forc'd or labour'd seem,
But watch your time, and steal from off your theme,
Conceal with care your longing to depart,
For art's chief pride is still to cover art.

* *Æneid*, lib. vi.

So Mulciber,* in future ages skill'd,
 Engrav'd Rome's glories on Æneas' shield.
 On the bright orb her future fame enroll'd,
 And with her triumphs charg'd the rising gold;
 Here figur'd fights the blazing round adorn,
 There his long line of heroes yet unborn.
 But if a poet of Ausonian † birth
 Describes the various kingdoms of the earth,
 Wide interspers'd; the Medes, or swarthy Moors;
 The different natures of their soils explores,
 And paints the trees that bloom on India's shores:
 On his own land he looks with partial eyes,
 And lifts the fair Hesperia to the skies;
 To all the fair Hesperia he prefers,
 And makes the woods of Bactria yield to hers,
 With proud Panchaia; through her groves she boasts,
 And breathes a cloud of incense from her coasts.

Hear then, ye generous youths, on this regard
 I should not blame the conduct of the bard,
 Who in soft numbers, and a flowing strain,
 Relieves and reconciles our ears again.
 When I the various implements had sung
 That to the fields and rural trade belong,
 In sweet harmonious measures would I tell
 How Nature mourn'd when the great Cæsar fell.‡
 When Bacchus' curling vines had grac'd my lays,
 The rural pleasures next should share my praise.§
 The labour ended, and complete the whole,
 Some bards with pleasure wander round the goal,
 The flights and sallies of the Muse prolong,
 And add new beauties to the finish'd song;

* Æneid, lib. viii. v. 626.

† Virg. Georg. lib. ii. v. 136.

‡ Georg. lib. i. v. 466.

§ Ibid. lib. ii. v. 458.

Pleas'd with th' excursion of the charming strain,
We strive to quit the work, but strive in vain.
Thus, were the bees the subject of my Muse,
Their laws, their natures, and celestial dew ;
Poor Aristæus* should his fate disclose,
His mother's counsel should assuage his woe ;
Old Proteus here should struggle in his chain,
There in soft verse the Thracian bard complain.
(As Philomela on a poplar bough
Bewails her young, melodious in her woe) :
Pangæan steeps his sorrows should return,
And vocal Thrace with Rhodope should mourn,
Hebrus should roll low-murmuring to the deep,
And barbarous nations wonder why they weep.
Thus too the poets, who the names declare
Of kings and nations gathering to the war,
Sometimes diversify the strain, and sing
The wondrous change of the Ligurian † king.
While for his Phaëton his sorrows flow,
And his harmonious strains beguile his woe,
O'er all the man the snowy feathers rise,
And in a tuneful swan he mounts the skies.
Thus too Hippolytus, ‡ by Dyan's care
And Pæan's art, returns to upper air.
The bards now paint the arms their heroes wield,
And each bold figure on the glittering shield.
Great Aventinus, § great Alcides' son,
Wore the proud trophy which his father won ;
An hundred serpents o'er the buckler roll'd,
And Hydra hiss'd from all her heads in gold.
Now blooming Tempè's cool retreats they sing,
And now with flowery beauties paint the spring.

* Georg. lib. iv. v. 317.

† Ibid. lib. vii. v. 756.

‡ Æneid, lib. x. v. 185.

§ Ibid. lib. vii. v. 656.

Now with a sylvan scene the floods they hide ;
 Or teach the fam'd Eridanus to glide,
 Or sport on fabled Achelöus' side,
 Or hoary Nereus' numcrous race display,
 The hundred azure sisters of the sca.
 With them the nymphs that haunt their native
 woods,
 And the long orders of the sylvan gods.

With gay descriptions sprinkle here and there
 Some grave instructive sentences with care,
 That touch on life, some moral good pursuc,
 And give us virtue in a transient view ;
 Rules, which the future sire may make his own,
 And point the golden precepts to his son.

Sometimes on little images to fall,
 And thus illustrate mighty things by small,
 With due success the licens'd poet dares,
 When to the ants * the Phrygians he compares,
 Who, leaving Carthage, gather to the seas ;
 Or the laborious Tyrians to the bees.†
 But swarming flies,‡ offensive animals,
 That buzz incessant o'er the smoking pales,
 Are images too low, to paint the hosts
 That roll and blacken o'er Ausonia's coasts.
 The lofty Muse who sung the Latian war,
 Would think such trivial things beneath her care.
 How from his majesty would Virgil fall,
 If Turnus, scarce repell'd from Ilion's wall,
 Retiring grimly with a tardy pace,
 Had e'er been figur'd by the patient ass !§
 Whom unregarded troops of boys surround,
 While o'er his sides their rattling strokes resound,

* Æneid, lib. ix. v. 402.

† Ibid. lib. i. v. 434.

‡ Iliad, lib. ii. v. 460.

§ Ibid. lib. xi. v. 557.

Slow he gives way, and crops the springing grain,
Turns on each side, and stops to graze again.
In every point the thing is just, we know,
But then the image is itself too low :
For Turnus, sprung from such a glorious strain,
The vile resemblance would with scorn disdain.
With better grace the lion * may appear,
Who, singly impotent the crowd to dare,
Repel, or stand their whole embody'd war,
Looks grimly back, and rolls his glaring eye,
Despairs to conquer, and disdains to fly.

Since fictions are allow'd, be sure, ye youths,
Your fictions wear at least the air of truths.
When Glaucus * meets Tydides on the plain,
Inflam'd with rage, and reeking from the slain ;
Some think they could not pass the time away,
In such long narratives and cool delay,
Amidst the raging tumult of the day.
But yet we hear fierce Diomed relate
The crime of bold Lycurgus, and his fate ;
And Glaucus talks of brave Bellerophon,
Doom'd for a lawless passion not his own ;
Sets forth the hero's great exploits to view,
How the bold chief the dire Chimæra slew,
The Solymæan host, and Amazonian crew.
For those surprising fictions are design'd
With their sweet falsehoods to delight the mind ;
The bards expect no credit should be given
To the bare lie, though authoriz'd by Heaven,
Which oft with confidence they vent abroad,
Beneath the needful sanction of a god.

* *Æneid*, lib. ix. v. 792.

† *Iliad*, lib. vi. v. 11.

'Twas thus the roasted heifers * of the Sun
 Spoke o'er the fire with accents not their own ;
 'Twas thus Achilles' steed † his silence broke,
 And Trojan ships ‡ in human voices spoke ;
 As wrought by Heaven these wonders they relate,
 All airy visions of the ivory gate !

Speak things but once, if order be your care, }
 For more the eloy'd attention will not bear, }
 And tedious repetitions tire the ear. }
 In this we differ from the Greeian train,
 Who tell Atrides' visions § o'er again.
 'Tis not enough with them we know the cause
 Why great Achilles from the war withdraws,
 Unless the weeping hero, || on the shore,
 Tells his blue mother all we heard before.
 So much on punctual niceties they stand, [mand,
 That, when their kings dispatch some high com-
 All, word for word, the' ambassadors rehearse, ¶
 In the same tenour of unvaried verse.
 Not so did Venulus ** from Arpi bring
 The final answer of the' Ætolian king.

Let others labour on a vast design,
 A less, but polish'd with due care, be thine.
 To change its structure be your last delight ;
 Thus spend the day, and exercise the night,
 Ineessant in your toil. But if you choose
 A larger field and subject for your Muse ;
 If scanty limits should the theme confine,
 Learn with just art to lengthen the design

* Odyss. lib. xii. v. 395.

† Æneid, lib. x. v. 228.

‡ Ibid. lib. i. v. 370.

** Æneid, lib. xi v. 243.

† Iliad, lib. xvii. v. 426.

§ Iliad, lib. ii.

¶ Ibid. lib. ix. v. 264.

Beyond its native bounds ; the roving mind
A thousand methods to this end may find ;
Unnumber'd fictions may with truths be join'd. }
Nature supplies a fund of matter still ;
Then cull the rich variety at will.
See! how* the bard calls down the embattled gods,
All rang'd in factions, from their bright abodes ;
Who, fir'd with mutual hate, their arms employ,
And in the field declare for Greece or Troy ;
Till Jove convenes a council to assuage
Their rising fury, and suspend their rage ;
Though the bless'd gods, remov'd from human eyes,
Live in immortal ease within the distant skies.
And now the' infernal realm his theme he makes, }
The reign of Pluto, the Tartarean lakes,
The Furies dreadful with their curling snakes. }
He gathers omens from each bird that flies,
And signs from every wing that beats the skies.
He now describes a banquet, where the guest
Prolongs with narratives the royal feast.
Or at the glorious hero's tomb we read
Of games ordain'd in honour of the dead.
And oft for mercies in old times display'd,
To their own gods their annual rites are paid.
For monstrous Python slain, their praises rise,
And lift the fame of Phœbus to the skies.
In hymns Alcides' labours they resound :
While Cacus lies extended on the ground,
Alternate sing the labours of his hands,
Enjoin'd by fierce Eurystheus' stern commands ;
The den of Cacus crowns the grateful strain,
Where the grim monster breathes his flames in vain.

* All these particulars, to the end of this paragraph, are taken from Homer and Virgil.

Mark how sometimes the bard without control
 Exerts his fire, and pours forth all his soul;
 His lines so daring and his words so strong;
 We see the subject figur'd in the song:
 When with the winds old ocean* he deforms,
 Or paints the rage and horrors of the storms;
 Or drives on pointed rocks the bursting ships,
 Tost on the Euxine or Sicilian deeps.
 Or sings the plaguest† that blast the livid sky,
 When beasts by herds, and men by nations die;
 Or the fierce flames that Ætna's jaws expire,‡
 Her melted rocks, and deluges of fire,
 When from her mouth the bursting vapour flies,
 And, charg'd with ruin, thunders to the skies;
 While drifts of smoke in sooty whirlwinds play,
 And clouds of cinders stain the golden day.
 See! as the poet sounds the dire alarms,
 Calls on the war, and sets the hosts in arms;
 Squadrons on squadrons driven, confus'dly die;
 Grim Mars in all his terrors strikes the eye;
 More than description rising to the sight,
 Presents the real horrors of the fight;
 A new creation seems our praise to claim;
 (Hence Greece derives the sacred poet's§ name);
 The dreadful clang of clashing arms we hear;
 The agonizing groan, the fruitless prayer,
 And shrieks of suppliants thicken on the ear.
 Who, when he reads a city storm'd,|| forbears
 To feel her woes, and sympathize in tears?

* Æneid, lib. i.

† Ibid. lib. iii. v. 137.

‡ Ibid. v. 571.

§ Α ποῦ ποιεῖν

|| Vid. Æneid, lib. ii.

When o'er the palaces the flames aspire
From wall to wall, and wrap the domes in fire ?
The sire, with years and hostile rage oppress'd !
The starting infant, elinging to the breast !
The trembling mother runs, with piercing cries,
Through friends and foes, and shrieking rends the
 skies.

Drag'd from the altar, the distracted fair
Beats her white breast, and tears her golden hair.
Here in thick elouds the vanquish'd fly away,
There the proud victors heap the wealthy prey ;
With rage relentless ravage their abodes,
Nor spare the sacred temples of the gods.
O'er the whole town they run with wild affright,
Tumultuous haste, and violence of flight.

Why should I mention how our souls aspire,
Lost in the raptures of the sacred fire ?
For ev'n the soul not always holds the same,
But knows at different times a different frame.
Whether with rolling seasons she complies,
Turns with the sun, or changes with the skies ;
Or through long toil, remissive of her fires,
Droops with the mortal frame her force inspires ;
Or that our minds alternately appear
Now bright with joy, and now o'ercast with care.
No !—but the gods, the' immortal gods, supply
The glorious fires ; they speak the deity.
Then bless'd is he who waits the' auspicious nod,
The warmth divine, and presenee of the god ;
Who his suspended labours can restrain,
Till Heaven's serene indulgencee smiles again.
But strive on no pretenee against your power,
Till time brings baek the voluntary hour.

Sometimes their verdant honours leave the woods,
 And their dry urns defraud the thirsty floods;
 Nor still the rivers a full channel yield,
 Nor spring with flowery beauties paints the field:
 The bards no less such fickle changes find,
 Damp'd is the noble ardour of the mind;
 Their wonted toil her wearied powers refuse;
 Their souls grow slack and languid to the Muse,
 Deaf to their call, their efforts are withstood;
 Round their cold hearts congeals the freezing blood.
 You'd think the Muses fled; the god no more
 Would fire the bosom where he dwelt before,
 No more return!—how often, though in vain,
 The poet would renew the wonted strain!
 Nor sees the gods who thwart his fruitless care,
 Nor angry Heaven relentless to his prayer.
 Some read the ancient bards of deathless fame,
 And from their raptures catch the noble flame
 By just degrees; they feed the glowing vein,
 And all the' immortal ardour burns again
 In its full light and heat; the sun's bright ray
 Thus (when the clouds disperse) restores the day,
 Whence shot this sudden flash that gilds the pole;
 The god, the god, comes rushing on his soul;
 Fires with ethereal vigour every part,
 Through every trembling limb he seems to dart,
 Works in each vein, and swells his rising heart. }
 Deep in his breast the heavenly tumult plays,
 And sets his mounting spirits on a blaze,
 Nor can the raging flames themselves contain,
 For the whole god descends into the man.
 He quits mortality, he knows no bounds,
 But sings inspir'd in more than human sounds

Nor from his breast can shake the' immortal load,
But pants and raves impatient of the god;
And, rap'd beyond himself, admires the force
That drives him on reluctant to the course.
He calls on Phœbus, by the god oppress'd,
Who breathes excessive spirit in his breast;
No force of thirst or hunger can control
The fierce, the ruling transport of his soul.
Oft in their sleep, inspir'd with rage divine,
Some bards enjoy the visions of the Nine:
Visions! themselves with due applause may crown;
Visions! that Phœbus or that Jove may own.
To such an height the god exalts the flame,
And so unbounded is their thirst of fame.
But here, ye youths, exert your timely care,
Nor trust the' ungovernable rage too far;
Use not your fortune, nor unfurl your sails,
Though softly courted by the flattering gales.
Refuse them still, and call your judgment in,
While the fierce god exults and reigns within;
To reason's standard be your thoughts confin'd,
Let judgment calm the tempest of the mind.
Indulge your heat with conduct, and restrain;
Learn when to draw, and when to give, the rein;
But always wait till the warm raptures cease,
And lull the tumults of the soul to peace;
Then, nor till then, examine strictly o'er
What your wild sallies might suggest before.

Be sure, from Nature never to depart;
To copy Nature is the task of art.
The noblest poets own her sov'reign sway,
And ever follow where she leads the way.
From her the different characters they trace.
That mark the human or the savage race,

Each various and distinct; in every stage
 They paint mankind; their humours, sex, and age;
 They show what manners the slow sage become,
 What the brisk youth in all his sprightly bloom.
 In every word and sentiment explain,
 How the proud monarch differs from the swain.
 I nauseate all confounded characters,
 Where young Telemachus too grave appears,
 Or reverend Nestor acts beneath his years. }
 The poet suits his speeches, when he sings,
 To proper persons and the state of things;
 On each their just distinctions are bestow'd,
 To mark a male, a female, or a god.
 Thus when in Heaven seditious tumults rise,*
 Amongst the radiant senate of the skies,
 The sire of gods, and sovereign of mankind,
 In a few words unfolds his sacred mind.
 Not so fair Venus; who at large replies,
 And pities Troy, and counts her miseries,
 Woes undeserv'd: but with contention fir'd,
 And with the spirit of revenge inspir'd,
 Fierce Juno storms amidst the bless'd abodes,
 And stuns with loud complaints the listening gods.
 When youthful Turnus† the stern combat claims,
 His rising heart is fill'd with martial flames;
 Impell'd by rage, and bent to prove his might,
 His soul springs forward, and prevents the fight;
 Rous'd to revenge, his kindling spirits glow,
 Confirm his challenge, and provoke the foe,
 The fugitive of Troy.—But while his rage
 And youthful courage prompts him to engage,
 On Latium's king incumbent it appears,
 Crown'd old in prudence, piety, and years,

* Vid. *Æneid*, lib. x.

† Ibid. lib. xli. v. 9.

To weigh events, and youthful heat assuage,
With the cold caution and the fears of age.
In Dido's various character is scen
The furious lover and the gracious queen :
When Troy's fam'd chief, commanded from above,
Prepares to quit her kingdom and her love ;
She raves, she storms with unavailing care,
Grown wild with grief, and frantic with despair.
Through every street she flies, with anguish stung,
And broken accents flutter on her tongue ;
Her words confus'd and interrupted flow,
Speak and express the hurry of her woe.
How in this Dido is that Dido lost,
Who late receiv'd the Trojans on her coast,
And badc them banish grief, and share her throne,
Dismiss their fears, and think her realms their own !

Next the great orators consult, and thence
Draw all the moving turns of eloquence :
That Sinon* may his Phrygian foes betray,
And lead the crowd, as fraud directs the way ;
That wise Ulysses† may the Greeks detain,
While Troy yet stood, from measuring back the main.
Need I name Nestor,‡ who could talk to peace,
With melting words, the factious kings of Greece ;
Whose soft address their fury could control,
Mould every passion and subduc the soul ?
These soothing arts to Venus§ sure were known,
To beg immortal arms to grace her son ;
Her injur'd spouse each thrilling word inspires,
With every pang of love to second her desires.
With nicest art the fair adultrcss draws
Her fond addresses from a distant cause ;

* Vid. *Æneid*. lib. ii.‡ *Iliad*. lib. i. v. 246.† *Hom. Iliad*. lib. ii.§ *Æneid*. lib. viii. v. 370.

And all her guileful accents are design'd
 To catch his passions, and ensnare his mind.
 'Tis hence the poet learns in every part
 To bend the soul, and give with wondrous art
 A thousand different motions to the heart. }
 Hence, as his subject gay or sad appears,
 He claims our joy, or triumphs in our tears.
 Who, when he sees how Orpheus* sorrows flow,
 Weeps not his tears, and answers woe for woe?
 When he his dear Eurydice deplores
 To the deaf rocks, and solitary shores,
 With the soft harp the bard relieves his pain,
 For thee, when morning dawns, prolongs the train, }
 For thee, when Phœbus seeks the seas again.
 Or when the young Euryalus† is kill'd,
 And rolls in death along the bloody field;
 Like some fair flower beneath the share he lies,
 His head deelin'd, and drooping as he dies;
 The reader's soul is touch'd with generous woe,
 He longs to rush with Nisus on the foe;
 He burns with friendly pity to the dead,
 To raise the youth, and prop his sinking head;
 And strives in vain to stop the gushing blood,
 That stains his bosom with a purple flood.

But if the bard such images pursues,
 That raise the blushes of the virgin-muse:
 Let them be slightly touch'd, and ne'er express'd,
 Give but an hint, and let us guess the rest.
 If Jove commands the gathering storms to rise,
 And with deep thunders rends the vaulted skies,
 To the same cave together may repair
 The Trojan hero‡ and the Tyrian fair.

* Georgic, lib. iv. v. 464.

† Æneid, lib. ix. v. 432.

‡ Ibid, lib. iv. v. 165.

The poet's modesty must add no more ;
Enough, that earth' had given the sign before ;
The conscious ether was with flames o'erspread,
The nymphs ran shrieking round the mountain's
head.

Nor let young Troilus, unhappy boy,
Meet fierce Achilles in the plains of Troy ;
But show the' unequal youth's untimely fall,
To great Æneas on the Tyrian wall ;
Supine and hanging from his empty car,
Drag'd by his panting coursers through the war.
This, from our bright examples you may trace,
To write with judgment, decency, and grace ;
From others learn invention to increase,
And scarch in chief the glorious sons of Greece ;
For her bright treasures Argos' realms explore, }
Bring home triumphant all her gather'd store, }
And with her spoils enrich the Latian shore. }
Nor is the glory of translation less,
To give the Grecian bards a Roman dress,
If Phœbus' gracious smiles the labour crown,
Than if some new invention were your own.
Mincio's and Manto's glorious son behold.
'The' immortal Virgil, sheath'd in foreign gold,
Shines out unsham'd, and towers above the rest,
In the rich spoils of godlike Homer dress'd.
Let Grece in triumph boast that she imparts
To Latium's conquering realms her glorious arts :
While Latium's sons improve her best designs,
'Till by degrees each polish'd labour shines,
While Rome advances now in arts, as far
Above all cities, as of old in war.

Ye gods of Rome, ye guardian deities,
Who lift our nation's glory to the skies ;

And thou, Apollo, the great source of Troy,
 Let Rome at least this single palm enjoy,
 To shine in arts supreme, as once in power,
 And teach the nations she subdued before ;
 Since discord all Ausonia's kings alarms,
 And clouds the ancient glories of her arms.
 In our own breasts we sheath the civil sword,
 Our country naked to a foreign lord ;
 Which lately, prostrate, started from despair,
 Burn'd with new hopes, and arm'd her hands for war ;
 But arm'd in vain ;—the' inexorable hate
 Of envious Fortune call'd her to her fate,
 Insatiate in her rage ; her frowns oppose
 The Latian fame, and woes are heap'd on woes.
 Our dread alarms each foreign monarch took,
 Through all their tribes the distant nations shook ;
 To earth's last bounds the fame of Leo runs,
 Nile heard, and Indus trembled for his sons.
 Arabia heard the Medicean line,
 The first of men, and sprung from race divine.
 The sovereign priest, and mitred king, appears
 With his lov'd Julius join'd, who kindly shares
 The reins of empire, and the public cares. }
 To break their country's chains, the generous pair
 Concert their schemes, and meditate the war.
 On Leo Europe's monarchs turn their eyes,
 On him alone the western world relies ;
 And each bold chief attends his dread alarms,
 While the proud crescent fades before his arms.
 High on his splendid ear, immortal Rome,
 Thine eyes had seen the holy warrior come, }
 Lord of the vanquish'd world, in triumph home. }
 Thy streams, old Tyber, swell'd with conscious
 pride,
 Had borne thy kindred warrior down the tide ;

While, crowded up in heaps, thy waves admire
The captive nations, and their strange attire ;
Behind his wheels should march a numerous train }
Of scepter'd slaves, reluctant to the chain, }
Forget their haughty threats, and boast in vain. }
'Though the proud foe, of Jury's realm possess'd,
Has spread his wide dominion through the East ;
Sees his dread standard there at large unfurl'd,
And grasps in thought the empire of the world ;
And now (ye gods), increas'd in barbarous power,
His armies hover o'er the' Hesperian shore.
To see the passing pomp, the ravish'd throng
Through every street should flow in tides along ;
The sacred father, as the numbers roll'd, }
Should his dear citizens again behold, }
High o'er the shouting crowds enthron'd in gold ; }
Should show the trophies of his glorious toils,
And hang the shrines with consecrated spoils.
Piles of barbaric gold should glitter there,
The wealth of kingdoms and the pomp of war :
But, by your crime, ye gods, our hopes are cross'd,
And those imaginary triumphs lost ;
Interr'd with Leo, in one fatal hour,
Our prospects perish'd as they liv'd before.

BOOK III.

WHAT style, what language, suits the poet's lays,
To claim Apollo's and the Muses' praise,
I now unfold ; to this last bound I tend,
And see my promis'd labours at an end.

First then, with care a just expression choose,
Led by the kind indulgence of the Muse,

To dress up every subject when you write,
And set all objects in a proper light.

But lest the distant prospect of the goal [trol,
Should damp your vigour, and your strength con- }
Rouse every power, and call forth all the soul.
See! how the Nine the panting youth invite,
With one loud voice to reach Parnassus' height;
See! how they hold aloft the' immortal crown,
To urge the course, and call the victor on;
See! from the clouds each lavish goddess pours, }
Full o'er thy head, a sudden spring of flowers,
And roses fall in odoriferous showers;
Celestial scents in balmy breezes fly,
And shed ambrosial spirits from the sky.

In chief avoid obscurity, nor shroud
Your thoughts and dark conceptions in a cloud;
For some,* we know, affect to shun the light,
Lost in forc'd figures, and involv'd in night,
Studious and bent to leave the common way,
They skulk in darkness, and abhor the day.
Oh! may the sacred Nine inspire my lays
To shine with pride in their own native rays;
For this we need not importune the skies,
In our own power and will the blessing lies.
Expression, boundless in extent, displays
A thousand forms, a thousand several ways;
In different garbs from different quarters brought,
It makes unnumber'd dresses for a thought;
Such vast varieties of hues we find
To paint conception, and unfold the mind!
If e'er you toil, but toil without success,
To give your images a shining dress,

* Persius and Lycophron.

Quit your pursuit, and choose a different way,
Till, breaking forth, the voluntary ray
Cuts the thick darkness, and lets down the day. }

Since then a thousand forms you may pursue,
A thousand figures rising to the view,
Unless confin'd and straiten'd in your scheme,
With the short limits of a scanty theme,
From these to those with boundless freedom pass,
And to each image give a different face.
The readers hence a wondrous pleasure find,
That charms the ear, and captivates the mind ;
In this the laws of Nature we obey,
And act as her example points the way,
Which has on every different species thrown
A shape distinct and figure of its own ;
Man differs from the beast that haunts the woods,
The bird from every native of the floods.

See how the poet banishes with grace
A native term, to give a stranger place !*
From different images with just success
He clothes his matter in the borrow'd dress :
The borrow'd dress the things themselves admire,
And wonder whence they drew the strange attire ;
Proud of their ravish'd spoils, they now disclaim
Their former colour, and their genuine name,
And, in another garb more beauteous grown,
Prefer the foreign habit to their own.
Oft as he paints a battle on the plain,
The battle's imag'd by the roaring main ;
Now he the fight a fiery deluge names,
That pours along the fields a flood of flames ;
In airy conflict now the winds appear,
Alarm the deeps, and wage the stormy war ;

* The metaphor.

To the fierce shock the' embattled tempests pour,
Waves charge on waves, th' encountering billows
Thus in a vary'd dress the subject shines, {roar.
By turns the objects shift their proper signs ;
From shape to shape alternately they run,
To borrow others' charms, and lend their own :
Pleas'd with the borrow'd charms, the readers }
A crowd of different images combin'd, {find }
Rise from a single object to the mind.
So the pleas'd traveller, from a mountain's brow,
Views the calm surface of the seas below ;
Though wide beneath the floating ocean lies
The first immediate object of his eyes,
He sees the forests tremble from within,
And gliding meadows paint the decps with green ;
While to his eyes the fair delusions pass
In gay succession through the watery glass.
'Tis thus the bard diversifies his song,
Now here, now there, he calls the soul along.
The rich variety he sets to sight,
Cloys not the mind, but adds to our delight.
Now with a frugal choice the bard affords
The strongest light, and energy of words ;
While humble subjects he contrives to raise
With borrow'd splendours, and a foreign blaze.
This, if on old tradition we rely,
Was once the current language of the sky ;
Which first the Muses brought to these abodes,
Who taught mankind the secrets of the gods.
For in the court of Jove their choirs advance,
And sing alternate, as they lead the dance,
Mix'd with the gods ; they hear Apollo's lyre,
And from high Heaven the panting bard inspire.
Nor bards alone, but other writers reach
This bold, this daring privilege of speech ;

In chief the orators, to raise their sense,
In this strong figure dress their eloquence,
When with persuasive strokes they plead a cause,
And bridle vice, and vindicate the laws;
Or on the dreadful verge of death defend,
And snatch from fate a poor devoted friend.
Ev'n the rough hinds delight in such a strain,
When the glad harvest waves with golden grain,
And thirsty meadows drink the pearly rain;
On the proud vine her purple gems appear; [year.
The smiling fields rejoice, and hail the pregnant
First from necessity the figure sprung,
For things, that would not suit our scanty tongue.
When no true names were offer'd to the view,
Those they transferr'd that border'd on the true;
Thence by degrees the noble licence grew.
The bards those daring liberties embrac'd,
Through want at first, through luxury at last:
They now to alien things, at will, confirm
The borrow'd honours of a foreign term.
So man, at first, the rattling storm to fly,
And the bleak horrors of the wintry sky,
Rais'd up a roof of osiers o'er his head,
And clos'd with homely clay the slender shed:
Now regal palaces, of wondrous size,
With brazen beams, on Parian columns rise,
That heave the pompous fabric to the skies.
But other writers sprinkle here and there
These bolder beauties with a frugal care;
So vast a freedom is allow'd to none,
But suits the labours of the bard alone,
Who in the laws of verse himself restrains,
Ty'd up to time in voluntary chains.

Others, by no restraint or stop withheld,
 May range the compass of a wilder field;
 The sacred poets, who their labours fill
 With pleasing fictions, or with truths at will,
 Their thoughts in bolder liberties express,
 Which look more beauteous in a foreign dress,
 To all, unusual colours they impart,
 Nor blush, if e'er detected in their art.

Sometimes * beyond the bounds of truth they fly,
 And boldly lift their subject to the sky,
 When with tumultuous shouts the Heavens rebound,
 And all Olympus trembles with the sound;
 Or with repeated accents they relate
 The fall of Troy, and dwell upon her fate;
 Oh sire! † Oh country, once with glory crown'd!
 Oh wretched race of Priam, once renown'd!
 Oh Jove! see Ilion smoking on the ground! }

They now name Ceres for the golden grain,
 Bacchus for wine, and Neptune for the main:
 Or from the father's name point out the son;
 Or for her people introduce a town:
 So when alarm'd her natives dread their fates,
 Pale Afric shakes, and trembles through her states:
 And some, by Aehelous' streams alone,
 Comprise the floods of all the world in one.

Lo! now they start aside, and change the strain
 To fancy'd converse with an absent swain;
 To grots and caverns all their cares disclose,
 Or tell the solitary rocks their woes;
 To scenes inanimate proclaim their love,
 Talk with an hill, or whisper to a grove.

* The hyperbole.

† *Hæc verba ex incerti nominis poetâ citat Cicero.*

‡ The apostrophe.

On you they call, ye unattentive woods,
And wait an answer from your bordering floods.

Sometimes they speak one thing, but leave be-
Another secret meaning in the mind : [hind *

A fair expression artfully dispense,
But use a word that clashes with the sense.
Thus pious Helen † stole the faithful sword,
While Troy was flaming, from her sleeping lord.
So glorious Dranees ‡ tower'd amid the plain,
And pil'd the ground with mountains of the slain ;
Immortal trophies rais'd from squadrons kill'd,
And with vast spoils ennobled all the field.

But now to mention further I forbear, §
With what strong charms they captivate the ear ;
When the same terms they happily repeat,
The same repeated seem more soft and sweet.
This, were Areadia judge, || if Pan withstood,
Pan's judge, Areadia, would condemn her god.
But though our fond indulgence grants the Muse
A thousand liberties in different views,
Whene'er you choose an image to express
In foreign terms, and scorn the native dress ;
Yet be discreet, nor strain the point too far,
Let the transition still unfore'd appear, }
Nor e'er discover an excess of care : }
For some, we know, with awkward violence
Distort the subject, and disjoint the sense ;
Quite change the genuine figure, and deface
The native shape with every living grace ;
And force unwilling objects to put on
An alien face, and features not their own.

* The irony.

† Ibid. lib. xi.

‡ See Virg. Eclog. iv.

† See Æneid, lib. vi.

§ The anaphora.

A low conceit in disproportion'd terms,
 Looks like a boy dress'd up in giant's arms;
 Blind to the truth, all reason they exceed,
 Who name a stall the palace of the steed,*
 Or grass the tresses of great Rhæa's head.
 'Tis best sometimes an image to express
 In its own colours, and its native dress;
 The genuine words with happy care to use,
 If nicely cull'd, and worthy of the Muse.

Some things alternately compar'd are shown,
 Both names still true, and mutually their own;
 But here the least redundance you must shun;
 Tell us, in short, from whence the hint you drew,
 And set the whole comparison to view;
 Lest, mindless of your first design, you seem
 To lead the mind away, and rove from theme to
 theme.

But now pursue the method, that affords
 The fittest terms, and wisest choice of words,
 Not all deserve alike the same regard,
 Nor suit the godlike labours of the bard;
 For words as much may differ in degree,
 As the most various kinds of poetry,
 Though many a common term and word we find
 Dispers'd promiscuously through every kind,
 Those that will never suit the' heroic rage,
 Might grace the buskin, and become the stage.
 Their large, their vast variety explore
 With piercing eyes, and range the mighty store.
 From their deep fund the richest words unfold,
 With nicest care be rich expression cull'd,
 To deck your numbers in the purest gold.

* The catachresis.

The vile, the dark degenerate crowd refuse,
And scorn a dress that would disgrace the Muse.
Then, to succeed your search, pursue the road,
And beat the track the glorious ancients trod.
To those eternal monuments repair,
There read, and meditate for ever there.
If o'er the rest some mighty genius shines,
Mark the sweet charms and vigour of his lines.
As far as Phœbus and the heavenly powers
Smile on your labours, make his diction yours :
Your style by his authentic standard frame,
Your voice, your habit, and address, the same.
With him proceed to cull the rest ; for there
A full reward will justify your care.
Examine all, and bring from all away
Their various treasures as a lawful prey.
Nor would I scruple, with a due regard,
To read sometimes a rude unpolish'd bard ;
Among whose labours I may find a line,
Which from unsightly rust I may refine,
And, with a better grace, adopt it into mine. }
How often may we see a troubled flood
Stain'd with unsettled ooze and rising mud !
Which (if a well the bordering natives sink)
Supplies the thirsty multitude with drink.
The trickling stream by just degrees refines,
Till in its course the limpid current shines ;
And, taught through secret labyrinths to flow,
Works itself clear among the sands below.
For nothing looks so gloomy, but will shine
From proper care, and timely discipline ;
If, with due vigilance and conduct, wrought
Deep in the soul, it labours in the thought,

Hence on the ancients we must rest alone,
And make their golden sentences our own.
To cull their best expressions claims our cares,
To form our notions and our styles on theirs.
See! how we bear away their precious spoils,
And with the glorious dress enrich our styles;
Their bright inventions for our use convey,
Bring all the spirit of their words away,
And make their words themselves our lawful prey! }
Unsham'd in other colours to be shown,
We speak our thoughts in accents not our own.
But your design with modest caution weigh,
Steal with due care, and meditate the prey.
Invert the order of the words with art,
And change their former scite in every part.
Thus win your readers, thus deceive with grace,
And let the' expression wear a different face;
Yourself at last, the glorious labour done,
Will scarce discern his diction from your own.
Some, to appear of diffidence bereft,
Steal in broad day, and glory in the theft;
When, with just art, design, and confidence,
On the same words they graft a different sense;
Preserve the' unvaried terms and order too,
But change their former spirit for a new.
Or, with the sense of emulation bold,
With ancient bards a glorious contest hold:
Their richest spoils triumphant they explore,
Which, rang'd with better grace, they varnish o'er, }
And give them charms they never knew before. }
So trees, that change their soils, more proudly rise,
And lift their spreading honours to the skies;
And, when transplanted, nobler fruits produce,
Exalt their nature and ferment their juice.

So Troy's fam'd chief the Asian empire bore,
With better omens to the Latian shore ;
Though from thy realm, O Dido, to the sea
Call'd by the gods reluctantly away ;
Nor the first nuptial pleasures could control
The fix'd, the stubborn purpose of his soul.
Unhappy queen ! thy woes suppress'd thy breath ;
Thy cares pursu'd thee, and surviv'd in death.
Had not the Dardan fleet thy kingdom sought,
Thy life had shone unsully'd with a fault.

Come then, ye youths, and urge your generous
toils ;

Come strip the ancients, and divide the spoils
Your hands have won—but shun the fault of such,
Who with fond rashness trust themselves too much.
For some we know, who, by their pride betray'd,
With vain contempt reject a foreign aid ;
Who scorn those great examples to obey,
Nor follow where the ancients point the way.
While from the theft their cautious hands refrain,
Vain are their fears, their superstition vain.
Nor Phœbus' smiles the' unhappy poet crown ;
The fate of all his works prevents his own.
Himself his mouldering monument survives,
And sees his labours perish while he lives :
His fame is more contracted than his span,
And the frail author dies before the man.
How would he wish the labour to forbear,
And follow other arts with more successful care ?

I like a fair allusion nicely wrought ;
When the same words express a different thought.
And such a theft true critics dare not blame,
Which late posterity shall crown with fame.

Void of all fear, of every doubt bereft,
I would not blush, but triumph in the theft.
Nor on the ancients for the whole rely :
The whole is more than all their works supply ;
Some things your own invention must explore,
Some virgin images untouch'd before.

New terms no laws forbid us to induce,
To coin a word, and sanctify to use ;
But yet admit no words into the song,
Unless they prove the stock from whence they
 sprung ;

Point out their family, their kindred trace,
And set to view the series of their race.
But where you find your native tongue too poor,
Transport the riches of the Grecian store ;
Inform the lump, and work it into grace,
And with new life inspire the' unwieldy mass ;
Till, chang'd by discipline, the word puts on
A foreign nature, and forgets its own.
So Latium's language found a rich increase,
And grew and flourish'd from the wealth of Greece ;
Till use, in time, had rifled Argos' stores,
And brought all Athens to the' Hesperian shores.
How many words from rich Mycenæ come,
Of Greek extraction, in the dress of Rome,
That live with ours, our rites and freedom claim,
Their nature different, but their looks the same ?
Through Latium's realms, in Latium's garb they go,
At once her strangers, and her natives too.
Long has her poverty been fled, and long
With native riches has she grac'd her tongue.
Nor search the poets only, but explore
Immortal Tully's inexhausted store ;

And other authors, born in happier days,
Shall answer all your wants, and beautify your lays.

Oft, in old bards, a verse above the rest
Shines, in barbaric spoils and trophies dress'd;
Thus Gaul, her victor's triumph to complete,
Supplies those words that paint her own defeat;
And vanquish'd Macedon to tell her doom,
Gives up her language with her arms to Rome.
Then can we fear with groundless diffidence
A want of words that shall express our sense?

But, if compell'd by want, you may produce
And bring an antiquated word in use;
A word erst well-receiv'd in days of yore,
A word our old forefathers us'd before:
Well-pleas'd the reader's wonder to engage,
He brings our grandsires' habit on the stage,
And garbs that whilom grac'd an uncouth age. }
Yet must not such appear in every place:
When rang'd too thick, the poem they disgrace.
Since of new words such numbers you command,
Deal out the old ones with a sparing hand.
Whene'er* your images can lay no claim
To a fix'd term, and want a certain name;
To paint one thing, the licens'd bard affords
A pompous circle and a crowd of words.

Two plighted words in one with grace appear,
When they with ease glide smoothly o'er the ear.
Two may embrace at once, but seldom more, }
Nor verse can bear the mingled shape of four;
No triple monsters dwell on Latium's shore.
When mix'd with smooth, these harsher strains are
found,
We start with horror at the frightful sound;

* The periphrasis.

The Grecian bards, in whom such freedoms please,
May match with more success such words as these;
Heap hills on hills, and bid the structure rise,
Till the vast pile of mountains prop the skies.

What words soever of vast bulk we view,
One of less size may sometimes split in two ;
Sometimes we separate from the whole a part,
And prune the more luxuriant limbs with art.
Thus when the names of heroes we declare,
Names whose unpolish'd sounds offend the ear,
We add, or lop some branches which abound,
Till the harsh accents are with smoothness
crown'd, [sound.
That mellows every word, and softens every
By such an happy change, Sicharbas came,
To sink his roughness in Sichæus' name.
Hence would I rather choose those dire alarms
Of vast Enceladus, and Heaven in arms,
And the bold Titan's battles to rehearse,
Harmonious names, that glide into the verse ;
Than count the rough, the barbarous nations o'er,
Which Rome subdued of old from shore to shore.

Let things submit to words on no pretence,
But make your words subservient to your sense;
Nor for their sake admit a single line,
But what contributes to the main design.
Through every part most diligently pierce,
And weigh the sound and sense of every verse.
Unless your strictest caution you display,
Some words may lead the heedless bard away;
Steal from their duty, and desert their post,
And skulk in darkness, indolently lost;
Or, while their proper parts their fellows ply,
Contribute nought but sound and harmony.

This to prevent, consult your words; and know
How far their strength, extent, and nature go.
To all their charges and their labours fit;
To all, their several provinces of wit.
Without this care, the poem will abound
With empty noise, and impotence of sound;
Unmeaning terms will crowd in every part,
Play round the ear, but never reach the heart.
Yet would I sometimes venture to disperse
Some words, whose splendour should adorn my verse;
(Words, that to wit and thought have no pretence,
And rather vehicles of sound than sense;)
Till in the gorgeous dress the lines appear,
And court with gentle harmony the ear.
Nor with too fond a care such words pursue,
They meet your sight, and rise in every view.
Oft, from its chains the shackled verse unloose,
And give it liberty to walk in prose;
Then be the work renew'd with endless pain,
And join with care the shatter'd parts again;
The lurking faults and errors you may see,
When the words run unmanacled and free.

Attend, young bard, and listen while I sing;
Lo! I unlock the Muse's sacred spring;
Lo! Phœbus calls thee to his inmost shrine;
Hark! in one common voice, the tuneful Nine
Invite and court thee to the rites divine.

When first to man the privilege was given,
To hold by verse an intercourse with Heaven,
Unwilling that the' immortal art should lie
Cheap, and expos'd to every vulgar eye,
Great Jove, to drive away the groveling crowd,
To narrow bounds confin'd the glorious road,
Which more exalted spirits may pursue,
And left it open to the sacred few,

}

For many a painful task, in every part,
Claims all the poet's vigilance and art.
'Tis not enough his verses to complete,
In measure, numbers, or determin'd feet;
Or render things, by clear expression bright,
And set each object in a proper light:
To all, proportion'd terms he must dispense,
And make the sound a picture of the sense:
The correspondent words exactly frame,
The look, the features, and the mien the same.
His thoughts the bard must suitably express,
Each in a different face, and different dress;
Lest in unvary'd looks the crowd be shown;
And the whole multitude appear as one.
With rapid feet and wings, without delay,
This swiftly flies, and smoothly skims away:
That, vast of size, his limbs huge, broad, and strong,
Moves pond'rous, and scarce drags his bulk along.
This blooms with youth and beauty in his face;
And Venus breathes on every limb a grace:
That, of rude form, his uncouth numbers shows,
Looks horrible, and frowns with his rough brows;
His monstrous tail in many a fold and wind,
Voluminous and vast, curls up behind:
At once the image and the lines appear
Rude to the eye, and frightful to the ear.
Nor are those figures given without a cause,
But fix'd and settled by determin'd laws;
All claim and wear, as their deserts are known,
A voice, a face, and habit of their own.
Lo! when the sailors steer the ponderous ships,*
And plough, with brazen beaks, the foamy deeps,

* Most of these examples are drawn word for word from Virgil.

Incumbent on the main that roars around !
Beneath their labouring oars the waves resound,
The prows wide echoing through the dark profound :

To the loud call each distant rock replies,
Toss'd by the storm the frothy surges rise !
While the hoarse ocean beats the sounding shore,
Dash'd from the strand, the flying waters roar,
Flash at the shock, and, gathering in an heap,
The liquid mountains rise, and overhang the deep.
See through her shores Trinacria's realms rebound,
Starting and trembling at the bellowing sound :
High towering' o'er the waves the mountains ride,
And clash with floating mountains on the tide.
But when blue Neptune from his car surveys,
And calms at one regard the raging seas,
Stretch'd like a peaceful lake the deep subsides,
And o'er the level light the galley glides.
The poet's art and conduct we admire,
When angry Vulcan rolls a flood of fire ;
When on the groves and fields the deluge preys,
And wraps the crackling stubble in the blaze.
Nor less our pleasure, when the flame divides,
And climbs aspiring round the caldron's sides ;
From the dark bottom work the waters up,
Swell, boil, and hiss, and bubble to the top.
Thus in smooth lines, smooth subjects we rehearse,
But the rough rock roars in as rough a verse.*
If gay the subject, gay must be the song,
And the brisk numbers quickly glide along !
When the fields flourish, or the skies unfold
Swift from the flying hinge their gates of gold.

* — Sonat hæc de nare caninæ
Littera.

Vid. Persium.

If sad the theme, then each grave line moves slow,
 The mournful numbers languishingly flow,
 And drag, and labour, with a weight of woe :
 If e'er the boding bird of night, who mourns
 O'er ruins, desolation, graves, and urns,
 With piercing screams the darkness should invade,
 And break the silence of the dismal shade.
 When things are small, the terms should still be so :
 For low words please us when the theme is low.
 But when some giant, horrible and grim,
 Enormous in his gait, and vast in every limb,
 Stalks towering on ; the swelling words must rise
 In just proportion to the monster's size.
 If some large weight his huge arms strive to shove,
 The verse too labours ; the throng'd words scarce
 move.

When each stiff clod beneath the pondrous plough
 Crumbles and breaks : th' encumber'd lines march
 slow.

Nor less ; when pilots catch the friendly gales,
 Unfurl their shrouds, and hoist the wide-stretch'd
 sails.

But if the poem suffers from delay,
 Let the lines fly precipitate away.

And when the viper issues from the brake ; [tack
 Be quick, with stones, and brands, and fire, at-
 His rising crest, and drive the serpent back.

When night descends ; or stunn'd by numerous
 strokes,

And groaning, to the earth drops the vast ox ;
 The line too sinks with correspondent sound,
 Flat with the steer, and headlong to the ground.
 When the wild waves subside, and tempests cease,
 And hush their roarings and their rage to peace :

So oft we see the interrupted strain
Stop'd in the midst,—and with the silent main
Pause for a space—at last it glides again. }
When Priam strains his aged arm, to throw
His unavailing javelin at the foe ;
(His blood congeal'd, and every nerve unstrung),
Then with the theme complies his artful song ;
Like him the solitary numbers flow
Weak, trembling, melancholy, stiff, and slow.
Not so young Pyrrhus, who with rapid force
Beats down embattled armies in his course :
The raging youth on trembling Ilion falls,
Bursts her strong gates, and shakes her lofty walls ;
Provokes his flying courser to his speed,
In full career to charge the warlike steed ;
He piles the field with mountains of the slain ;
He pours, he storms, he thunders through the plain.
In this the poet's justest conduct lies, }
When with the various subjects he complies, }
'To sink with judgment, and with judgment rise. }
We see him now, remissive of his force,
Glide with a low and inoffensive course ;
Strip'd of the gaudy dress of words he goes,
And scarcely lifts the poem up from prose :
And now he brings with loosen'd reins along
All in a full career the boundless song ;
In wide array luxuriantly he pours
A crowd of words, and opens all his stores :
The lavish eloquence redundant flows,
Thick as the fleeces of the winter-snows,
When Jove invests the naked Alps, and sheds
The silent tempest on their hoary heads. .
Sometimes the godlike fury he restrains,
Checks his impetuous speed, and draws the reins ;

Balanc'd and pois'd, he neither sinks nor soars,
Ploughs the mid space, and steers between the shores,
And shaves the confines; till, all dangers past,
He shoots with joy into the port at last.

For what remains unsung; I now declare
What claims the poet's last and strictest care.
When, all adventures past, his labours tend
In one continued order to their end;
When the proud victor on his conquest smiles,
And safe enjoys the triumph of his toils;
Let him by timely diffidence be aw'd,
Nor trust too soon th' unpolish'd picce abroad.
Oh! may his rash ambition ne'er inflame
His breast with such a dangerous thirst of fame!
But let the terror of disgrace control
The warm, the partial fondness of the soul;
And force the bard to throw his passion by,
Nor view his offspring with a parent's eye,
Till his affections are by justice cross'd,
And all the father in the judge is lost.
He seeks his friends, nor trusts himself alone,
But asks their judgment, and resigns his own;
Begs them, with urgent prayers, to be sincere,
Just and exact, and rigidly severe;
Due verdict to pronounce on every thought,
Nor spare the slightest shadow of a fault;
But, bent against himself, and strictly nice,
He thanks each critic that detects a vice;
Though charg'd with what his judgment can defend,
He joins the partial sentence of his friend.
The piece thrown by; the careful bard reviews
The long-forgotten labours of his Muse:
Lo! on all sides far different objects rise,
And a new prospect strikes his wondering eyes.

Warm from the brain, the lines his love engross'd,
Now in themselves their former selves are lost..
Now his own labours he begins to blame,
And blushing reads them with regret and shame.
He loaths the piece ; condemns it ; nor can find
The genuine stamp and image of his mind.
This thought and that, indignant he rejects ;
When most secure some danger he suspects ;
Anxious he adds, and trembling he corrects. }
With kind severities, and timely art,
Lops the luxuriant growth of every part ;
Prunes the superfluous boughs, that wildly stray,
And cuts the rank redundancies away.
Thus arm'd with proper discipline he stands,
By day, by night, applies his healing hands,
From every line to wipe out every blot,
Till the whole piece is guiltless of a fault.
Hard is the task, but needful, if your aim
Tends to the prospect of immortal fame.
If some unfinish'd numbers limp behind,
When the warm poet rages unconfin'd,
Then when his swift invention scorns to stay,
By a full tide of genius whirl'd away ;
He brings the sovereign cure their failings claim,
Confirms the sickly, and supports the lame.
Oft as the seasons roll, renew thy pain,
And bring the poem to the test again.
In different lights the' expression must be rang'd,
The garb and colours of the words be chang'd.
With endless care thy watchful eyes must pierce,
And mark the parts distinct of every verse.
In this persist ; for oft one day denies
The kind assistance which the next supplies :

As oft, without your vigilance and care,
Some faults detected by themselves appear.
And now a thousand errors you explore,
That lay involv'd in mantling clouds before.
Oft, to improve his Muse, the bard should try,
By turns, the temper of a different sky.
For thus his genius takes a different face
From every different genius of a place.
The soul too changes, and the bard may find
A thousand various motions in his mind.
New gleams of light will every moment rise,
While from each part the scattering darkness flies.
And, as he alters what appears amiss,
He adds new flowers to beautify the piece.
But here, ev'n here, avoid the' extreme of such,
Who with excess of care correct too much :
Whose barbarous hands no calls of pity bound,
While with the' infected parts they cut the sound, }
And make the cure more dangerous than the }
wound,
Till all the blood and spirits drain'd away,
The body sickens, and the parts decay ;
The native beauties die, the limbs appear
Rough and deform'd with one continued scar.
No fix'd determin'd number I enjoin,
But when some years shall perfect the design,
Reflect on life ; and, mindful of thy span,
Whose scanty limit bounds the days of man,
Wide o'er the spacious world without delay,
Permit the finish'd piece to take its way ;
Till all mankind admires the heavenly song,
The theme of every hand and every tongue.
See ! thy pleas'd friends thy spreading glory draws,
Each with his voice to swell the vast applause ;

The vast applause shall reach the starry frame,
No years, no ages, shall obscure thy fame,
And earth's last ends shall hear thy darling name. }
Shall we then doubt to scorn all worldly views,
And not prefer the raptures of the Muse?

Thrice happy bards! who, taught by Heaven,
obey

These rules, and follow where they lead the way;
And hear the faithful precepts I bestow'd,
Inspir'd with rage divine, and labouring with the
god.

But art alone, and human means, must fail,
Nor these instructive precepts will prevail,
Unless the gods their present aid supply,
And look with kind indulgence from the sky.

I only pointed out the paths that lead
The panting youth to steep Parnassus' head;
And show'd the tuneful Muses from afar,
Mix'd in a solemn choir, and dancing there.

Thither forbidden by the fates to go,
I sink and grovel in the world below.

Deterr'd by them, in vain I labour up,
And stretch these hands to grasp the distant top.

Enough for me, at distance if I view
Some bard, some happier bard, the path pursue;
Who, taught by me to reach Parnassus' crown,
Mounts up, and calls his slow companions on.

But yet these rules, perhaps, these humble lays,
May claim a title to a share of praise;

When, in a crowd, the gathering youths shall hear
My voice and precepts with a willing ear;
Close in a ring shall press the listening throng,
And learn from me to regulate their song,

Then, if the pitying fates prolong my breath,
And from my youth avert the dart of Death ;
Whene'er I sink in life's declining stage,
Trembling and fainting on the verge of age,
To help their wearied master shall they run,
And lend their friendly hands to guide him on ;
Through blooming groves his tardy progress wait,
And set him gently down at Phæbus' gate,
The while he sings before the hallow'd shrine
The sacred poets, and the tuneful Nine.
Here then in Roman numbers will we rise,
And lift the fame of Virgil to the skies ;
Ausonia's pride and boast ; who brings along
Strength to my lines, and spirit to my song :
First how the mighty bard transported o'er
The sacred Muses from the' Aonian shore ;
Led the fair sisters to the' Hesperian plains,
And sung in Roman towns the Grecian strains ;
How in his youth to woods and groves he fled,
And sweetly tun'd the soft Sicilian reed ;
Next, how, in pity to the' Ausonian swains,
He rais'd to Heaven the honours of the plains ;
Rapt in Triptolemus's car on high,
He scatter'd peace and plenty from the sky ;
Fir'd with his country's fame, with loud alarms,
At last he rous'd all Latium up to arms ;
In just array the Phrygian troops bestow'd,
And spoke the voice and language of a god.
Father of verse ! from whom our honours spring ;
See ! from all parts, our bards attend their king ;
Beneath thy banners rang'd, thy fame increase,
And rear proud trophies from the spoils of
Greece.

Low, in Elysian fields, her tuneful throng
Bow to thy laurels, and adore thy song:
On thee alone thy country turns her eyes;
On thee her poets' future fame relies.
See! how in crowds they court thy aid divine
(For all their honours but depend on thine);
Taught from the womb thy numbers to rehearse,
And sip the balmy sweets of every verse.
Unrivall'd bard! all ages shall decree
The first unenvy'd palm of fame to thee;
Thrice happy bard! thy boundless glory flies,
Where never mortal must attempt to rise;
Such heavenly numbers in thy song we hear,
And more than human accents charm the ear!
To thee, his darling, Phœbus' hands impart
His soul, his genius, and immortal art.
What help or merit in these rules are shown,
The youth must owe to thy support alone.
The youth, whose wandering feet with care
 led
Aloft, o'er steep Parnassus' sacred head;
Taught from thy great example to explore
Those arduous paths which thou hast trod before.
Hail, pride of Italy! thy country's grace!
Hail, glorious light of all the tuneful race!
For whom, we weave the crown, and altars
 raise;
And with rich incense bid the temples blaze;
Our solemn hymns shall still resound thy praise.
Hail, holy bard, and boundless in renown!
Thy fame dependent on thyself alone,
Requires no song, no numbers, but thy own.

Look down propitious, and my thoughts inspire;
Warm my chaste bosom with thy sacred fire! .
Let all thy flames with all their raptures roll,
Deep in my breast, and kindle all my soul!

END OF VOL. XXI.

